

WORTH-WHILE AMERICANS

EDWIN ERLE SPARKS



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Grade 7

THE WORTH-WHILE SERIES

Worth-While Americans

FOR THE GRADES

By

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PREFACE

IN a meeting of public school teachers, one who had taught American history for many years ventured a criticism upon the reading matter supplied to students in the grades of our public schools.

“We are anxious to teach,” said he, “that America is the land of opportunity; that no one need remain in the station in which he was born, provided he has the will power to shape himself and an ideal to achieve. But we lack available examples for proof. The heroes of the past are demigods whom no child can hope to imitate. There are certain men and women of the present or recent day whose examples, properly presented, would beget high ideals and stimulate a determination in the minds of the students to imitate them. We lack a book describing such people.”

Whereupon some person in the audience called out, perhaps not without sarcasm, “Why don’t you write one?”

The challenge was accepted and the result is here presented to the teaching public. The choice of subjects is not beyond criticism and the method of treatment may not satisfy all admirers. We are too near the subjects for exact appraisalment. All are living or have only recently passed away. All except two are American born; all have done their work in America.

In order to meet a wide variety of choice among students' ideals, the list of persons selected includes two preachers, two presidents, one scientist, two inventors, one jurist, one physician, one social settlement worker, one explorer, a blind girl, a professional nurse, a labor leader, a merchant, an engineer, a soldier, a philanthropist and an author.

One of the standing indictments against our educational system is that it does not teach practical experiences of everyday life; that is, the things one meets in the various trades and professions. To perform actual vocational work in the schoolroom, to solve the problems that the banker and business man as well as the engineer and farmer will meet, is impossible except to a limited extent. Can it not be done to some degree by reading how worth-while people have done these things? Such near-vocational training as is set forth in these sketches can surely be made to serve this purpose when used by a versatile teacher.

To this end the writer has not hesitated to insert explanations, like the differences between labor and capital and the laws of heredity and environment. He has used exposition whenever it seemed to be necessary to enable the student to grasp the situation in its relations to his later, mature years. In a special chapter, "lessons" have been drawn to apply the moral of the story or to stimulate personal pride in attempting a similar achievement.

There is a certain relation of these sketches both to

history and to current events. No one would think of selling tickets to an empty theater because beautiful scenery and splendid furniture were shown on the stage. Every patron would want to know what persons were to play or to be represented. Personality is the life of history. Omit it and history is a dry collection of dates and facts. Also, "current events" is simply another term for current history. It is best studied in the lives of those who have helped make the events. Sketches written for the purpose can point a moral which the periodical or general literature cannot take space to set forth.

Children are usually more interested in hearing about other children than about adults. For this reason more space has been allotted to the details of the younger days of the subject described than to the more mature years. Usually the former were the days of hardship and character forming; the latter the period of fruition and triumph. This disproportion in treatment makes it appear as if the writer were overdrawing the sad and touching lightly the happy. But we should be comforted by the thought that we get our most valuable lessons in life from the hardships and not the ease of living.

It is difficult in writing these sketches to restrain the desire "to point a moral or adorn a tale" too frequently; but one must recall the aversion of the average student to being "preached to." All the morals are collected in a final chapter where they may be omitted—and probably will be—until the teacher takes a hand. The instructor versed in psychological ways will have no diffi-

culty in applying the moral to every life without alienating the pupil or destroying the purpose of the story.

In the nearly forty years that the writer has passed as teacher and administrator to American boys and girls, he has frequently been consulted as to life problems and professions. Many who came felt that there was no room and no chance today for young people who possessed neither money nor influence. Perhaps these sketches will show that the demand for capable, industrious, energetic and honest young people was never farther above the supply than at present. No doubt others who hesitated to come for advice were as anxious as those who did come. There may have been a third group who never gave a thought to a plan for making the most of their lives.

The hope of meeting the queries of the first two groups and of awakening the ambition of the third has tempted me to venture into this unknown field. As is always the case in educational ventures, I shoot my arrow into the air, trusting that it may find lodgment in the heart of an oak.

The task of making these sketches serviceable to the schoolroom was undertaken by Dr. S. E. Weber, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Scranton, Pa., whose valuable suggestions are the result of years of successful devotion to high educational standards.

EDWIN E. SPARKS.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE
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Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

ANNA HOWARD SHAW, 1847-1919

Driving the car presented to her by the grateful women of America.

THE GIRL WHO WANTED TO BE A PREACHER

One Friday afternoon the teacher was playing a new game with the children. Each child was telling what he or she wanted to be in life, and the reasons why. There were all sorts of trades mentioned by the boys, but the girls had so few. Everybody laughed when a girl named Anna Shaw said she wanted to be a preacher. No one had ever heard of a woman preaching the Gospel.

"I don't care," said Anna. "You may laugh if you want to but I *can* preach. I've tried it in the woods and I *know* I can. A woman has a right to do anything that a man does if it is good. The time will come when women will preach. Yes, and they will vote, too."

The teacher took sides with the pupils and agreed with them that preaching was a man's work; but Anna was not to be discouraged. Anna Shaw had been born in England, where her father followed the trade of coloring wall-paper. Such work is now done by machinery. The father was always trying to find some new way of making a living and just before Anna was born he set up a grain store. But the British Parliament, trying to make life easier for the poor people, passed the so-called "grain laws," which ruined the father's business.

He decided that America was a better place for him; so, leaving his family in England, he sailed for the United States and obtained a job at his trade in a manufacturing town in Massachusetts. Just as soon as he could send over enough money, the family would follow him. In the meantime, Anna's mother took in sewing to do for other people to help the sum grow. It was hard work for there were six children and the oldest was thirteen. The mother had been employed in an English castle and well educated there; but so many children had made her sickly and to cross the ocean would be a severe trial. Little by little the money grew, but it was slow work and four years passed by.

Little Anna was now five and it was a glad day for her and the other children when the mother announced that there was money enough to buy tickets for the entire family. They chose a sailing vessel, called the *John Jacob Wentworth*. Their room was not attractive, but the children did not mind it much so long as they could stay out on the deck. The second or third day, however, a great storm arose which soon tore away the masts. The passengers all had to stay inside and the doors had to be nailed down to keep the water out and the room was dark and the mother ill. However, when hope was almost gone, another vessel came in sight and towed the *Wentworth* into Queenstown, Ireland, and not back to the place from which it had sailed. For a long time it was supposed that the vessel had gone down with all on board.

It was decided to repair the vessel and the family,

having paid their fares, decided to remain on board until the vessel was ready to sail again. The children made several little excursions ashore and on one trip they visited a convict's camp. Anna's sympathetic heart was touched with the uselessness of the labor done by the convicts to keep them busy. They went in long lines to one side of the island on which the camp was located, filled buckets with water, and walked over to the other side to empty them into the ocean again. Anna always remembered that scene and perhaps here she made a resolution that when she was grown to womanhood she would never willingly waste time in doing work that did not count for something.

At last the ship sailed again for America and the ocean, as if ashamed of itself, was smooth and the family had a most delightful crossing. Anna made many friends among the rough sailors, learning to sing with them while pulling on a rope to hoist the sails, and receiving large lumps of dark sugar which was served to the men to use in their coffee. The entire crew became greatly attached to the little girl and gave her a hearty cheer as she left the vessel.

Landing in New York, the family was surprised not to have the father come on to meet them from Massachusetts, where he was working at his trade. He had heard of the storm which the *John Jacob Wentworth* had encountered and believed, with many others, that it had gone to the bottom of the sea and that he was left alone in the world. However, a missionary took care

of the family in New York and a message was sent to the father. He hastened to New York and a joyous family reunion took place.

The father then took the family to his home in a paper-manufacturing town in Massachusetts. Here the five-year old Anna learned that she could do men's work with her hands when she grew up. She made the acquaintance of a neighbor who was a carpenter. He worked in one of the many ship-building shops of the place. Every morning he swung the little girl to his shoulder and she took a triumphant journey to his shop, where, with a toy saw and hatchet, she imitated the work he did. He soon made for her a suit of boy's overalls because her little skirts interfered with her work. Being thus clothed like a man and doing a man's work, she possibly received her first wish to do like a man and to have all his rights. She even felt that her work was helping support the family because, through her friendship for the carpenter, she got permission for her brothers to carry home kindling and wood to help out the scanty fuel supply.

Within a year the family moved to another town in the same state and she had to bid farewell to her friend the ship-carpenter. Her people belonged to a church made up largely of those who wished to make certain changes in things which would make the world better according to their views. Hence they were called "reformers." For instance, they were opposed to holding black men in slavery, which, under Lincoln's guidance,

was later abolished. Now, many black people managed in some way to escape from their masters and to get across through the northern states into Canada. On the journey they were hidden during the daytime by people opposed to slavery and then traveled on at night. The roads they took northward were called the "underground railroad" and the houses in which they were concealed were known as "stations." One day Anna, who had read the book by Harriet Beecher Stowe, called "Uncle Tom's Cabin," found a negro woman hiding in a coal bin in her house. She fancied she might be Eliza, described in the book, but could not see any baby. She ran to her mother about it, but her mother hushed her up and never would talk about it; hence Anna always thought she had seen a runaway slave, and that her house was a "station." Her sympathy for the poor and the oppressed was increased from that moment.

Her father continued to be unfortunate in his work, and so, when Anna was twelve years old, he decided to go into the new lands of Michigan and take out a claim to government land. Any one who lived on a piece of land and cultivated it for a certain number of years could get the land for almost nothing. The father was not a farmer, but that did not make him hesitate; he was determined to be a "pioneer," as those who settled in the western wilds were called. Hence Anna always spoke of herself as a "pioneer." The father went out to Michigan and partly built a rude log house but did not finish it. He then came back and sent out his family, the old-

est being a boy of twenty. The father stayed to work at his trade so he could send them something to live on while they were getting the land ready to farm.

The last hundred miles of the journey into the north woods to the new home must be made by wagon because it was that far beyond the end of the railroad. Seven days the family rode through the pine woods in a wagon, which was piled too high with bedding and food to allow them to sit comfortably. At last the little party came in sight of an unfinished log cabin of one room, which was to be their future home. The oldest boy, aged twenty, had walked all the way, driving the horses along the trail through the woods. Often the children had to go hungry because there was no time to stop and build a fire. But they were delighted to be at what they called "home." They were forty miles from a post-office and five miles from a neighbor. There was a saw-mill nine miles away and from it they hauled lumber to put in a floor and make doors and windows. The mother was so ill that she could walk only by holding to a chair and pushing it before her. In the winter, the family would awake some mornings to find that the snow had sifted in through the cracks between the logs and covered them as they slept. Bread and cakes made of corn-meal were about the only food they had the first year after what they brought with them was eaten up.

All the water they used had to be carried some distance from a creek. When the creek froze for the long winter, they had to melt snow and ice for water. The

next summer, Anna and her brother dug a well near the house. She was the strong and vigorous one among the children. She always wanted to do man's work. She sawed out strips of wood and nailed them together and made furniture for the house. They had no horses to plough the soil to plant a garden, but they learned to use an axe. With it they would dig a little hole in the ground, plant their seed in the hole and cover it over.

Indians frequently visited their cabin and carried away dishes or mugs, or anything they took a fancy to. The family did not dare to offend them by refusing them anything they asked for. One night Indians held a drunken feast all night in the cabin while the frightened family lay on the floor of the loft above watching them through the cracks in the floor. Early in the morning they left as if ashamed of what they had done. To get sugar, the family had to tap the maple trees and boil down the sweet sap. One winter they made 157 pounds of maple sugar. It was hard work for a boy of twenty and children ranging down to a girl of thirteen. The father at last came to live with them, but he was always dreaming about trying something new and was more of a hindrance than a help.

With all these hardships to overcome, Anna never gave up the early ambitions she had formed. She was determined to make something of herself, although the making might be long and difficult. She read the few books that the family had brought with them and they were not trashy, but books worth the reading. Her

father had sent newspapers occasionally and these the family read, and then used them to paper the inside of the cabin to keep the cold and snow from blowing through the cracks. Anna played that she was thus surrounded by a library and could lie in bed or sit in a chair and read from the walls. She insisted that she would be a preacher some day and she often mounted a stump for a pulpit and practiced on the trees for a congregation.

About this time a country school was established three miles through the woods from where the cabin stood. Anna and the brother next to her in age attended for awhile; but Anna was so independent and the teacher made so much sport of her ambitions that they could not get along and Anna withdrew from the school, although she wanted the education.

It was most difficult to get teachers in that neighborhood. Anna could at least read and write and do simple arithmetic; so when she was only fifteen, she was employed not far from home as a teacher at a salary of ten dollars a month, being boarded around among the parents of the pupils a week at a time. She had fourteen students, but they had few books to study from. One child was learning to read and spell from an old almanac and another from a hymn book. She taught for several years, getting a little more salary each year, but still not enough to go to college and learn to be a preacher.

The high cost of everything during the Civil War

was a severe strain on the poor family, but Anna saw them through and then deliberately broke away and went to live with her older sister, who had married and was living in a neighboring town of Michigan. Upon the advice of a woman preacher who came to the town to preach, Anna entered the high school. Now it happened that the minister of the Methodist church of that neighborhood was much in favor of women being allowed to preach and asked Anna to preach for him in a little log schoolhouse on his district. Her family heard of it and were all bitterly opposed to her accepting the invitation. They considered it unwomanly and even disgraceful for a woman to take the place of a man in a pulpit.

For this first regular sermon that she ever preached, Anna chose for her text, "And Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness," etc. The little room was crowded with people coming out of curiosity to see the girl who was so bold as to preach and also to see how she would make out. Now she was always nervous when appearing before the public, and in the high school, when she tried her first speech, she fainted and had to be carried from the room. Most people would have given up there; but after timid Anna became conscious, she insisted that she be allowed to return to the platform and finish her recitation. This she did. In this determination she showed that spirit which at last made her the most celebrated woman preacher of her time, if not of the world.

Now when she found herself facing her first congre-

gation to preach her first sermon, she did not faint, but, as she says, she trembled until she could see the oil in the kerosene lamp, standing on the desk beside her, shake with her trembling. Afterward her family thought to discourage her from ever trying to preach again by placing a notice in the paper that "A young girl, named Anna Shaw, seventeen years old, preached at Ashland yesterday. Her real friends deprecate the course she is pursuing." In truth, she was nearly twenty at this time and she was not to be stopped. She preached thirty-six times in different churches that year and was given a license to preach by the Methodist preacher of that circuit. But there was so much difference of opinion about women having the right to preach that the license was withdrawn later. However, she could always get a crowd together in a schoolhouse, so she kept on preaching.

To become more than a backwoods country preacher, she felt that she must have more education and must attend college. Finally she got together eighteen dollars and went to a college in Michigan, called Albion College. She found employment in the house of the president of the college, where she worked for her board. She was the oldest girl in the school and soon became their leader. Having had to fight her own way every step, she felt that women should have the same rights that men had and were the equals of men in demanding those rights. She led successfully a rebellion of the women students against the men students over the right to name the speakers at the annual exercises of the literary society to which she belonged.

That college year she began another line of work and a new way of earning money. She made engagements to give temperance lectures in the neighborhood at five dollars a lecture. Before the next summer vacation she had enough money to go to Vermont to visit and there she earned a hundred dollars by preaching. Her family, after she had made a success of preaching, finally gave their consent and made up with her. During the following school year she was in demand as a preacher and had some strange experiences. Once she went some distance into northern Michigan to preach to lumbermen and another time to speak to Indians.

Next she left the college to enter a school of theology in Boston, where they trained young men for the ministry. She was the only woman student, but she was accustomed to being peculiar by this time. The men were given many helps in the way of free rooms in the dormitory and being allowed to eat in a boarding club, but these aids were not allowed to women. This made her still stronger for equal rights for women.

Her family had again refused to help her in her wild plans and a woman preacher was not so much in demand in Boston as in the woods of Michigan. She became very poor. Her principal food was crackers. Once she lived a whole week on crackers while she spoke daily at a series of special meetings, expecting to get a good meal at the close. But when the week ended, those in charge told her that there were so many expenses and the collections were so small that they could not give her

anything. She was almost in despair; but a woman most unexpectedly gave her five dollars. She spent part of it for a pair of shoes and the rest for a good supper.

The many hardships she endured living in a great city and trying to get an education are too long to tell of in this book; but you can read them in a book written by herself and called "The Story of a Pioneer." Many libraries have a copy. Finally she was graduated from the theological school, free from debt. Probably none of the men came through as well as she did.

A friend who died left in her will a sum of money for Miss Shaw to take a trip to Europe and there she had her first real leisure hours thus far in her life. The tour became also most useful to her in her preaching. But she could not keep from working even on a pleasure trip. She preached at different places in Europe and once to sailors on a gospel ship lying in the harbor. The regular preacher, who had invited her supposing her to be a man preacher, said to her that he thought it was most unnatural for a woman to preach. "Well," replied Anna Shaw, "if it is unnatural for women to talk to men, we have been living in an unnatural world for some time. Moreover, if it is unnatural, why did Jesus send a woman out as the first preacher?" referring to our Saviour's message to Mary of Bethany after His resurrection from the tomb.

When Doctor Shaw returned to America, she spent several years as a preacher for two congregations out on Cape Cod, just beyond Boston. Here she showed that

a woman can do something necessary to be done in a church besides regular Sunday preaching; for she settled some bitter disputes between rival parties or factions in the church, which were quarreling with each other. Often she threatened to resign and they were so anxious to keep her that they made up or quit their disputes. While doing all this hard work, she went into Boston during her spare time and became a student in a regular college of medicine. Finally she was graduated and was now a doctor of medicine. She used her medical knowledge in caring for the sick people among the poor in Boston. Don't you think in view of all she had accomplished that Doctor Shaw, as she was now called, had a right to change one word in a text and preach from: "To her that overcometh"? All her life she had been overcoming difficulties that seemed likely to stop her permanently.

She was the living example of hard work. She said: "I wanted to prove that congenial work—no matter how much there is in it—has never yet killed anyone." Soon she was able to send some money to her family. I wonder if they ever imagined the time would come through Anna doing a man's work when she would be able to help support the family. What she had played at doing in the ship-builder's shop, she was now doing in reality.

After a while she gave up preaching, not because there was so much continued opposition to women preaching, but because she felt that she wanted to speak every night instead of twice on Sunday only. Two sub-

jects she was interested in and was glad to aid by lecturing; the one was the passage of a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors and another a law giving women the same right to vote that a man has. On these subjects she spoke in all parts of the United States and had many adventures on the road in those rough days.

She was once chased by wolves in the woods of the West; the hall in which she was speaking on temperance was set on fire and burned by some man who did not agree with her; some nights she slept in the signal towers beside the train tracks or in a cold railway station when trains were delayed by snow; once she walked a long railway bridge across a river so as not to disappoint a waiting audience; and had many other exciting times. With the money she thus earned, she built for herself a comfortable home, besides taking care of her parents.

In her lecture work she had the pleasure of meeting many people well known to the public. Among these were: Ralph Waldo Emerson, Louisa M. Alcott, Wendell Phillips, and others. But she liked best the quiet Quaker poet, Whittier, who was always the peace-maker in the disputes between these reformers. But even better did she like Susan B. Anthony, who had spent a long life in working for the right of women to vote and other privileges enjoyed by men. Through her, Doctor Shaw became an active worker in the suffrage movement, as it was called, and when "Aunt Susan," as they affectionately called Miss Anthony, died in 1916, Doctor Shaw became the leader of the suffragists.

The early life of the "woman preacher" had been hard enough to make her bitter toward the world and to make her complain of her treatment; yet she was always cheerful and fond of a joke. She preferred to wear her hair short since it did not take so much time to care for it. A young man preacher objected to her short hair because most women wore theirs long. He said: "There must be a reason why you wear your hair short. Did you lose it through sickness?" "No," she replied, "I did not lose it through ill health. I am very timid about disclosing the real reason." The young man assured her that the conversation was just among friends and that he would never tell the reason. "Well, then," said Doctor Shaw, "just among friends, I will admit to you that the short hair is a birth-mark. I was born with short hair!"

In 1893, at Chicago, was held the World's Fair and in connection with it was the International Council of Women, with representatives from many nations. Doctor Shaw was invited to preach on Sunday and she selected a suffragist text: "Let no man take thy crown." Everyone saw the point of the text. Once she was in a railway collision where all the passengers were pitched forward to the floor. She was not frightened, but was greatly amused by the conductor, who kept calling as he was instructed to do to prevent a panic: "Keep your seats! Keep your seats! Keep your seats!"

She was delighted many years after she had spoken in a boys' reform school to have a young man tell her

that he had taken her good advice and had been trying to live up to it ever since his term was out at the school. And then he whispered to her: "And, say, Miss Shaw, some of us boys say our prayers." She had a powerful voice, trained by many years of speaking to large congregations and audiences. Once when she was about to begin an address before a world suffrage convention at Berlin, Germany, a German in the audience exclaimed in a tone that could be heard all over the room: "*That* old woman. She can't make anybody hear," and started to walk out. When he was halfway down the aisle, Doctor Shaw's big voice stopped him. He turned around and sat down in a vacant seat exclaiming: "*Mein Gott!* She could be heard anywhere!"

The recent history of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw has been connected with the addition of state after state to the list of those giving women the right to vote in state elections. Wyoming led the rest. Finally Congress took action, so far as national elections were concerned, by passing the nineteenth amendment, and a sufficient number of states ratified it to make it a law. After all these years of effort on the part of Doctor Shaw and other women interested in "the Cause," as she always called it, women have come into the right of voting. Her name is honored by grateful American womanhood.

Late in life she wrote: "I sometimes feel that it has indeed been hundreds of years since my work began; and then again it seems so brief a time that, by listening for a moment, I fancy I can hear the echo of

my childhood's voice preaching to the trees in the Michigan woods." It is a long gap from the girl digging a well in the woods of Michigan, making furniture for a log cabin or planting potatoes with an axe, to the famous woman standing before thousands of people and hearing them applaud her for minutes at a time after completing an address or a lecture. But she took the necessary steps, because she was determined to enter some form of public life, and, having decided, she had the determination to carry out her plans.

STUDY HELPS

Suggested Questions: What special ability did Doctor Shaw show in the Cape Cod church? Why did not Doctor Shaw make much money on her practice as a physician? Why did she practice? What quality in Doctor Shaw do you admire the most? What is a "pioneer"? What influence on Doctor Shaw's life can you trace to her life in the woods?

Suggested Essay Topics: Write a description of Anna's early life in the Michigan woods. Tell an imaginary story of the shipwreck and the feelings of the children. An essay on one imaginary day that Anna spent while "working" in the ship-carpenter's shop.

Suggested Questions for Debate: Resolved, That the right of suffrage has not lowered woman's position. Resolved, That Doctor Shaw's influence in the world was better than if she had used the same talent and activity as a wife and mother. Resolved, That writing and public speaking give pleasure to more people than building up a business.



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

LUTHER BURBANK, 1849 *1927*

The "rose covered cottage" at Santa Rosa, California, in which Burbank makes his home.

THE MAN WHO MAKES USELESS THINGS USEFUL

Christmas Eve! Snow on the ground, flakes in the air, greens in the windows, and people hurrying home with bundles. The children were so anxious to open their presents before they went to bed that father and mother finally consented. Father picked up the parcels, tied with beautiful red ribbons, from the foot of the tree and read the name on each. A rule was made that each person was to open his package before another was given out.

Father handed to John a small box on which was written "Keep fresh—Do not expose to heat." It had several stamps on it and "Return to J. S. Stevens, Bloomtree, California," in the upper left hand corner.

"I know who sent that box," said Mary. "That's Uncle John. Wonder what he sent that must be kept away from the heat. Hurry, John. Cut the string."

"Don't hurry your horses," said John, untying the strings, opening the box and showing several peculiar looking fruits. One was a pinkish yellow, rather dark plum or pear; another looked like a blackberry, but it was nearly three inches long. There was also a monster plum, and a large orange marked "Seedless." On top of the fruit was placed a card from Uncle John reading:

“Products of the brain of Luther Burbank aided by God’s sunshine, earth, and water.” But the box contained something else under a paper near the bottom—some dark green, broad, thick leaves with curious dots scattered over them and a bunch of pinkish fruits pressed down on one leaf where it had grown. Attached to this queer fruit—if that is what it was—by a ribbon was a card on which was written, “To Jack, the pony, from the brain of Luther Burbank.”

“Who is Luther Burbank?” cried little Tom. “Is he another Santa Claus?”

“I never heard of him,” said John. “Father, who is he? And why did Uncle John say these funny things came from his brain? What are they? Can we eat them—just one, to try them?”

“Luther Burbank,” said Father, “is the name of a man who was born in Massachusetts, but who lives in California. He has many nicknames. Some call him the Food-Wizard; others the Flower-Magician; but I think of him as ‘The Man who Turns Useless Things into Useful Things.’”

“Tell us about him, please. Here. Right now,” said Mary. “I have seen his name in the newspapers. I want to know all about him. Why is he a wizard?”

“Wait until we finish giving out the presents,” said Father. “Then all sit down here beside the tree.”

And this is what the children heard of this remarkable American:

“Perhaps you already know that the flowers of

plants produce a kind of dust known as pollen. The winds and especially the bees carry this pollen from one flower to another and in this way they make the flowers fertile or fruit-bearing. Plants which have flowers that are never fertilized are called sterile. Now usually the pollen of one species or kind of plant reaches only the flowers of another plant of the same kind. If it reaches and takes effect on another kind it is called cross-breeding. Then the fruit which followed would have some of the marks of each of the two kinds of fruit and would be called a hybrid. To produce a hybrid by mixing the pollen of two species is a long and tedious task. It is a little bit like man mixing up Mother Nature's works and fooling the old lady. To work with even two kinds of plants in cross-fertilization is a slow and laborious task, but this man Burbank has worked with over three thousand species.

“ ‘The Wizard of Foods and Flowers’ was born near Boston, in 1849, and as a child was fond of flowers. When he lay in his cradle he could be pleased by placing in his tiny hands a flower, which he would not crush nor try to put into his mouth. As he grew older he tried to put a flower together again when it fell to pieces after fading. Once he was given a plant growing in a pot and when he fell and broke off the plant near the root, he cried as another child might have mourned the death of a dog or cat.

“When he grew old enough to read he rarely was interested in boys' books, but chose to read books on plants

and out-of-door things. He rarely took part in plays with other boys, but was always reading or trying to make things grow in the yard. One day he was watching some men attempting to put together a mowing machine which they had taken apart to repair. One little piece of the machinery they could not find a place for. The Burbank boy was bold enough to suggest a place, and sure enough it fitted exactly. One of the men asked him how he knew that was the place, and he replied that there was no other place in which to put it.

“Feeling that he ought to help support the family, he went to work in a factory during the summer while he attended an academy in the winter. He received only fifty cents a day for the hard work he did in the mill and he soon left that job to work in a garden, where vegetables were grown to be sold in the neighboring city of Boston. The firm also raised seed to be sold to others. Everyone working in the garden was trying to get seed that would grow better vegetables. One day the boy ^{2.} observed a seed ball on the top of a flourishing potato plant. He knew that occasionally potatoes can be grown from these balls. While waiting for it to ripen fully, it disappeared, but he hunted about the plant until he found the ball on the ground. From it he raised seed potatoes which he sold for \$150. New varieties are named for persons developing them and the Burbank potato has been a favorite seed potato for many years past, although few connect it with the man who has made himself famous in recent years.

“Soon afterward he suffered a sunstroke while at work on a hot July day and resolved to go to California, where he could work outdoors and not be subject to so hot a climate. He reached the land of sunshine when he was twenty-six years old, and for several years he had hard work making a living. He took care of chicken houses, lived off meat taken from the bones usually thrown to the dogs, and slept in steaming hothouses with the plants. When an idea once gets full possession of a man, he will make nearly any sacrifice to see it realized.

“He saved every penny and at last had enough to buy a little piece of ground on which he started young trees growing, to be sold when they were large enough. Prune trees were grown in California and he had a few of these. But one day a man came in and wanted to buy twenty thousand young trees to be delivered in nine months. Now it takes several years to grow a fruit-bearing prune tree, but Burbank knew a sure way to get around nature. He hired all the help possible and planted twenty thousand almond trees which are quick growers. As soon as they were large enough he bought twenty thousand prune buds and grafted them on the almond stocks and when the nine months were up, he had twenty thousand prune trees ready to deliver. For many years these trees formed one of the largest prune ranches in the state of California.

“This profit helped Burbank to branch out as a nursery-man and he began to make a good living. But he was not satisfied to be a money-maker; he wanted to

try out some of the theories of Darwin and other scientists about the origin of new species of plants and animals. Contrary to the advice of his friends he sold out his business when he was fifty-four years old and started an experimental farm, where he could produce new species of fruits and vegetables.

“The new plants he produced and sold could not possibly cover the cost of the experiments. Very many attempts were doomed to failure and the time and effort spent on them were wasted. Few people encouraged him. Some thought it was not right to try to improve on what the Creator had made. Often he wanted to breed a wild variety with a tame one, and to get the wild plant required a costly trip to some distant and often uncivilized country.

“He classified his effort into three lines of work: To improve plants already known; to merge wild and tame species; to create absolutely new kinds of food and flowering plants. The manner of doing this fell into two classes: 1. Making two plants give birth to a third by carrying the pollen of one to the other. 2. Selecting seed from the best plants to grow still better plants and casting out the poorer kinds. The former he called ‘breeding’ and the latter ‘selection.’ Fortunately many experiments along these two lines can be carried on at the same time. Hundreds of species, scores of combinations, and thousands of plants can be grown at once and the pollen exchanged as one wishes.

“Under a gift from the Carnegie Institution which

was organized and is supported for helping such efforts as those of Burbank, the number of acres in the California experimental grounds increased to hundreds and the greenhouse to acre size. Here among the plants and trees the wizard worked his magic. You know that there are so-called English walnuts with white shells to be purchased in the stores. He put the pollen from these trees on the black walnut of the United States, which possibly may grow near your home, and produced a new walnut tree, larger and better for making lumber than the old ones. This he called the Paradox. He also produced another new walnut tree by crossing the English walnut with the black walnut of California. This he named the Royal.

“He took an apricot tree and crossed it with a cultivated Japanese plum and an American wild plum. From it came the plumcot, the pinkish yellow fruit which you saw in Uncle John’s box. The huge blackberry was produced by mingling the pollen of the wild dewberry, which you may have seen nestling on the ground in abandoned fields, with that of the raspberry, cultivated in our gardens. The big plum came from the process of ‘selection’ or taking the best shoots to graft on the best trees and keeping up the process. The seedless orange is said to have been a “freak” brought in from Brazil; but Burbank has greatly improved it in size and flavor. Some give Burbank credit for its development through selecting orange plants having the fewest seeds.

“How to make use of plants which nature seems to

have made for no purpose appeals most strongly to Burbank. If they were eatable, that would make the cost of living lower and might save life in a famine. Few plants are grown by nature so bountifully, so widespread or so useless as the cactus. Very many species are to be found scattered over the deserts in various parts of the United States. But the broad, thick and juicy leaves bear sharp spines scattered over their surfaces, rendering them uneatable.

4. "For twelve years Burbank worked on the cactus to reduce the spines and to make them and the woody fibre disappear altogether. He had been working on the wild grasses to make them more fit for hay for animals. Why not use the cactus for the same purpose? After searching the wild species of many countries, he selected specimens of one kind, called 'prickly pear,' and set out to cultivate those having the fewest spines. Eventually he increased the number to 75 species and 600 varieties and from them produced the broad, spineless leaves or slabs which Uncle John sent to your pony, Jack. It will probably be many years before the farmers generally will use the cactus to help out their supply of hay, but Burbank has produced the spineless variety and has thus made such fodder possible.

"Because he is so much interested in foods, he has not produced so many new flowers. But he has increased the size of the amaryllis blossom to nearly a foot across. By uniting the English, Japanese, and American daisies, he produced the Shasta daisy, large

and having snow white petals and a soft, yellow center. It will remain fresh in water for weeks after being cut. He has made a dahlia which is not only as beautiful as most dahlias are but is also fragrant. He has even tried to produce a modest white flower which when cut would not fade and could be placed permanently on a woman's hat."

"Father," interrupted enthusiastic Tom, "Father, why couldn't I cross the pollen on plants in our yard and garden and so produce new kinds?"

"If you have a natural taste for such things, as had Burbank," answered his father, "and devote many years to study and have patience without end you may become a scientist like him. Do you realize that he often grows ten thousand plants of one kind and saves only the best specimen of the lot, throwing the others away? Perhaps you do not know that the cactus pollen can be transferred only in the hottest days of the hottest summer months, and that the blossom on a plant is open only from a half hour to two and a half hours. And if the least bit of pollen from another plant falls upon the stigma of the plant being treated, the whole experiment is ruined for that plant."

"In that case," said Tom, "I believe I will be a motor bicycle cop. He doesn't have to bother with pollen and cross fertilization."

"Yes," said Mary, "but he does nothing to provide food for the American people, and therefore is not of as much value to the entire country. Go on, father."

“There is much more to tell about this remarkable American, but you must learn to look up the material for yourself in books and magazine articles. Yes, people are slow to adopt anything new, except in dress. Few have raised Burbank’s cobless corn, which produces grains in a bent-over festoon like one sees on the top of a cornstalk today. You children have probably never eaten fried cactus or preserves or pickles made of the cactus joints; yet some people claim they are as delicious as bananas or oranges. Burbank says if the population of the world were suddenly doubled, he could feed them all on cactus food and on animals fed by the cactus. In time the people may be driven by necessity to use this new food.”

“Well,” said little Tom, “I am cut out on the old style. I’ll take oatmeal, if you please, with brown sugar and plenty of cream.”

Suggested Questions: Why do you think Burbank one of our most useful citizens? How did Burbank become interested in improving plants? Mention some of the things Burbank has done with plants and flowers. Describe how the spineless cactus was produced.

Suggested Essay Topics: Burbank’s life work as seen in his childhood days. Effect of the extensive use of the spineless cactus upon the economic condition of the American farmers. Describe an imaginary visit to the Burbank experimental farm.

HOW A MODERN WIZARD WORKS

That man was made higher than the beasts is shown in his ability to tame them and make use of their power to do his work. The horse or ox drawing the plow in America, the dogs of Holland pulling milk carts, and the huge elephant of India moving great timbers with his trunk are all simply giving man their power.

Man is also constantly trying to get power from nature. Centuries ago he began to use the power in running water by placing a waterwheel in a waterfall or in a swift current. James Watt saw the power in steam lifting the lid of a teakettle and George Stephenson harnessed the steam power to a wagon and gave to us the railway locomotive.

The Greeks and Romans thought that the lightning flashes in the sky were thunderbolts which the gods were hurling at one another. Modern people believed that lightning was due to the same power that caused the crackling sparks when a glass rod was rubbed with a bit of silk and then brought near metal. The same effect was produced by bringing together wires attached to plates of zinc and copper placed in acid baths. Franklin proved the point by flying a kite near to a thunder cloud in a storm and bringing the current down the cord to a bunch of keys tied to the lower end.



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON, 1847 —
With his friend Henry Ford examining a silver mine in Colorado.

Morse sent this power through a wire and made it click two bits of metal together at the other end. These clicks he made into an alphabet of sound and sent the first telegraphic message by using electric power. During the Mexican war the desire to get war news quickly caused a large extension of telegraph service, the wires usually being placed beside the railroad track where they could be used for train service also.

The telegraph was a constant source of interest to Tom Edison, a newsboy working on trains running through Port Huron, Michigan, where he lived. His people were poor and he had but little education and that he gained largely from his mother who had been a teacher before her marriage. Instead of attending school with the other boys, he was obliged to go to work on the railway train.

One day during the Civil War he persuaded the train dispatcher to telegraph ahead to all the stations the news that a great battle, Shiloh, had been fought. That caused a large demand and young Edison was able to sell 1,500 papers on the trip that day. To make more money he bought a small printing outfit which he set up in the baggage car and printed and sold a little paper on the train. But he was always experimenting with chemicals, and one day a lurching of the train overturned a bottle of phosphorus and nearly set fire to the car. The exasperated conductor threw him and his outfit from the car and boxed his ears so severely that he became very deaf in his later life.

He was especially interested in electric power and was always "dabbling" in telegraphy. An operator, whose child he had saved from death, taught him how to send and receive messages, and when he lost his news-boy job he became an operator for a small railway station near Detroit. He was only sixteen years old and was earning \$25 a month; but he was not satisfied with that. He noticed that only one message could be sent at a time on one wire, and that many messages accumulated waiting to be sent. He found out that one instrument would respond to another that had the same "pitch" but not to a different pitch. By making two pitches, the young operator invented the duplex telegraph system through which two messages could be sent over the same wire in opposite directions at one time. Later he invented the quadruplex, which permits four messages to be sent on the same line.

Edison was like an overgrown boy and was fond of fun. Having seen a fancy dance in a vaudeville show, he and a fellow operator indulged in an imitation in the telegraph office in Memphis, where they were employed. The manager came in just after they had knocked over some tables and injured the instruments. He promptly kicked them out of the office and Edison was in search of another job.

At one time in Boston the operators were annoyed by a small army of cockroaches which ate their food every night. Edison stretched narrow strips of tin-foil around the edge of the table on which the lunches were kept,

taking care that the ends of the strips were close together but did not meet, and tacked them to the table. The ends of the metal he connected with two heavy batteries and waited patiently to see the fun.

Presently a big fellow came up the table leg and out onto the table, but as he started to crawl about his front legs came into contact with one strip and his hind legs with another, the electric current passed through him and he rolled over dead. Others followed, until the table looked as if it had a rope of dead roaches stretched around it on the tin-foil strips.

In another office he connected a nail, on which hung a dipper near the drinking water tank, with a small battery. Beneath the dipper he posted a sign "Please return this dipper." Everyone got a shock who touched the dipper, and it was always in place.

For several years Edison wandered about the country, getting jobs as a telegraph operator and losing them. His chief fault as an operator was that he could not refrain from experimenting. But he was remarkably quick in sending and receiving messages and could quickly get a new job. He was always cheerful in trouble, accepting things as they happened. When he spilled some acid on a new suit of clothes for which he had paid more money than he thought he should have paid, he remarked that it served him right for spending so much money on something to wear. He was marked all through his later life by a disregard for his clothing. And another time when he had made some explosive, now called

guncotton, and thought it a failure, he placed it in a metal case and tossed it on the mantel behind the stove. In the fall there was a tremendous explosion when the fire was lighted. Edison dryly remarked "Well, that stuff was some good after all."

He spent much time in Cincinnati perfecting a machine by which a voter could record his vote by printing it on paper and which was then discolored by an electric current. The machine would avoid cheating or mistake and would save time. After taking out a patent on it, which was the first of his hundreds of patents, he took it to Washington, where a congressman told him it was an excellent machine, but it served no good purpose, because delay in voting was the only means of defeating bad measures which were to be voted upon. He thereupon resolved that he would never again waste time on a device which was not needed.

Sometimes he could not tell whether the people wanted a contrivance or not. In later years he invented a small instrument which, when a telephone line was busy, would repeat over and over "Line is busy"; but the person asking for the party thought it was the operator talking and grew angry because the operator could say nothing except these three words. So the invention was rejected and never used.

Finally by repairing an "indicator" used in stock-brokers' offices to show the rise or fall in prices of stocks, Edison obtained his first well-paying job as repair man at \$3,600 a year. He then perfected the stock "ticker,"

as it is now called, and received \$40,000 for the device. He had thought if he got \$5,000 for it he would be fortunate. He scarcely knew what to do with so much money.

At last he set up a complete inventor's laboratory at Menlo Park, New Jersey, just outside New York, and began those investigations and inventions which made him the most famous experimenter of the century. He never depended upon flashes of genius, but upon investigation and reasoning. His discoveries were not accidents but the result of hard work. One of his most quoted sayings is that genius is two per cent inspiration and ninety-eight per cent perspiration. He often allowed himself only four hours of sleep a night. Many times he was not successful after great effort. The Western Union Company paid him \$30,000 for the invention that sent two messages in opposite directions over the same telegraph wire; but he spent the entire sum in trying to work out a way of sending three messages over the same line and did not succeed.

The inventor must also be persistent. Once when Mr. Edison's telegraph-printing machine refused to work, he locked himself in the room with it, lived on crackers and cheese, and refused to come out until at the end of nearly three days he discovered the cause of the failure. Then he slept for almost a whole day and night and was ready for more work.

An inventor must also be ready in an emergency. While Mr. Edison was a telegrapher in Detroit, the ice

broke the cable by which the wires passed under the river to Canada. There was no way of telling the Canadians what was the matter until young Edison sprang upon a locomotive and, by using the whistle, made dots and dashes of sound and spelled out to the operators across the river that the cable had parted. Also one day he was holding a loose mouthpiece of a telephone in his hand and was idly singing into the instrument. He found to his surprise that a point of steel on the other side of the mouthpiece vibrated against his finger. At once he made a record of some vibrations on a piece of telegraph paper and drew the paper back over the steel point. He had called "Hello! Hello!" into the phone, and now to his delight he heard the same words come back through the mouthpiece. To this chance we owe the phonograph and all talking machines. But it took him many long years of hard work to get the thing ready in its final shape so that you could say "Hello!" and be heard.

It is impossible to describe many of Mr. Edison's patents, which cover his great inventions. They are quite technical and some of them were never put into use. The machine for separating ore from rock is valuable; the electric light is indispensable; the storage battery is in use, although not so largely as first hoped; while making concrete from rock and also building houses all of concrete are still hopes for the future.

Mr. Edison is as modest as most great men are. At Menlo Park he has a beautiful home for his family but he lives chiefly in his laboratory. Once in a great while

he can be persuaded to go to a banquet given in his honor; but society affairs bore him. He never worries, for he says that worry and not work kills men. Once every year he used to go on an outing trip with John Burroughs, who knew all about the birds, and with Henry Ford, who knows all about motor cars. They traveled in several cars, taking their camping outfit with them, and usually chose mountain roads. It was the duty of Mr. Edison to see that the camp was lighted by electricity every night and that all electrical appliances needed were in order. It is well to know how to play as well as how to work.

“Work” is Edison’s motto. He allows himself only four to five hours of sleep a night, although he acknowledges that other men may need more. The fact that he has taken out over 2,500 patents shows how hard he has labored to apply new scientific principle to everyday life work. He has never tried to make startling scientific discoveries, but he has added to the comfort and happiness of the world in new ways of doing things. He is one of the few men who tackle a problem by sitting down deliberately to think it out. At such times his mind cannot easily be distracted.

In his house is a large glass case containing many medals and decorations conferred on the inventor by kings, princes, and learned societies all over the world; but he takes more interest in a note-book about half an inch thick which he keeps always under the reading lamp and in which are recorded in pencil thousands of draw-

ings and notes worked out by his busy brain during his spells of evening "thinks." He has trained his mind until he can center it on the work before him just like you can bring your sight from a distant part of the room and focus it on this page only a few inches from your eyes. What a wonderful thing it is to be master of yourself!

Nearly seventy-five years of age, he never knows what illness means. He attributes this to his care in eating. He eats only when he wants food and eats anything he wants but always in small quantities. He considers his deafness a blessing since he does not have to listen to all the idle talk about him but can devote himself to sober thought. Considering him in all particulars, we may safely say that he is an American really worth while.

Suggested Questions: What other inventor besides Edison is described in this book? What did each do? Give some uses of power you have noticed and not mentioned in this story. How can two different messages be sent over the same telegraph wire at the same time? Name some of the qualities possessed by Edison which have helped him succeed.

Suggested Essay Topics: Tell in your own words some stories about young Edison. Write an imaginary article about newsboys for Edison's railway newspaper. Tell an imaginary story about going on one of Edison's camping parties together with Burroughs and Ford.

A COUNTRY GIRL BECOMES THE UNCROWNED QUEEN

Lady Henry Somerset stood in the immense drawing-room of her home at Eastnor Castle in England with a worried look on her face. She knew that everything was in readiness for her afternoon reception. Flowers in abundance scattered through the large reception halls, servants all in their places, and tea and refreshments in readiness.

“Yes,” said Lady Henry to a friend, “she is the dearest woman in the world. But she comes from America where they have no titles. I fear she will be confused and uncomfortable when she mingles with the guests and must address them by their titles. I hope she will soon come down from her room because it is near time for the guests to begin arriving.”

Frances Willard, an American school teacher, was the guest of nobility in England, and peers and peeresses, people of rank and titles in that land, were coming to do honor to her. Still she was a plain American and Lady Somerset was disturbed about what she would do in such a strict, formal crowd. But she was having “lots of trouble that never happened.” After the reception was over, Lady Somerset wrote to a friend: “My dear, she got over it all beautifully by addressing them impartially



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD, 1839-1898

as 'My dear brother' or 'My dear sister.' '' She was the example of pure American democracy in Europe. She had no title other than that which the grateful people of her country gave her for what she had done. They called her "the uncrowned queen of America."

Frances Willard, who has thus been honored by many writers and speakers of her own and foreign lands, is the woman who did more for suffering women and children by ridding them of the fear of drunken husbands and fathers than any other woman of history. She is the mother of the sentiment which grew and grew in our country until it brought about an amendment to the United States Constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. In thus ridding our country of a curse which is as old as civilization, she made America the first great nation to take this step. Whether other nations follow or not, we can feel a just pride in American leadership. We can see the effects in the decreasing number of arrests, the smaller number of prisoners in our jails and prisons, and we know, although it cannot be proved, that the money which was formerly spent so uselessly now goes to the homes where women and children get the benefit of it.

This wonderful woman was born in New York state, but her family moved, while she was yet small, to the newer state of Wisconsin. Here she grew up in the country, far from seeing any effect of liquor, and it is therefore more surprising that she should give her life work to the temperance cause. "Frank," as her family called

her, had no liking for family duties. She kept a journal day by day and in it she writes about her "awful needle-work" and complains that she baked a cake and had "no luck at all." She called the spring house-cleaning "the scourge of mankind." Her younger sister and she had charge of the housework. Her mother had enough to do without that. Would you be interested in reading of her daily round of duty as she wrote of it in her journal when she was fifteen years old?

"In the morning at six o'clock we get up and while one sets the table the other cooks meat or potatoes or something for breakfast. Father makes the coffee. After we have all eaten, Mary and I pick up the dishes, wash and wipe them and put them away; sweep the floor and the stoop [porch] and sitting-room. Then we read our chapters in the Bible, embroider some, and then our work is done till 'noon.' At eleven o'clock we put on the coffee-pot and potatoes; at half-past eleven we set the table and get dinner. After dinner we do up all the work and then we are done until about six in the evening. Then we get supper and clear up after it. In the evening we read or write or talk or play proverbs.

"Some days we have father's room to sweep and arrange, or else the outside kitchen. On Monday we arrange the sitting-room and hang out the clothes in addition. When not working, we produce music, study, read or play. . . . We do all the coarse ironing every week almost."

That was not a heavy programme for a strong girl if she had a liking for that kind of work; but Frances wanted to be outdoors. She hated "company" for that meant more housework and being compelled to sit in the

house and talk. Once she writes that if she "lived a thousand years, I never want to hear of invited company again." That was a rather strange sentiment to come from one who would be later an honored and welcome guest in any household, but—that was after she had found her life work. Now she wanted to be out-of-doors.

Once after company had gone she says in her diary that she is "bright, glad, free, *free!*" Then she does just what she wants to do:

"Got up early, did my duties and took a nice walk. Have been fixing a barrel to my gun. Am going to set some traps for birds. Company does give zest to solitude."

Have you noticed the excellent English which this girl writes? I think she would hand in a good essay in school. Where did she get her education? Partly by inheritance, for both her father and mother had been teachers in the state of New York before being married. They had a few books in the house but they were all worth-while books; not "trash." There was no school near at hand when the girls were small in the new state of Wisconsin. The father was busy all day on the farm. The task of teaching the girls to read and write fell upon the mother and she must have been a good teacher.

At the time that Frances wrote pure English in her diary, she had never attended a school with other pupils besides her sister and two near-by children; and she had no teacher except her mother and an aunt who spent some time in the house and acted as teacher. The aunt

taught them astronomy and all about the stars and the tides and the seasons. "Frank" was delighted with these lofty things and, as she says, was "so wrought upon that when I had to help get dinner one Sunday I fairly cried. To come down to frying onions when I've been away among the rings of Saturn!"

She was now sixteen and her mother insisted that she should not be so much of a "tomboy" but must put on longer skirts and wear her hair up on top of her head. "Had a great time with my hair," she writes. "Mother put it up 'woman fashion.' How I detest the fashion and the way in which women are obliged to spend their time. Perfectly insipid. . . . What a hunter I should have been if God had thought best that I should be a man!" Her older brother, Oliver, had a pony and Frances could not rest until she had trained a cow to carry her on its back. Her father after a while bought her a side-saddle and allowed her to ride one of the horses on the farm. Of this she writes:

"Having done my morning work, I saddled old Gray with our new side-saddle, came in and dressed in my old black silk basque, alpaca riding skirt, meeting bonnet and kid gloves and swelled forth. Our new side-saddle is superb."

On less great occasions she trapped quails which furnished dinner for the family. She went fishing but was not usually very successful. "Baited my fishing hook with worms. Oh, it is beautiful to live!" She also had a gun, not one that used powder and bullets but a cross-

bow such as Robin Hood and his merry men used in old England. It shot nails or short bits of iron. She writes that "It is queer that a girl fifteen years old should like a cross-gun but I *can't* help it. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, etc. It is 'my nature to.' . . . Practiced shooting at a mark. Expect to be a dead shot in time. . . . Saw a green snake and a wolf den with recent tracks. . . . Father killed a quail. Oliver has come in—he's killed another wild pigeon. What a supper we shall have! New biscuit, fresh butter, Dutch cheese, pigeons, currant and rhubarb pie, plum jelly, sweet cake, fried cakes, tea, asparagus, lettuce, fried bread."

But there was always some work to do, or so it seemed. "Hogs got in the garden," she writes, "and ate up almost all my corn. O my poor teeth, how you do grind! Chased hogs, sheep, calves, &c., till I am very tired." But it was not all work. One day she played ball quite a good deal, probably with her elder brother, Oliver, and then reset the lens of a spy-glass, hoping thereby to make a microscope of it. Next she determined to study short-hand writing but records no progress. As she writes her hand trembles from having played ball so long. In winter she goes coasting and enjoys it exceedingly. "Tipped over twelve times, went down hill twelve times." She records the fact that she has now read seventeen of Shakespeare's plays but adds frequently to the number. One day she notes that "I'll mention it now for fear I shall forget that our cat is one year old on the 17th of this month."

Besides this diary, she wrote stories and essays which she hoped one day would be printed. Her ambitions were aroused. To get her name in the *Little Pilgrim*, a child's paper, she organized a club and sent in all the names of children which she had collected by riding through the neighborhood on horseback. When the paper arrived which would contain the names, she was disgusted to find that her name was printed "Francis," which would make her a boy, instead of Frances, which is a girl's name. She complained that the editors thought a girl could not do anything!

To be alone when she was writing her stories, she made a seat away up near the top of a tree near the house and put up a sign, "The Eagle's Nest. Beware!" She called it "going on top of the house and sitting in the shade." She sent some stories to an agricultural paper published in a neighboring city, and to her intense delight the *Prairie Farmer* printed them. She now grew more ambitious and began writing a novel, entitled "Rupert Melville, the Young Hunter"; but as she said afterward, she put in so many characters that it would take at least a hundred volumes to dispose of all of them. Even at this time she felt that if only she could get out into the world, she might do something. Sometimes this want grew so strong that as she lay in the grass, she would raise her hands toward heaven and ask aloud, "What is it, what is it that I am to do, O God?" Her unrest was increased because her brother had been sent off to high school and then to college.

This sixteen-year age of which I have been telling you was the turning point in her girlhood days because, at this time, there were enough people living in the neighborhood to warrant them building a schoolhouse. It was only a little square log building among the trees along the river, but Frances saw the opportunity for which she had been longing. The day before the school was to open in January the two girls got all their books packed in their mother's satchel. Next morning they arose long before light to get ready for school. They packed their dinner pail, and started in a bob-sled through the deep snow. The teacher had not yet arrived, so they went to his house, got the key, made a fire and waited for school to open. By and by the teacher appeared, wearing a long-tailed blue coat with brass buttons. They studied the regular school-books—geography, arithmetic, spelling, reading and writing. Frances soon reached the head of the line in all her classes and was very proud.

One winter of country school, one summer spent six miles from home where a man taught them French while his wife instructed them in playing the piano, several months in a private school in the neighboring town of Janesville, and then the two girls went away to Milwaukee to attend a female college, as it was called. It was a delightful year of hard work, but the father was a strict Methodist and thought the school too free in its religious teaching; next year he sent them to a Methodist school for girls located at Evanston near Chicago. Here "Frank" was extremely popular, was editor of the semi-

nary paper, head of her class and led a band of "pirates," as they called themselves, whose chief duty was to break all the seventy rules laid down for the government of the "young ladies," as the students were generally spoken of. Once Frank "cut" a Bible class to have her hair cut short. She was fond of doing amateur fights with an imaginary sword such as pirates carried.

Next summer she did her first teaching in the school-house near home which she had attended for a year. The next winter the father and mother took a house near the college and moved into Evanston so they could be with the girls. "Frank" now settled down to work. Her boyish days were over. Three happy years they spent there and then the time came when "Frank" would be graduated. She was to have given the valedictory for the class as honor student, but just before the day she was taken with fever and could not complete her work. It was a great disappointment to her. Soon after her recovery, she joined the church. She worked hard on her reading and attendance upon public lectures, resolved to make up what she had missed in not finishing school. She wrote in her diary:

"I thought that next to a wish I had to be a saint some day, I really would like to be a politician."

The Civil War was now in progress and an independent spirit seemed to be taking possession of all the young women. "Frank's" journal says: "I ought to be earning money for myself. . . . I hope to obtain a position, for I have not yet been out in the world to do

and to dare for myself, single-handed and alone, and I should like to try my powers." She finally obtained a teaching position in a little town a few miles from Evanston.

It was hard work. She wrote: "School life is almost unendurable. I have twenty-seven scholars, five A-B-C-darians, the rest all under twelve years old, except two boys and two girls. The schoolhouse leaks, is small, dirty, and meanly constructed. The children are more than half Germans, the rest Irish and uncultivated (O how emphatically so!) Americans. . . . It is very cold and I have no materials for making a fire. The house leaks, my desk is wet and I am completely chilled. In three hours I must walk home through the mud that will cover my shoe tops." But she kept at it, made many friends, and soon things looked brighter. Mary was not well and, after thirteen months' teaching, "Frank" returned to her home in Evanston.

Her sole romance in life began at this time. She was engaged to marry a young clergyman of Chicago who afterward became a famous bishop of the Methodist church. But they found that they could not agree on many theological points and so mutually agreed to break the engagement. Her only sister died soon after, and the world seemed dark. However, she records a determination as follows: "Life seems queer but it pays for all. I want to be good and get ready for something better than I have seen in the way of animated existence." She had written a touching life of her sister, entitled

"Nineteen Beautiful Years," and it was accepted by a New York publisher. She saw that city for the first time when she went down to supervise getting out the book.

Teaching in various schools of higher grade, she made the acquaintance of a girl named Kate Jackson, who became her friend for the rest of her life. Miss Jackson had wealth and she took Frances to Europe for nearly three years of travel. The latter wrote faithfully in her diary, filling twenty volumes with notes for future reference.

After returning from Europe she very calmly quit writing in her journal. Anyone who has tried to keep a daily journal will appreciate the dogged spirit with which she kept up hers. For more than fifteen years she had written almost daily and very fully of what she had done or thought during the day. She deliberately stopped on her thirty-first birthday. She wrote:

"I have not lived so long for nothing. Many a 'school' has done its work upon me and been 'graduated' from. Among others that sentimental friend, my Journal, has this day been shaken hands with in a long adieu, and I here record my purpose to write no more wishy-washy pages of personal reminiscence. Vale! (Exit)."

She was now a school teacher and thought that she had found her life work. She was a popular teacher and her students were all fond of her.

The next year she was given a merited honor, that of being elected president of the Evanston College for Ladies, as the seminary she had attended was now called.

It was joined to a college of which the man to whom she was once engaged was president. It was a curious situation. The two did not agree now and she determined to resign although her father was now dead and her mother was dependent upon her. The year after she left the college came the first real call to her life work. She was thirty-five before she knew what she was really to do for mankind. One must be patient for time is required to bring the task and the well-fitted person together. But to begin with, you must be told about the Women's Temperance Crusade which had such a small start in a little Ohio town and grew to a national awakening of people's conscience on this important matter.

A traveling lecturer was snowbound in Hillsboro, Ohio, and was compelled to spend a second night there. Upon invitation he lectured the second night on temperance. He brought his hearers up to a high pitch of excitement during which he called upon the women present to ask the saloonkeepers to quit their business, and to pray with them if they refused. Immediately the women went out to kneel on the street in the snow and to pray. The idea spread rapidly to other towns. The husbands built little huts on wheels and rolled them in front of the saloons as a protection against the cold while the women inside watched and prayed. Some newspapers published the names of men seen to go into the saloons in order to keep them out.

When a saloon man gave up and quit, his "poison" was emptied into the gutter, bells were rung, flags dis-

played and praise meetings held in the churches. Many men and a few women were opposed to this sensational way of fighting what all felt was an evil. Others said that it would soon die out, and this proved true. But it showed what all good people could do if they simply worked together, and it sowed seeds which were to bring forth a harvest by and by.

Like many other women, Frances Willard believed that God would answer prayer. She went into the "Crusade" although many of her friends begged her not to waste her superior thought and energy in such an impossible thing. She put the matter to the test by taking her Bible and opening it with her eyes closed and putting her finger on a text. Then she looked and found that it was the third verse of the thirty-seventh Psalm. "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily shalt thou be fed." When the Crusade movement died out, she was head of the Chicago branch of the W. C. T. U. at no salary. Her mother kept the house and Frances walked from church to church where she was to speak or hold meetings. She simply had no money to pay her street-car fare. Nevertheless, she refused to resign and accept a school position at \$2,400 a year. She felt that she had heard the call to duty and her life work had been shown to her and it was accepted. She said, "I am simply going to pray and work and trust God."

At last the women of the organization found out that she was in want and persuaded her to take a small salary. With her speaking for temperance she made an

appeal for the right of women to vote. Also for a time she helped the great evangelist, Moody, by speaking at his meetings for women. He insisted that she should quit speaking for temperance or suffrage while she spoke for him. This she would not promise, and they parted. She now gave all her time and talent to temperance and suffrage. Making a tour of the South, she was distressed to find that the bad feeling caused by the Civil War still existed. She tried to get the W. C. T. U. of both sections to unite, insisting that W. C. T. U. really meant "We Come To Unite."

She was active in getting temperance into politics by organizing the prohibition party. Organization, conventions, meetings, speeches—these made up the busy life of this world worker. "World" is the right word, for Lady Somerset, the British temperance leader, came to America, was charmed with Miss Willard and carried her off to speak in England. Here her simplicity of words and manners attracted everyone who met her, from the workingman up to the nobility. All were "brother" or "sister" to her.

When Frances Willard was tramping the streets of Chicago, often cold and wet, working for the Women's Christian Temperance Union, I have no doubt she was sometimes discouraged because she saw so much of the evils of drink on the people about her and so little results of the efforts of herself and the Association. But that is the fate of many who enlist in a good cause. He or she must keep on and at last possibly die with the

work unfinished. But the seed is planted and in due time will bring results. "Learn to labor and—to wait," says the poet.

She died as she wished, in the harness of the great causes for which she labored. A public meeting when she was fatigued, a cold and then influenza. America's uncrowned queen had passed away with her work apparently unfinished. But, as often happens, her work lived after her. The idea spread and spread until amendments to the Constitution not only abolished the strong drink from our land but another gave the right to women to vote in all United States elections. Who can measure the power of an idea when once it is launched by a heroic, courageous character? The marble statue of Frances Willard standing in the Capitol at Washington, the first woman ever to be so honored, shows the brave woman who made an idea popular in our land. Some day I hope you will see it and think of her change from the little girl on the Wisconsin prairies to the honored woman of America.

Suggested Questions: Show how Miss Willard was late in finding her life work. What quality in her do you like best? Why? What was the "Temperance Crusade"? Describe briefly how it was begun and carried on.

Suggested Essay Topics: Tell about "Frank's" love of outdoor sports. Imagine you are Mary and tell of the housework done by the two girls. Write anything you have read or heard about Frances Willard which is not in this book.

THE OUTDOOR BOY GOES FARTHEST NORTH

There are few people so made that they do not enjoy outdoor life. No doubt you yourself like to go fishing or hunting or camping and you read with continued pleasure stories of life in the woods. Yet some boys and girls who go into the great "outdoors" think of play only and, consequently, they get only thoughtless enjoyment. Others take it more seriously and they store up valuable information or acquire useful methods of doing things. This is precisely the difference between an outing not planned ahead and a camp of Boy Scouts or Camp Fire Girls.

✓ Maine is a fine state for outdoor living both summer and winter. There a lad named Peary grew up who had a natural desire to explore strange places and find out the reason for things. His father was dead. His mother loved the country around Portland where they lived. For the boy, the city had the additional interest, for many coast and deep sea vessels made it their sailing place. The sailors and fishermen had many tales of sea voyages and adventures to tell, and the boy was an eager listener.

This Peary boy was not only a good "hiker" and sailor but he also worked hard in school and entered Bowdoin College, a few miles from Portland, when he was only seventeen years old. There he studied engineering



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

ROBERT EDWIN PEARY, 1860—1920
Welcoming Roosevelt and his son on his ship.

and became a surveyor. Later he won a competitive examination and was appointed a civil engineer in the U. S. navy. Only four passed the examination and Peary was the youngest of the four. So it does not always happen that being an outdoors boy interferes with one's studies. As a United States engineer, Peary supervised several important government jobs, but still he seemed to be waiting for the big thing that was to make him famous.

He loved to browse around a bookstore, reading strange tales. One day in Washington he picked up in a second-hand bookstore a volume describing the great "ice-bound" interior of the rock-coasted island of Greenland, far to the north. Little was really known and most of the book was guesswork. His rambles in the pine woods of Maine in winter and the stories of the sailors had prepared his mature mind, and he easily caught what he always called "the Arctic fever." During the next twenty years he made nine trips into the unknown North, enduring many hardships, mapping new areas of ice and frozen land, and adding immensely to our knowledge of the region and of the Eskimos who dwelt there.

He was kind to these childlike people, always bargained as fairly with them as with the civilized races, and gained their confidence and good-will. He described them as ignorant, according to our standards, with the minds of children; but kind and without bad habits and willing to share their last bit of food with strangers. Many times he owed his life and the lives of his men to the fidelity of these Children of the Frozen North.

Sometimes the United States Government bore the entire expense or a large part of the cost of these trips; the expense of others was met wholly by private subscriptions. At this time there was quite a rivalry among the nations to reach the North Pole, very much as there was rivalry in the time of explorers following the discovery of North America to find a northwest passage from Europe to India. Various hardy men had pushed the line of known country northward from time to time until in 1898 the most recent explorer was within 396 geographic miles of the Pole. This explorer was Peary himself, and he became filled with the idea of going as far as he could on a ship with comrades and then making a bold "dash" with a chosen few to the place where the instruments would show the Pole to be located. Of course he knew that the Pole was simply an imaginary point, and could be found only by his instruments with the sun as a starting point. He further realized that he could make the trip not as white men travel but must go on Eskimo sledges, dressed as they were and living on their food. At resting time, it would not be difficult to saw out enough blocks of ice to build a hut, or "igloo," and therein they could rest on their "sleeping boards." Further, by choosing the northern summer as the time of making the dash, there would be almost continuous day on the journey.

Between 1898 and 1902, Peary made two attempts to get far enough north to make the dash, but each time unfortunate conditions of weather and ice defeated his

purpose. He made a total of only fifty-three miles northward in that time. By 1906 he had reduced the distance to the Pole to 174 miles and this he was determined to cover before some explorer from another nation should snatch the glory from the United States. Subscriptions from private individuals financed the undertaking, and in July, 1908, the party sailed from New York to Cape Sheridan, situated on the north side of Grant Land, across a strait from the northwest corner of Greenland. The ship, especially intended for the expedition, was named the *Roosevelt*, from the President of the United States who had taken an interest in the search for the Pole.

At Cape Sheridan the party remained until spring, getting everything in readiness and selecting the Eskimos who were hired to go with them. There were twenty-two white men in the party; the number of Eskimos, recruited from various tribes, varied at times. The party had 246 dogs, used partly to draw the sledges and also, from time to time, for food. One of Peary's most dependable men was Henson, a negro, who had been with him on previous expeditions.

The following spring the camp was moved, bit by bit, ninety miles along the northern coast of Grant Land to Cape Columbia, the point Peary had chosen from which to make the 415 miles dash due north over the frozen Arctic Ocean to the Pole. This was not as far north as Peary had been on some of his previous trips, but then he was upon the ice and now he must have land on which to erect his "base," or permanent camp, from

which to start and to which he would return. His supplies would be kept there and they must be safe. Life depended on them.

Leaving a few of the party to guard the camp, the remainder set out from Columbia in sledges made especially for the long and rough journey. These sledges were bent up in front so as to take the rough ice easily. They had handles at the rear for a man to hold to while he ran along behind and steered the sledge or, when the ice was unusually free from hummocks or piles, to jump on the sledge for a little ride to rest himself. They watched the sun hovering on the horizon nearly the full twenty-four hours each day; but it never came up overhead as it does in the temperate zones. They drove as near due north as the small mountains of ice pushed up by the winds would allow. They were troubled by the "leads," or open spaces in the ice, often being obliged to go miles out of the way to get around such channels of water. The direction of the wind which opened these leads was most important especially when the party was sleeping in the camps on the ice. A lead might open up immediately under them.

The trip was dangerous every hour of the day and night. Finally having come within 133 miles of where the instruments showed the Pole to be, Peary decided to send most of the party back to Camp Columbia while he made the dash with a chosen few. It was a sad farewell because none knew that they would ever see each other again.

Mr. Peary tells the story of the trip from this time as follows:

* "With the departure of Bartlett, the main party now consisted of my own division and Henson's. My men were Egingwah and Seegloo; Henson's men were Ootah and Ooqueah. We had five sledges and forty dogs, the pick of 140 with which we had left the ship. With these we were now ready for the final lap of the journey. We were now 133 nautical miles from the Pole. . . . This was the time for which I had reserved all my energies, the time for which I had worked for twenty-two years, for which I had lived the simplest life and trained myself as for a race. . . . My four Eskimos carried the technic [knowledge] of dogs, sledges, ice, and cold as their racial heritage. Henson and Ootah had been my companions at the farthest point three years before. Egingwah and Seegloo had been in Clark's division, which had such a narrow escape at that time, having been obliged for several days to subsist upon their sealskin boots, all their other food being gone. And the fifth was young Ooqueah, who had never before served in any expedition. He was always thinking of the great treasures promised each of the men who should go to the farthest point with me—whale-boat, rifle, shot-gun, ammunition, knives, *et cetera*—wealth beyond the wildest dream of Eskimos, which should win for him the daughter of old Ikwa of Cape York, on whom he had set his heart. All these men had a blind confidence that I would somehow get them back to land."

For six days more the little party pushed on averaging about twenty-five miles a day over the rough ice.

"We were now at the end of the last long march of the upward journey. Yet with the Pole actually in sight,

* Reprint from "The North Pole," by permission. Copyrighted, 1910, by Frederick A Stokes Company.

I was too weary to take the last few steps. As soon as our igloos [ice huts] had been completed and we had eaten our dinners and double-rationed the dogs, I turned in for a few hours of absolutely necessary sleep. It was only a few hours later when I awoke. The first thing I did on awakening was to write these words in my diary: 'The Pole at last. The prize of three centuries. My dream and goal for twenty years. Mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it. It seems all so simple and commonplace!'

They traveled on because the sun was hidden by clouds and they could not tell their whereabouts until a sun observation could be made. About midnight the sun cleared and Peary found that he had gone too far; he was past or south of the Pole by a few hours of travel.

"It was hard to realize that in the first mile of this brief march we had been traveling due north, while on the last few miles of the same march we had been traveling south, although all the time we had been traveling precisely in the same direction. It now became necessary, in order to return to our camp, to go north again for a few miles and then go directly south, all the time traveling in the same direction. East, west and north had disappeared from us. Only one direction remained and that was south. Every breeze which could possibly blow upon us, no matter from what point of the horizon, must be a south wind. Where we were, one day and one night constituted a year, a hundred such days and nights constituted a century.

"Of course there were some more or less informal ceremonies connected with our arrival at our difficult isolation, but they were not of an elaborate character. We planted five flags at the top of the world. The first one was a silk American flag which Mrs. Peary gave me fifteen years ago. After I had planted the

American flag in the ice, I told Henson to time the Eskimos for three rousing cheers, which they gave with the greatest enthusiasm. Thereupon I shook hands with each member of the party—surely a sufficiently uncere-monious affair to meet with the approval of the most democratic. The Eskimos were childishly delighted with our success. . . . Then in a space between the ice blocks of a pressure ridge, I deposited a glass bottle containing a diagonal strip of my flag and records. . . .

“In the afternoon of the 7th [April 7, 1909], after flying our flags and taking our photographs, we went into our igloos and tried to sleep a little before starting south again. I could not sleep and my two Eskimos, Seegloo and Egingwah, who occupied the igloo with me, seemed equally restless. . . . Finally I rose, and telling my men and the three men in the other igloo, who were equally wakeful, that we would try to reach our last camp, some thirty miles to the south before we slept, I gave orders to hitch up the dogs and be off. . . . And about four o'clock on the afternoon of the 7th of April we turned our backs upon the camp at the North Pole. . . . My work now lay to the south, where 413 nautical miles of ice floes and possibly open leads still lay between us and the north coast of Grant Land. One backward glance I gave—then turned my face toward the south and the future. . . . I left it with only that tinge of sadness that sometimes flashes over one at the thought, ‘This scene my eyes will never see again.’ ”

Without great difficulty they followed their trail through the snow back to Cape Columbia where the rest of the party was awaiting them. Then they went back in sledges to the ship at Cape Sheridan. Only one white man of the party was killed. Eventually, after many battles with icebergs and rough weather, they brought the

Roosevelt back and were welcomed in New York by great demonstrations of public approval. The Stars and Stripes had waved at the North Pole and American pluck and enterprise had won another goal. Every kind of high honor was given to the explorer who had brought the glory to the United States. By special act, Congress made him a rear admiral of the navy. Gold medals were given to him by learned societies of England, Scotland, Austria, Germany, Hungary, Italy, France, and Switzerland. Few men ever have the chance to do such big things for their country, but on a smaller scale we can do our part, and the example of Admiral Peary in always doing his best is one we may well follow as Americans.

Suggested Questions: What is an igloo? How is it built? Can you repeat what Peary wrote in his journal on the great day of discovery? Who was his chief follower? What is the North Pole?

Suggested Essay Topics: Tell how Peary's early life influenced him to become an explorer. Imagine yourself an Eskimo trained to write, and describe to a friend the ceremony at the Pole as it must have appeared to the Eskimos. Describe the events of the "day" on which the party reached the Pole. Tell the manner in which a party travels in the Northland.

Suggested Questions for Debate: Resolved, That a person who makes sacrifices for the sake of an ideal, as Frances Willard did, is not as happy as one who makes money and lives in ease and comfort. Resolved, That Robert E. Peary did as much for America as Luther Burbank did.

A NEWSBOY TURNS INTO A "KID'S JUDGE"

"Judge, I won't snitch. No, sir-ee! Send me up for sixty days if you want to. I'll take me med'cine, but I won't snitch on de rest of de gang. The old winder wasn't worth much any'ow and if—"

"Hold on, my little man, I don't want you to tell on the other fellows who were in the crowd. I want to find out about the broken window and how it happened."

A ragged and barefoot boy stood looking up sulkily into the kind face of a small man seated at a desk far above him. One dirty hand held a bunch of papers; the other was helping the one suspender hold up a pair of men's trousers cut off at the knees. The only difficulty the boy had in keeping his position was when he had to wipe his nose on his shirt sleeve, and the papers were in the way. Long experience in the courts had taught him to sniffle and to cry when facing a judge with a big policeman standing back of him to make the complaint.

The judge smiled down at the little prisoner. His eyes smiled, his teeth smiled, even his very high forehead seemed to wrinkle up in smiles. But the boy was suspicious.

"Aw, g'wan. You're just like all de rest of de cops and judges. You jist want me to snitch so's you kin



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

BENJAMIN BARR LINDSEY, 1859 —
On an outing with Mrs. Lindsey.

ketch de rest of de gang and send 'em up. You wants to make a big stall wid de people in de court," said the little fellow, looking around on the benches.

"All right, laddie. We'll adjourn the court and I will try your case in my private room where we'll have it out like two men. A fair fight and no favors. The court is adjourned."

The little prisoner followed the small judge into the side room; he was already half won by the judge's willingness to try the case as man to man. A little confidential talk and the street boy was telling Judge Ben Lindsey the full story of how the gang while playing ball in the street had chanced to break a show window and he was the only one that was unlucky enough to "get pinched by de bulls." The judge had won one more victory for his method of dealing with "bad boys" in Denver. What did it require?

Patience? Yes, and especially when one is a judge in such a large city with so many cases of various kinds to hear. Some of the boys brought into court had run away from their homes because of a drunken father or mother who beat them cruelly and took away the few pennies they earned selling papers on the streets. They slept in doorways and empty boxes and got their food as best they could.

Tact? Yes, because these boys earn their living by their wits and are sharp and quick in getting out of tight places. The judge must corner them to get the facts. They had only one standard and that was to get what-

ever they could and keep all of it if possible. They had hazy ideas of property; that is, the right of a person to have whatever he bought and to keep it until he wanted to use it.

Sympathy? Yes, because the law provides punishment for every breaking of the laws of property or individual right and it requires sympathy in a judge to keep from treating all criminals alike, both young and old, and simply sentencing each to a term of imprisonment. Sympathy demands that the judge shall investigate the case, find out why the boy did the act, try to persuade him of the injustice of his conduct and to get him to promise not to do it again.

Patience, tact, and sympathy. Judge Lindsey had all these qualities, for he had been a newsboy once in the city of Denver and not a very model boy. Yet his very early days were passed far from a city. He grew up in southern Tennessee, doing much as other boys in the neighborhood did. His father had been an officer in the Confederate Army during the Civil War. As one result of that struggle, the father lost all his money and had to move to Denver because of his poor health. He died soon afterward.

In Denver, young Ben, now twelve years old, had to work to help earn money to support the family. He turned to the only trade open to him, and that was selling papers on the street. He studied at night while attending a city night school. Ben was older than many of the newsboys and also had the benefits of a good home

and kind treatment. He never became a real "bad" boy, yet he was up to tricks with the rest of them. You see readily how this mingling with the boys of the street and hearing the story of their hardships made him sympathetic with them when he afterward became a judge. The boy who has a hard time in life was especially his friend. It is told of him that once a number of boys, who had been arrested for stealing pigeons from a pigeon house belonging to an old man, were brought before him. The judge was so easy and sympathetic with the boys that the old man objected. He wanted them punished. Then the judge told him that he could not be hard with these boys because once when a boy he himself had stolen pigeons from the same house. He said it was hard to punish these boys for something which he had once done. The old man finally agreed to let the boys off if they would promise to stay away from his pigeons hereafter.

Ben was not satisfied to be a newsboy all his life, and soon he became a messenger in an office. Here he had some leisure, and what do you suppose he did? He borrowed some law books and studied hard over the dry law. So well did he use his time that when he was only twenty-four years old he was admitted to the bar as a lawyer. He managed to get some clients, made many friends and, when he was only thirty-two, was elected county judge. Many prisoners came before him, including both young and old. He could easily sentence the old according to the law; but he found it hard to sentence young boys to a prison where they must associate with

hardened criminals and perhaps end their days as convicts. Most of the grown prisoners were arrested for doing something which they knew to be wrong; but many of the boys did not intend to do more than go in for a little joke. It was more like getting into mischief than anything else.

Lindsey made inquiries about the boy prisoners and found to his astonishment that 2,136 boys of the city of Denver had been sent to jail in one year for offenses against the law. There had not been time usually in the court to find out why the boys committed the offense: it was easier and quicker to sentence them the same as the grown criminals. In the jail they mingled with professional thieves and housebreakers who told them what an easy life it was and how slight was the chance of being caught. Indeed, he found out that many crimes were planned in jail by criminals persuading boys to help them and were carried out after their sentences were served and they were free. He found that a very large share of the crimes in the United States were committed by boys under twenty-two years of age.

So he interested a number of friends to aid him in getting a law passed creating a court to try boys only, and hence called a "juvenile court." Meantime he so arranged it that all the cases of boys were heard in his court. The other judges were perfectly willing to permit him to handle all these petty and annoying cases of boy prisoners. Here he was able to try out his plan of sentencing a boy, then taking his promise to be good and

postponing his sentence until he was arrested again. This is called putting a boy on "probation." Sometimes the boy court is known as a "probationary court." Commonly it is called a "kid court."

It was not an easy matter to get the separate court established. Many people thought it was simply an idea and could never be successfully put into execution. They thought such easy treatment would simply breed up a race of criminals who were not afraid of a court in which they were sure to be let off if they told a "hard luck" story. So the judge decided to try a little publicity to let the people know the true situation and so separate the boys from the grown criminals.

He got a judge to give a hearing on conditions at the jail where these boys were sentenced to do time. Then he arranged with a great friend of his, a street boy named Mickey whom he had won over, to bring all his "gang" to the court to testify what had happened to them while in the jail. The newspaper men were asked to be present and when Mickey marched in with his crowd and they told of the filthy and disgusting things that happened to them when thrown with the old, hardened criminals in the prison, the newspaper men recognized it as a good "story" and printed all that was fit to be read. The Denver people were aroused and a separate court was soon established where individual investigation and individual treatment could be given these little prisoners. After a while Judge Ben Lindsey was elected to preside over the court which he and Mickey had started. Then

he was able to get the state to build an Industrial School at Golden a few miles from Denver, where the offending boys could be sent and taught a trade instead of being shut up with the professional thieves.

Naturally there were many people who did not agree with Judge Lindsey in his theory of the treatment of boys and called his court "Easy Court." The term of a judge was only a year and Lindsey ran for the office ten times in twelve consecutive years. Many votes were cast against him. The newsboys always cheered for him during a campaign. They paraded the streets giving a yell in unison:

"Who, which, when?

Wish we were men,

So we could vote for our little Ben."

This reference to his short height did not make the judge angry, but the cheering of the boys gave opportunity to his opponents to say that it proved that the boys wanted him to be judge because he was easy with them and would let them off when they were in trouble.

He not only saved boys from becoming regular criminals, but he organized the worst ones into a juvenile order league with the object of keeping the streets of Denver clean of waste paper and other trash and of keeping younger boys from getting into mischief. He called them his "kid cops," and they assumed the responsibility of guarding the good name of Denver. Sometimes the judge learned through the boys of crimes planned and was able to head them off. He believed in

heading off mischief rather than punishing the offenders after the harm was done. He rarely punished a boy for the first offense, but gave the prisoner good advice, found him a job and tried to make a man out of him.

He tells many funny stories of his contact with the boys since he became, as they call him, "the kid's judge." Once a policeman had a boy in the court to be tried and the judge had something else to attend to for a moment. Suddenly the policeman, who had put the boy in the prisoner's box, called out: "Look out there, Judge. That boy's eyes are on your window. There's a fire escape on the outside. He'll be making a get-away before you know it." The judge turned to the boy and told him he could escape if he was innocent and he would not tell a policeman for three hours so that he could get far away and not be recaptured. In order to test the boy thoroughly, the judge raised the sash of the window and showed the fire escape stairs leading down to the street. After a moment's hesitation the boy walked to the window to the surprise of the judge and to the delight of the policeman, who thought the boy would take advantage of the chance to run away and the joke would be on the judge. The boy walked deliberately over to the window—and pulled down the sash! The judge smiled, and the policeman frowned.

This remarkable man even found time to look after his probationers in school, which he insisted they attend if they are within the school age limit. He makes them bring their grade cards to him so that he can see how

they are getting on in their studies. He never scolds but tries to make the boy think that he is doing the judge a favor by doing good work in school as well as keeping out of mischief. "Say, Skinney," he would say to one whose grades were poor, "you won't throw me down again, will you? You'll try to get better grades next month, won't you, Skinney?" And Skinney would usually make the promise and keep it.

Many people liked to laugh at the judge and his theories and to see them fail in some cases. When this is written he is giving his enemies a chance to laugh at him, especially because he has run against the courts of which he is one representative. If it were not so serious I imagine even the "kids" of the various "gangs" would have some fun with him. But so far he is "standing by his flags," as he puts it; that is, he is holding up for his ideas.

It seems that one of the boys, whose confidence he had won and whom he had placed under probation, later got mixed up in a murder. He at once went to his friend, the judge, and told him all about it and the judge promised not to "snitch" on him. By and by the case was called in another court, and Judge Lindsey was asked to tell what the boy had told him. He explained that the information was given to him in confidence and he could not break his word. The judge before whom the case was being tried could not see how a promise made to a boy years ago when he was under arrest for a trivial offense and now repeated when the boy was grown and

in an important murder case could be used to conceal information which might defeat the ends of justice.

It was a delicate situation. If the judge should let Lindsey go because he could not break confidence with a former "kid," other persons would claim excuse from testifying for the same reason, and criminals might escape being punished for their offenses. On the other hand, if Judge Lindsey should break his word and tell what a boy had told him in secrecy, he would tear away a corner-stone from his whole system of dealing with boys. Finally the judge told Lindsey he was sorry, but he must fine him \$500 for "contempt of court"; that is, not doing as a judge orders.

Judge Lindsey held fast to his principles and appealed the case to a higher court and finally to the highest court. Here the case was decided against him because the right of a judge to compel witnesses to testify must not be denied if we are to keep on having courts and finding out the truth. So the "kids' judge," must pay the \$500 and all costs of trying the case, or he may have to go to jail.

If only the members of the various "gangs" with which the judge has dealt or if the graduates from his probationary court had the money, no doubt they would willingly pay the fine which had been put on the judge because he had held fast to the principle upon which his system was founded and to which he has given the best years of his life. If he had not given his wonderful mind and valuable time to trying to solve the boy problem for

the street boys of Denver, he would no doubt be a man of enough wealth so that paying the fine would be the same as paying a street-car fare would be to most of us.

In the end Judge Lindsey paid the fine, but at the same time he protested that the sentence was wrong and he was right. Many people believe that he did the best thing for the future of the boys in refusing to break his word; others, who do not believe in this system, think the fine simply served the judge right for refusing to testify in a court of justice.

Because he put aside all ambitions to succeed in a general law practice for the sake of saving boys and deliberately chose to be a poor man for the sake of others, no less than because he built himself up little by little from a newsboy to a judge, he has a story worth hearing. When he lectures, he is eagerly heard by large audiences of people interested in making all boys into good American citizens. That is what the "kids' judge" of Denver did.

Suggested Questions: What is a juvenile or probationary court? Why does Judge Lindsey have difficulty in being elected? How did his early life fit him to be a judge of boys? To what extent should students be put on their honor at school? Should anyone be made to "tell" on another?

Suggested Essay Topics: Describe the judge's effort to get the probationary court established. Do you believe the judge should have told on the boy in the murder case? State your reasons in full. Write out an imaginary scene in the probationary court. Why boys get into mischief.

A FARMER MAKES A HORSELESS BUGGY

"Hi, there, Jim, come over to the fence. I want to show you something."

Jim looked over at the man's head, which he could just see above the fence beside the road, flung the sweat from his forehead with his hand, hung his scythe on a tree near the side of the hay field and walked over to the fence, fanning himself with his old straw hat.

"Hello, Bill," he said in a friendly tone, then catching sight of the vehicle in which Bill rested in the road below, "Gee whiz! Where'd ye git the gas wagon? I never thought you'd be fool enough to waste your money on that thing."

"That's all right, son," said Bill, leaning back on the easy cushions, "I've taken a little job on the side between times of farming and I want to sell you an automobile."

"Well," said Jim, looking over his shoulder at the broken ridges of waving grass, "what I need most just now is an auto-mow-hay! When I spend my good money, you bet it will be on something more useful to a farmer than a fancy car. It's all right for city dudes to ride around in, but it's not suited to the farmer by a long shot, Bill."

"Now, that's just where you make a mistake, my friend," argued Bill. "You and I will live to see the



HENRY FORD, 1863 —
Made this "horseless buggy" in the little shop back of the house at Detroit

day when an automobile will be as common on the farm as a piece of farm machinery now. It will take the place of a horse and buggy. In fact, it's more fitted for general use than a farm machine. Take that field which you are mowing by the old, back-breaking method of using a scythe. Why? Because the field's too hilly for your mowing machine. The Ford car will go anywhere a buggy can and some places where a horse could not pull a buggy.

"Don't you see, old fellow, I'm not trying to sell you a machine; I'm selling you pleasure for your family as well as for yourself. I'm selling you family duty. Your father lives not forty miles from here and yet I'll bet a penny you haven't been over to see him this summer. It takes too long to drive. Yet in this car you could go and come in a jiffy. You know how your sons want to leave the farm and go to work in the city because life is too dull on the farm. A car would make life different for them.

"Yesterday I saw you down at the blacksmith shop at Sanford. I'll bet it cost you a half day of work to get that little repairing done. With a car you could have taken it down and back in two hours. I say I'm not selling you a machine for pleasure. I'm selling you time in your busiest season. And best of all—it's not one of those expensive cars which are all right for the city. The man who invented it was a farmer, and he made it for farmers. I'm selling you cheap pleasure, cheap home-labor and cheap time."

To the vision of a farmer-mechanic we owe largely this inexpensive machine which has re-united families, has spread newspapers and mail over the land, turned farm life from endless monotonous toil into one of occasional pleasure, and saved millions of dollars of wasted time by taking laborers and tools quickly from one place to another. This machine has shortened laboring hours and made men more happy. Would you like to know how the inventor of the Ford car got the idea and how he persisted in working it out? It will be the story of Henry Ford, who brought a rich luxury within the reach of the less wealthy class.

It is sometimes said that country or small-town boys have done most for the cities. Edison, with his electric light, is an example. But sometimes a country boy has served city people. Henry Ford, after whom the Ford car was named, was a farmer's son in the state of Michigan and he has done wonders for the farmers of the world. He grew up on the farm, as thousands of farmers' boys have grown up, although not hampered by poverty, because his father was a prosperous farmer. But there was hard work on the Michigan farm, plenty of it and, worst of all, the same kind of work day after day. That was one thing which made farm life distasteful to Henry.

But there was another reason. As frequently happens, a country boy was born on the farm with the instincts of a manufacturer; he had a taste for machinery rather than a leaning toward the soil. Probably Henry

never knew that he had this talent until he was about eleven years old, when a chum of his, while on their way to church, showed him a watch given to him by his grandfather. It was a fine-looking watch, only—it would not run. Henry was curious to know what was the matter with it, so the two boys played “hookey” from church and went down to a little shop in which Henry’s father mended the farm machinery. Henry was very fond of watching his father at work in the shop, especially on iron work, and sometimes was allowed to pull the handle of the bellows at the forge.

Henry examined the watch closely but could not open it and reach the inside works unless he had a small screw driver. There was none in the shop, so Henry had to pound and file one out of a nail. With this tool he took the watch to pieces, notwithstanding the protests of the owner. All day he worked, going without his dinner, until late in the afternoon when the parents started a search which resulted in their finding the two boys in the shop. Henry always claimed that had time been given him he could have repaired the watch; so he began work on the family clock, taking it apart and examining its works carefully. However, moving machinery appealed to him more strongly, especially when he saw locomotives drawing heavy passenger or freight trains. He often resolved that he would study the locomotive and learn to run one—perhaps even to build one for himself.

When he was a little older he got together some bits of iron from the abandoned machinery scattered about

the barn and made an engine which he mounted on the four wheels of a light farm wagon. On one side he placed a driving rod which was connected to the engine by a belt. But his especial pride was a whistle on the engine, operated by steam, which could be heard for some distance, to the great disgust of the neighbors and the alarm of the cattle. This car he ran up and down a level meadow near his home.

In school he was always ahead of his class in arithmetic, but did not seem to care for his other studies. He rarely joined in games because he said they did not produce anything. Knocking a ball with a bat he thought the worst kind of idleness because nothing came of it. So he managed to get the other boys interested in making things. They set up a little furnace in the school yard and, with a blowpipe, melted pieces of glass and molded them into curious shapes. Henry also became chief engineer, with the boys as workmen, and made a tight dam across the little brook near the schoolhouse. They made a good job but, unfortunately, the water backed up over a neighboring potato field and the owner made the boys tear out the dam.

The city of Detroit was not far away from the Ford farm and when Henry went to the city, as he occasionally did, he begged to be taken to see some of the great manufacturing plants where workmen ran huge machines and forged great pieces of iron. These men were making things—not play locomotives out of old bits of iron; but real engines that pulled trains, turned fly-wheels and

supplied power for other purposes. The boy was much more interested in these things than in the farm. One spring morning, when all Nature was busy starting up the old world for a new season of making things grow, Henry felt more strongly than ever before the call to be doing something really worth while in the machine shops. The thought of the farmwork morning and evening was repulsive, and the thought of sitting all day in the school room was not bearable to a boy of his age. The country schools of that day were not made attractive to sixteen-year-old boys as they are today when so many vocational subjects are taught.

That spring morning, Henry took matters into his own hand, and, instead of going to school, he boarded a train for Detroit, and applied for a job in a large plant that made steam engines and employed nearly a hundred men. He was to be simply a helper or apprentice and was to receive two dollars and a half a week. The cheapest place he could find to board charged three dollars and a half a week. This would make him in debt one dollar every week! His independent spirit would not let him write to his father for help. He was out in the world now and determined to make his own living. Recalling his experience with the family clock at home, he tried night after night to get a job in a jewelry store; but all employers were suspicious of this country boy who had taught himself all he knew about the delicate art of watch and clock making. It was two weeks before he found a jeweler willing to trust him with work for which he was

to receive two dollars a week for night labor. This would leave him a balance of one dollar a week and Henry was worried about how to spend it. His board would be paid, he did not need clothes, and he never indulged in luxuries. "Extra money," said he, "is the most useless thing in the world because you can't spend it without hurting yourself or some one else."

A few days after he had begun work in the engine factory his father found him but could not persuade him to return to the little school and the farm. He knew the boy's stubborn nature and that if he forced him to return he would soon be dissatisfied again. The father finally left the boy in the city, telling him that whenever he wanted to come home the door would be open for him. It was perhaps the best way to deal with such a boy.

Honestly, now, how many boys who read the story of Henry Ford would have the pluck to work in the dirty mill from seven in the morning until six at night and then from seven to eleven crouched over a bench in a jeweler's shop? I fear there are not many. And that's the reason why Henry Ford's story is worth the reading. If all boys were so willing to work as hard and to spend their spare dollar a week for books and magazines on mechanics to study during their spare moments, they would all be equally hard workers and none would stand out as distinguished because he accomplished something worth while in this world. Young Ford was happy with his job and the only dissatisfaction he felt was with the slipshod manner with which things were done in the mill. If one

part of a casting did not exactly fit into another, it was either filed down or thrown away and another one cast. The boy many times said to himself that some day he would own a mill and would have everything made so that it would exactly fit into every other part and there would be no waste. He would have no time lost in hunting for tools because everything would be put back in its proper place as soon as a workman ceased using it.

For nine months he worked hard in the mill before he received an increase of wages. When it came, how much do you think it was? Only fifty cents a week, making his total wage three dollars a week and still fifty cents below the cost of his board. He wanted to give up his night job so he would have time for study; but he could not afford it. Two weeks after his increase began, he suddenly left the company to take a job with a manufacturer of marine or lake engines at his old wage of two dollars and a half per week. Why did he make the change if it was at a financial loss? Because he had learned all about the first factory and, like Napoleon, he sighed for new worlds to conquer. Having learned how engines intended for land service were built, he wanted to know about those to be used in boats. Also he wanted to see if the new mill was better organized and more economically run than the one he had left.

The change was greatly to his advantage for he found many young men in the new works and had more companionship. Gradually he drew them away from certain bad habits. "I'd as soon think of taking a drink of

liquor," he said, "as any other poison." While a boy on the farm he once tried to smoke cigarettes made out of hay and that experience cured him of the desire to smoke.

What did he do for amusement? Soon after beginning work in the new shop, his wages were raised to five dollars a week. He quit the night work at the jewelry shop, after purchasing from the jeweler a second-hand watch for which he paid three dollars. He did not want it to tell the time of day but for his amusement. He took it apart and made an estimate of the cost of every piece in the works. Leaving out the case which was made fancy for show, he thought the watch had cost about one dollar. Why could he not make a watch with good works and a good wearing but not showy case that would cost only a dollar or two? Everybody could then afford to carry a watch to tell the time of day.

Night after night he got together his young friends from the mill and they spent hours planning a great watch factory in which vast bars of steel should be placed in one end of a huge machine and turned out as cheap watches at the other end. They got the cost estimated as low as thirty-seven cents per watch if they could sell enough to make a profit. Two thousand watches a day was what they must turn out and sell, and that would make two hundred dollars a day profit.

Under Henry's visionary leadership, the boys were about to start out to raise the capital to build and operate the watch factory, when news of accidents and illness on the farm caused Henry to remember that he still owed a

duty to his family. Reluctantly he abandoned the boys and the mill and went back to the monotony of farm life, although he was now twenty-one and had not as yet made his start in life. However, he became a little better satisfied when he made the acquaintance of a girl in the neighborhood and, after three years of courtship, married her and settled down in the Ford farmhouse until he could build a house of his own.

Henry was now a married man and apparently settled for life on a farm. He never forgot the attraction of the scientific magazines but continued to take them and to read them at night after the farm work was done. In one of them he found a most interesting description of a steam wagon built by a Frenchman which drove itself instead of having a horse to draw it. He was fascinated by the idea and said that if he had a shop he believed he could build a "horseless carriage," as they were called. He could not resist the temptation to spend a day in Detroit, calling on his old acquaintances at the shops. Looking at the engines and thinking of what power they had as compared with his horses, he got a brand new idea. If only he could get an engine that would run itself, it would do the work of many horses on the farm and would not cost anything for feed when it was idle. He saw a new steam fire engine go rattling down the street running by its own steam, and there Henry saw his horseless carriage. However, by using steam, the fire engine was carrying its own coal and water to make its steam, and they were dead weight. Why not use for

fuel a refined product of oil which had high explosive power and was called "gasoline"?

To make a gasoline engine was now Ford's constant study and thought. On it he worked day and night when he could get free from farm work. Small wonder that he became impatient again and longed for the factory. Finally he resolved to lease the farm and go to Detroit again. His first study must be electricity, for upon that he must depend to light his gasoline in the engine. He finally got a job in an electric light plant at only fifty dollars a month. His wife bravely tried to be economical and to live on that sum in a boarding house. He had to work twelve hours a day in the plant, but he had his nights for study. Soon he mastered the light plant from top to bottom and was made manager of the mechanical department at \$150 a month. He now felt able to purchase a lot and to build a house on it largely with his own hands by working at night. There was an old shed on the rear part of the lot, and this he made into a machine shop for himself and placed in it a powerful electric light because he could work for himself only at night.

There he worked at nights for two years on his gasoline engine, using old bits of iron where he could, and buying new material as he had the money. It made no difference to him that people made fun of him. He comforted his wife when she cried because the neighbors called him a crazy man. At last came a day of triumph when his gasoline engine, sitting on blocks of wood in the shed, flew so fast that the fly-wheel looked like a blur

before the eye. He wanted speed, and he had it; now came the task of fitting the engine to a wagon and of steering the wagon. In all his work so far, he had been careful to keep the expense low; to build every part as cheaply as possible. While other inventors strove to build a good car at any price, he wished to build one that would be within the purchasing power of any thrifty man.

He now fitted four old bicycle wheels with inflated tires to a buggy frame, put a bed on the frame and his engine on that bed. He then passed a leather belt around the rear axle, and thence to the engine. When he tightened the belt the car would run rapidly, and when he loosened it the car would slow up and stop. This tightening and loosening he did with a hand lever. Next he nailed two boards together for a seat back of the engine and he was all ready to start. It was three o'clock in the morning and he had been working all night. His wife had come out through the snow and slush to beg him to stop work and come to bed. But he could not wait.

Hanging a lantern on the dashboard for light and opening the shed doors, he climbed into the seat, started the engine, pressed the belt lever and the car moved out into the cold, dark night. It was the first Ford car ever built. After several narrow escapes from running into fences and poles, the inventor managed to steer the car out of his yard. Down the quiet street in the night went this strange creature, chug-chugging along on its one cylinder. Every time the wheel revolved, there

would be a fresh jerk. After going two or three blocks, Ford remembered that he could turn corners only with great difficulty because his steering apparatus was not developed. At last he remembered to loosen his hold on the lever which released the belt and the engine stopped and the car ran slowly to a stop. Then he climbed down, lifted the car around and rode triumphantly back to find his wife on the front porch anxiously awaiting his return. Fourteen years of toil with nothing back of him except an idea and now the idea was made into a visible form and he had driven it and had ridden in it.

But instead of wasting time in rejoicing, he began to plan improvements on the car. One cylinder he was satisfied was not enough to run the car steadily and keep it from jerking with every revolution of the wheel; there must be at least two cylinders, with the impulses opposite each other, and an exactly timed spark to make a steady succession of explosions in the engine. Eight more years of hard work, mostly done at night, and then in 1901, in a new two cylinder car, Ford rode proudly down the Detroit streets in the daytime. The car now went steadily and Ford was not ashamed of his "little tin car" among the costly steam and gasoline cars which were built by that time on capital supplied by banks and men of business. Already he had made plans for a larger and swifter car, but he had no money with which to build it. He ran his car about town and talked it up to bankers, boards of directors and other business men; but no one cared to risk money on such a cheap thing.

Among his lesser-known friends was a man who cooked and sold lunches in a night wagon. Many times had Ford eaten his sandwiches and drunk his coffee in the lunch car while on night work in the electric light plant. "Coffee Jim," as the man was known, had often seen Ford's little car and knew Ford's ambition to supply the people with cars. One night Ford was telling Jim about his financial difficulties and how much he wanted to build a new and fast car which could take the prize in an automobile race they were talking about getting up at Detroit and thus bring his machine before the public. It was simply a "hard luck" story, such as Jim had often heard from his customers. Night after night for year after year Jim had been making and selling sandwiches and coffee and had been placing many of the dimes of profit in the bank against a rainy day, and old age. It was not a large sum, but Jim was willing to risk it all on Ford and the common car. Was it not peculiarly fitting that a car of the people should be financed not by bankers but by a man in a sandwich wagon?

Using Jim's hard-earned money, Ford put in eight months of hard labor both day and night. He had now quit his job in the electric light plant to devote every hour to making the new and powerful racing car. About four o'clock one morning, after "Coffee Jim" had closed his lunch wagon, Ford took him for a spin in the car which had been built with his money. The sandwich capitalist held fast to the seat as the inventor let out the power until the houses on each side of the street seemed

to melt into a blur. They reached probably thirty miles an hour, which was wonderful for that time. In this car, a little later, Ford won the first automobile race in America when he defeated a much more costly car made in Cleveland, Ohio. When the crowd yelled its rejoicing and congratulated the victor, Ford simply said: "Yes, she's a good little car; but I've got an idea for a four-cylinder car which will beat her as much as she beats a bicycle."

But here Ford's stubbornness, as it was called, again blocked the way. He insisted upon building and operating a factory on the most economical plan in order to build as cheap a car as possible to be sold in large numbers. It seemed that he had not forgotten his earlier ideas about the watch factory. Now, in order to control both shop and car, he must own more than one-half the stock or capital put into it so the other stockholders could not outvote him. No sensible business man would go into such a wild scheme with an inventor who had only his car to match the money the others would put in and yet who wanted to control everything.

At last a man who was a professional bicycle racer put up the money as a sporting proposition to build a big four-cylinder car, which would have the power of eighty horses and would probably be good for forty miles an hour. After the big car was finished, both Ford and the bicycle racer were afraid to run it; but they found another professional bicycle racer, named Barney Oldfield, who was said to be afraid of nothing. He ran the car on a

track in Ohio the next year and won by a half mile over five other motor cars in a three-mile race.

It was now easy to get money to build a factory and to make cars; but it was not so easy to bring over the men, who furnished the money, to Ford's plan of building cars for the people. The capitalists argued that if there were two hundred per cent profit in building one high-priced car, why should any one want to build forty cheap cars at five per cent profit? Common people, they claimed, would not buy automobiles anyhow. So they allowed the dissatisfied Ford to withdraw from the company with his patents, and they continued to design and build costly cars according to their own ideas.

One of Ford's draftsmen was willing to put his savings into the venture and, with this money, Ford rented an old building in Detroit, moved over his tools from the shed at the back of the house, and started to build cheap cars according to his own ideas. The two men managed to get a little capital from other men and with it they purchased their material. They fixed upon nine hundred dollars as the price of a car and sold quite a number the first year. Henry Ford was now a little over thirty years of age; but he had realized his dream and ambition in life. He controlled the stock in an automobile factory, which was run according to his own ideas, and he was building cheap but strong cars to sell in large numbers to people who could not afford to buy costly ones. He came into his own desire probably as rapidly as any man of genius has done in our history. The story is quickly

told. At sixteen, he had an idea of doing something in machine building; at twenty-one the idea took the form of a horseless wagon; and at thirty-two he is manufacturing such a wagon or car according to his own design and in his own factory. "Where there's a will, there's a way."

In books and magazines you can read of the many struggles the inventor had to go through after his success had apparently been won. He had to make a ten years' fight at tremendous cost to keep from paying royalties to other men who had taken out patents on cars; he sometimes had to ask all his workmen to wait for their pay until he could collect money for cars he had sold; and he made himself unpopular among other employers of labor by establishing a rule that no one who worked in his factory should be paid less than five dollars a day. He was determined to run his factory as he had run his farm, by taking every workman into his confidence and sharing his profits with them; but his enemies said that he did this as an advertisement and not for the good of the men.

When the United States became involved in the World War, Ford determined to spend his entire fortune if necessary to put an end to what he thought was a cruel and useless waste of life and money. He brought ridicule upon himself by sending over a "peace ship" carrying people of influence who were to try to arrange a peace before Christmas. Possibly the many jokes on the "tin Lizzie," as his car was popularly called, made it easy to

ridicule everything he did. He even started a newspaper to take the part of the people against what he thought was unjust treatment under unjust laws, and was widely criticized for many of the writings. But through it all, he maintained that calmness and steadiness which come to a man who has overcome obstacles and who goes on his way unafraid.

The welfare of the people has been his concern and especially the good of the farming class. "The farmer feeds the world," said he. "And the better he farms the more food he raises and the more each person will have." He never abandoned his idea of putting a self-propelled machine in the field to take the place of horses in plowing and reaping. This machine, commonly called a tractor, must be powerful, manageable and cheap. After many years of study, he perfected a tractor and formed a partnership company with his son under the name "Fordson" and began manufacturing the machine. The Ford plant grew until it covered nearly three hundred acres of land, where 2,500 persons found work at good wages with a chance at a share of the profits at the end of the year or a cash present at Christmas. The willing workmen turned out some years as many as 40,000 automobiles which the people eagerly bought and used, notwithstanding the many jokes about the Ford car. The theory of the inventor had proved to be correct; common people would buy a cheap motor car.

There seems to be no limit to what this farmer's boy, now over fifty years old, will undertake. One of his

latest financial ventures was to buy up all the stock of the Ford motor car company, although he had to pay an extravagant price for some of it. It is said that this ambition to own the entire company cost him over a hundred million dollars. There is a certain pleasure to a reader in thinking over what this American boy accomplished along an entirely new line of thought and labor. Perhaps the next time you see a "tin Lizzie" whirling gaily along the road among the big costly cars, you may think of the father and grandfathers of Lizzie, who were born in the little shop at the back of the modest Ford home in Detroit. Perhaps you will also give a silent cheer for Henry Ford, for "Coffee Jim" and for all the workmen who have given so much pleasure to the plain people of our land.

Suggested Questions: What was Henry Ford's principal object in building his "horseless wagon"? Has it been carried out? What does the word "automobile" mean in English? What does "tractor" mean? What obstacles did Ford overcome? Of what service has the Ford car been to farmers? Of what service has the tractor been?

Suggested Essay Topics: Describe the feelings of an imaginary person who peeped out the window and saw Henry Ford's first car running down street in the night. Write out anything you have heard about a Ford car which is not mentioned in this book. Write a story about a day spent in touring the country in a Ford car.

THE UNFORTUNATE CHILD MAKES HERSELF A HAPPY WOMAN

You can spell “doll.” It goes d-o-l-l and there you are. But suppose you had never heard it spelled, suppose you did not know your alphabet, suppose you were eight years old and could not make the sound of a letter or a word. What a hopeless situation in a beautiful world!

As it is, the outside world approaches you through five gateways, each of which has a sentry posted to warn you of the nearness of somebody or some thing. These five stations we call the senses—sound, sight, taste, smell, and feel. You could scarcely imagine a person alive and not having even the sense of feeling a touch on his body or taste in his mouth. But you often see persons who have lost one of these great helps and is blind or deaf or dumb. It is a great affliction, but can you imagine one who has neither sight, nor hearing nor speech?

For the person who cannot hear but can see we have invented what we call “lip reading,” whereby the eyes of the deaf person read the words from the shape of the lips of the person speaking. Also we have a method of talking on the fingers to deaf people. For the blind we have invented raised letters pressed into the printed page which the blind person reads by feeling the letters with the fingers. One who is both deaf and dumb can yet see



Courtesy American Bible Society

HELEN KELLER, 1880 —
Reading the Bible by the Sense of Touch

to learn the alphabet and to read and write. But what if one cannot see, nor hear nor speak? What if one loses three-fifths of the faithful watchers on the towers of human intelligence?

That is precisely the fate which befell a little girl down in Alabama as the result of a severe illness when she was a little over a year old. She had been a bright little thing and tried to chase the spots of sunlight while crawling on the floor. Now she was suddenly plunged into the eternal night of solitude and silence. She would never again see the beautiful sunshine or flowers, never hear the songs of birds and never again say the Southern "Howdye" which she had early learned to say to strangers in her home.

When you think how little you had learned before you were two years old you will see how ignorant this little girl was and how hopeless it was to try to do anything for her. What she herself was able to accomplish through the aid of a faithful teacher forms the wonderful story of the life of Helen Keller.

Fortunately her parents were able to give her every possible medical aid, but they must wait for educational aid until she was, say, six years old. In the meantime she learned to make some signs like nodding her head for "Yes" and shaking it for "No." For food she made a sign of cutting a slice of bread and spreading butter upon it. For her pet dog, named Belle, she would stoop down and run on her hands and feet. To go hunting for eggs, she would double up her little hands like eggs and

lay them on the ground. From these things her parents knew that she had a mind bright enough to learn if only there was some way of reaching it. Her playmate in Alabama was a little colored girl who looked after her and who was named Martha Washington. When she could make Martha understand her signs but could not make Belle, the dog, do what she wanted, she was very angry and sad. She did not know the difference in intelligence between people and animals.

Of course she had forgotten the words she had learned to speak before her illness but her parents thought she still could speak if only she could be taught to imitate the sounds. A doctor in Baltimore to whom they took the little girl when she was six doubted that anything could be done to restore her eyes or her hearing; but he suggested that they send to some place where they taught blind people to read by feeling and get a skilled teacher to come down and try what could be done.

A very patient and sympathetic woman named Sullivan was sent down from Boston to the Keller home in the South and Helen at once felt that here was a friend. The first thing was to get Helen to realize that people spoke to each other with their lips, tongue, teeth, and palate; also that everything had a name and that these names were words; and that you could put words together and make other people know what you were thinking about. It would be a long and tiresome task.

First Miss Sullivan gave Helen her doll to play with and after a while took the doll away and spelled d-o-l-l

into Helen's hand with her fingers in the sign language. Nobody had ever done this "finger play," as she afterward called it, to Helen, and she was delighted. She soon learned to make the letters as Miss Sullivan did. Next the teacher took away the doll and, when Helen wanted it, she had to make the same finger play to get it. When she seemed to get this word, the teacher took her out to the well and put her hands into the water, each time patiently spelling into Helen's hand the letters w-a-t-e-r. Soon the child learned that she could not get a drink without spelling "water" into the teacher's hand.

Her next words were pin, hat, cap, sit, stand, and walk. Think of the thousands of words you use daily and of the work of learning each one by making signs in some one's hand. It went faster when once the girl caught the idea that everything had a name, and that these names put together make sentences. That took many weeks of time. So eager was she to learn the names of things that she could scarcely be persuaded to go to sleep at night or to let Miss Sullivan sleep. She wanted to "hand-talk" all the time.

Her next difficulty came when she began to learn about existing things which she could not feel, such as truth and the stars and God. Right and wrong troubled her. For instance, she was stringing beads of different sizes. When she made a mistake, the teacher would take her hands and put them on the right beads, and thus she learned that there is a right and a wrong way of doing things, and that she had not done the right way. In

order to clinch the lesson, the teacher put her hand on Helen's forehead and then spelled the word "think" into Helen's hand. Now Helen knew that somewhere in the front part of her head she really lived and, to the teacher's delight, she grasped the idea that she must think somewhere back of her forehead if she wished to keep from making mistakes. To get the idea of love was more difficult. Frequently the teacher spelled "I love you" into her hand and then embraced and kissed her before the blind girl caught the idea of love for persons and love for the out-door world and for pet animals.

Next she learned the alphabet as we say it by using raised letters on cardboard. She picked out the right letters and placed them in a frame and so made up little sentences. She easily learned to read with her fingers the books printed for the blind through touching the raised letters. She was now ready for her first travel because she could read about the places she was to visit and Miss Sullivan could tell her about them as they passed along. So the two went up to Boston, where Helen spent some time in an Institution for the Blind. Here she first talked with many deaf people by using the sign language, but the others had to make the signs in her hand. She also found in their library many books with raised letters and delighted in reading them. Her especial delight was bathing in the ocean where she could feel if not see the great breakers come in and sweep over her. Miss Sullivan had done so much for this child and thought her so bright that she was more than ready to

make the final test, and that was to ascertain whether she could speak. But she felt that they should get a specialist to undertake this final task.

Helen was ten years old when a woman offered to try to teach her to talk. It seemed a hopeless task to try to make a blind and deaf person speak. That she had some organs of speech was proved by the fact that ever since her illness she could make certain kinds of noises in her throat but they were meaningless. But how could she get the idea of using these sounds and forming them into words? If you will put your hand on the "Adam's apple" in your throat and utter a sound, you can feel the vibration of the vocal chords. This new teacher put the child's hand up to her own throat while she spoke and Helen felt the vibration. Next she put the hand on Helen's throat and so continued doing until Helen caught the idea that she could make vibrations in her throat precisely as the teacher did. Next the teacher put one of Helen's hands on the teacher's throat and the other on the teacher's lips and spoke such letters as we use the lips in making; letters like b, f, m, p, w, and the like. Then she used the same letters in words. Helen was so accustomed by this time to try to imitate whatever the teacher did that she soon grasped the idea of making sounds with her vocal chord which vibrated and then modifying the sounds with her lips, tongue, and teeth.

From this teacher Helen took only eleven lessons, for she was anxious to have Miss Sullivan get the credit after the idea was once fully grasped. In the first hour she

learned to speak aloud several letters. Afterward she wrote of this experience: "I shall never forget the surprise and delight I felt when I uttered my first connected sentence, 'It is warm.' After that my work was practice, practice, practice. Discouragement and weariness cast me down frequently, but the next moment the thought that I should soon be at home and show my loved ones what I could do spurred me on and I thought, 'My little sister will understand me now.' When I had made speech my own I could not wait to go home. My eyes fill now as I think how my mother pressed me close to her, taking in every word I spoke, while little Mildred kissed my hand and danced."

She could not speak distinctly like one with normal organs, but she could make herself understood. A person could now ask her a question, Miss Sullivan would spell it into her hand, and she could answer with her voice. She had overcome by her patience and persistence the great handicaps which nature had placed upon her. She gave full credit to Miss Sullivan, who had so patiently helped her and who now encouraged her to go on.

Next she learned to write by placing a sheet of metal over the sheet of paper, in which metal was a long, narrow slot as wide as the line of writing and which prevented her from writing over what she had already written. She had learned to make the letters used in handwriting by tracing them on perforated paper. Of course she could not read what she had written until it was put into raised letters.

Her ambition seemed to be without limit. She knew that many girls went to college. With the aid of Miss Sullivan she took up regular courses of study and finally to her great delight she was allowed to enroll as a student in Radcliffe, a girl's college in Cambridge near Boston and connected with Harvard University. Of course she had to have Miss Sullivan or some one sit beside her and spell into her hand the words of the lecturer or teacher. With the other hand she wrote down these notes just as the girls did who could see and hear.

Afterward she wrote articles about her experience in gaining an education under such difficulties and these articles were eagerly sought and paid for by the publishers and as eagerly read by the public. A little later she was induced to go on the lecture platform and tell the people as best she could what life meant to one who had really been born again into a world of light and happiness and beauty. Her voice is deep and she lacks many of the distinct sounds which people with ordinary voices use; but the fact that an audience can understand what she means to say is a delight to her. She cannot see the interested faces of the audience, she cannot hear the applause; and she never knows how her hearers admire her "pluck," as we Yankees call it. So many people give up in despair because they are slow or indifferent or lazy.

I have called her a happy woman. If you could see her riding about Boston on a motorcycle, you would see that her face showed her happiness. How could she ride a wheel when she could not see where she was going?

Well, she has to ride a wheel with two seats. One who can see rides on the seat behind her. She soon learned to feel when the machine was going up hill, so she could pedal harder. The person riding behind her had certain signals by touching her on the shoulder, which signals tell her when to slow up and when to ride fast. She also greatly enjoyed coasting and laughed as heartily as any of the crowd when the sled turned over. She learned to skate by holding another person's hand. Of course she cannot play tennis or any game that requires sight, but by having peculiar chessmen and dominoes made which she can tell by feeling and by having holes on the squares into which the men will fit, she has learned to play both chess and dominoes, and enjoys games with her friends.

After she had grown up to womanhood and had completed her education, there seemed nothing further for her to do. She could scarcely expect to marry and have a home of her own. But she learned that there were other deaf, dumb and blind people in the world in different nations, although very few. They were usually placed in a pen and left to grow up like animals.

By using money given to her by rich people as well as taking her earnings from books and lectures, she has been able to start some of these unfortunates on the way toward an education and of making them happy and contented as she is. It seems, however, that they vary just like the normal people do. Some are like Miss Keller and willing to work very hard; others like to have an easy

time in life and are slow to take advantage of the chance of getting an education. The more you read about people and study their lives, the more you are convinced that much depends upon the people themselves and little upon their surroundings. That is where people differ from animals and plants, which depend for their development largely upon their environment, as we call their surroundings. It is a comforting thought that we can make ourselves from inside ourselves.

Helen Keller's name is known in this and other lands as the girl who overcame. Few people can read her story without being touched and inspired by the manner in which this blind, deaf and dumb girl made herself into a happy woman.

Suggested Questions: Name the five watch-towers of the body. Why is it so much harder to teach a deaf and blind person to talk than it is to teach a deaf and dumb person to read lip speaking? Why did Miss Keller regard Miss Sullivan as her dearest friend? Name some letters made chiefly with the lips.

Suggested Essay Topics: Tell how Helen was taught to speak. Describe two deaf and dumb persons talking with their hands as you have seen them. Imagine yourself one of a party going with Helen Keller to the seashore and write out the story of the trip. Describe the feelings of Helen when she found that she could talk.

Suggested Question for Debate: Resolved, That any defective child can do what Helen Keller did; it was not genius.



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

RUSSELL HERMAN CONWELL, 1842 —

Turning the first spadeful of earth for one of the new Temple buildings.

A JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES CARRIES ON

Uncle John sat listening to the children talking on a cool summer morning.

“ ’Tis so. I know it is,” said Ned. “I heard a preacher say that any boy or girl could be anything in life that he wanted to be.”

“Go on,” said Tom. “I want to be a bare-back rider in a circus, and a fat chance I have here in town where I’ve never even been on the back of a horse. Everybody here’s got an automobile except Dave Hilt. He drives an old dray horse and you couldn’t persuade it to trot, let alone gallop like a circus horse. Mary would like to be a missionary and what chance is there for her?”

“I think there’s every chance,” said Mary, “if you keep that one thing in mind. The fault with many folks is that they never can decide what they want to be. Our old Jim keeps up the furnaces of all the houses on this block in winter and mows all the lawns in the summer. He also washes motor cars, ’tends garden and catches fish and peddles them. Father says Jim has never amounted to anything because he was a Jack-of-all-trades and master of none. Say, Uncle John, what do you think about it?”

Uncle John folded his morning paper, took off his glasses and settled himself for a talk. He said:

“Many people say they did not have a chance to be what they wanted to be in life. That’s what Tom is really saying about being a circus-rider. Others say that every man has his chance but did not see it or was not ready for it when it came. Shakespeare says there *is* a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune. Still others say that men become Jack-of-all-trades because they have no fixed ambition to be any one special thing and so drift along, doing whatever comes first to hand. That was probably our Jim’s difficulty when he was younger. But there are others who go so far as to say that God cuts out some work for each of us to do and if we keep on trying we shall find it. You can’t stop; you must keep on until you come into it.

“Columbus felt that way after he got the idea of going to India by sailing west and going clear ’round the globe. Lowell says of him: ‘

“ ‘For to the spirit select there is no choice;
He cannot say, This will I do, or that.
A hand is stretched to him from out the dark,
Which, grasping without question, he is led
Where there is work that he must do for God.’ ”

“Generally speaking, a one-idea man is exactly the opposite of a Jack-of-all-trades; but I know of a man who began as a Jack and kept at it and became a great Jack, master of all trades, known all over the United States and even abroad.”

“Gee!” said little Tom, “I guess I’ll be a Jack if that’s the way they turn out.”

“Hold on, my boy,” said Uncle John. “You must be sure you’ve got the stuff in you to be a great Jack and not a little one like Jim the furnace-tender. Now listen and I will tell about this big Jack as he came to be.

“To begin with, let me describe a scene which took place after this man became a great Jack. It was in what was then the second largest city of the United States, and commonly known as the City of Brotherly Love. The Quakers who founded it and still form a considerable part of the inhabitants, seem to have given it a certain personality of quiet and reserve. One October evening in the year 1894, the people turned out at the great Academy of Fine Arts in such numbers that they required three hours to pass down a receiving line and to shake hands with the man they were honoring. The mayor of the city was the chairman of the celebration and he was assisted by the best known men of the city, and, what I want you especially to remember, by a group of veterans of the Civil War. All kinds of people joined the line to shake hands with this honored guest. Some of the men were veterans, some lawyers and statesmen, some newspaper men, some teachers and students, some nurses and hospital patients, some members of various kinds of clubs, some celebrated musicians, and each one claimed this man as belonging to his class. In truth, he belonged to all of them. He began as a Jack-of-all-trades and he had continued to be one.

“When the reception was over and the honored man was seated in a carriage to be driven to his home in the

same city, enthusiastic students from his college removed the horses, tied a long rope to the carriage and with cheers and college yells drew him to his home, a distance of over two miles. What had he done to cause this demonstration? He was simply a citizen of Philadelphia returning from a vacation trip to Europe. The people were not celebrating what he had done at this particular time, but what he had done for them in the past twelve years in the City of Brotherly Love.

“Who was he? In early life he had been a farmer, a soldier, a lawyer, a real estate agent, a newspaper writer, and a lecturer. In late life he was to become an author, an orator, a preacher, head of a hospital board, president of a college, editor of a church magazine and founder of a score of clubs and similar organizations. He remained faithful to his early call of Jack-of-all-trades—but he was *master of all*. Most people knew him as the ‘Acres of Diamonds’ man, who had given one lecture on that subject thousands of times and was still giving it. ‘Dr. Russell H. Conwell will lecture on Acres of Diamonds tonight’ was sufficient notice to fill a hall or church at any time or place.”

“I think I should like to have had the name of Acres-of-Diamonds rather than Jack-of-all-trades,” said Mary.

“But you see,” said Uncle John, “what a successful Jack he became. By his story I want to prove to you that there is no general rule such as you children mention which will hold good for all people. Whether a man will stubbornly close his ears to the call of God, whether he

will remain a Jack-of-all-trades and whether he will be master of none or master of all depends entirely upon the man. Of course he must have natural ability as well.

“Above all, one must have a strong and a dependable body with good health in order to be an all-'round Jack. Conwell was born on a rocky hillside of Massachusetts, the middle one of three children. There was no gymnasium for him to exercise in, but he early developed his muscles by swinging a scythe to cut grass, by pitching hay, by rolling logs, by building stone fences and walls, by carrying buckets of maple sap to boil down into maple sugar, and by doing other farm jobs which require real men to do. He became a remarkable skater and a good swimmer. He could handle the heavy rifle used in the country at that time, but he never hunted. He could not bear to kill anything.

“So strong was he that he dared do nearly anything which depended upon muscle and nerve. In a pasture on the farm stood a tree full fifty feet high. Near the top, an old eagle had her nest. One day, when young Conwell took a flock of sheep to that pasture, he carried with him a long rope. Leaving the sheep to feed, he climbed as near the top of the tree as he could get, and, after many attempts, flung the end of the rope, to which he had attached a stone, up over the nest and pulled it down. He was very proud of securing the eagle feathers which lined the nest. All who heard of it and knew the tree thought this a remarkable feat for a boy to accomplish all alone.

“He went to the country school in winter, where he was known chiefly for his wonderful memory. How many of you children could read a page carefully, then close your eyes, and, by imagining how the page looked, repeat what was written or printed on it? This was easy work for Russell. He was proud to be a Conwell and he liked the name Russell, which his parents had given him. But most other boys had a middle name and he had none. He decided to take the name of Herman and always after that he wrote his name ‘Russell H. Conwell.’

“When he was sixteen he was prepared to enter a real academy at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, where hundreds of prominent men got their early education. His brother went with him and the two worked for a neighboring farmer near the academy to earn their board. The farmer was greatly amused to hear the younger academy boy yelling at his oxen in Greek or Latin while plowing. Usually the boy went around with a book under his arm in order to use any spare moments. A hard way to get an education, don’t you children think? Yes, but as Conwell said, it was worth the money.

“He had another talent besides memory and persistence, and that was music. He took to it naturally, as the country people said. He taught himself to play on the violin, on the cabinet organ and on the cornet. When serving later as a preacher he often went to the organ and led the congregation in singing. He even made a little money by teaching both instrumental and vocal music in his academy days.

“To the sums thus earned, he added what he could make teaching country school and when he was sixteen years old he had enough money to enter Yale College. Here also he earned money in various ways to help pay his expenses. Yale was all excitement during his first year. The Southern States had declared their intention of seceding from the Union and Lincoln was calling for troops to suppress the rebellion. Patriotic speeches were in order and orators were in demand. Have I told you that this Jack-of-all-learning had shown great ability in the Academy both as a debater and as a general speaker? Well, it is true. There seemed to be few things he could not do. He was so much of a speaker when he was in the country school that one day he had a hard fall while practicing.”

“But how could that be, Uncle John?” asked one child. “How could he get a fall while speaking?”

“You see,” answered Uncle John, “he had to recite some verses beginning:

“‘Woe, woe to ye all, ye children of men.’

“One day he was driving an old horse from his home to the railroad station. The horse was hitched to a light wagon so full of goods that the driver stood on the single-tree in front of the dashboard. The old horse was plodding along quietly when Conwell decided to practice his speech and shouted, ‘Woe, woe unto ye.’ The old horse was always ready to hear the word ‘whoa,’ and she stopped so suddenly that the boy fell over her back and rolled into the road, cutting his head on something as he

fell. Thereafter his forehead long showed the scar to remind him that there were places where it was not safe to rehearse.

“This young Yale law student, only eighteen years of age, was invited to make patriotic speeches all around New Haven. Some critic said it was all right to persuade others to go as soldiers but, since he was so big and strong, why didn't he set a good example by enlisting. He did offer his services the second year he was in college, was accepted, and was elected captain in the 46th Massachusetts Regiment in 1862. Thus, you see, he added soldiering to the many other things he could do.

“Many of the soldiers who elected him their captain came from the same part of Massachusetts as himself. Some had been his pupils in the country schools. Very soon these ‘Mountain Boys’ and their ‘Boy Captain’ became well known among the other soldiers. Just before the regiment was to sail from Boston on a boat for North Carolina, the soldiers and people of Springfield presented the boy captain with a beautiful gold-sheathed sword to be worn on dress occasions. He accepted the gift before a great crowd of people and soldiers, kissed the sword, and launched into a wonderful oration on what the sword had gained for us in the history of the civilized world. The sudden address showed what a ready speaker he was and, in fact, always continued to be. That sword was later rescued from his camp which had fallen into the hands of the enemy during his absence; but the young soldier, John Ring, who crept back into

the camp and brought back the sword, gave up his life as the price of his faithfulness. Conwell never forgot the incident but used it as an example of loyalty to a cause in time of extreme peril. He kept the sword hanging over his bed to remind him of John Ring.

“Captain Conwell soon lost command of his company by being promoted to be colonel. Then he was severely wounded and spent a long time in a hospital. He had always said he was an ‘agnostic,’ that is, one who said no human being could find out anything about God or what would happen after death. But while he was in the hospital he resolved to live in the future a Christian life and to try to persuade others to do likewise. He had always read his Bible but now he determined to live by its commands. The war was about over, and so he resigned his office, entered a law school at Albany and was graduated. Jack had now another trade to add to the many he was master of. He was a lawyer. Soon after, he was married to one of his former pupils in the country schools and the two moved to Minneapolis in the far Northwest, where he opened a law office.

“The young lawyer could never be content to do one thing; so in addition to practicing law, he traded real estate, was reporter on a newspaper and made political speeches. And he did every one of these things well. But he had always wanted to be a traveler. When he was only thirteen, he ran away to Boston, and was rescued and sent home by a preacher who found him crying on the streets. Two years later he actually went

to England, working his way on a cattle ship by attending to the cattle on the passage. He was very homesick and glad to get back to the farm.

“Now that he was married and actually started in life the old desire to travel came upon him and he added the trade of ‘traveler’ to his others. He accepted the position of Commissioner of Immigration for the people of Minnesota who were anxious to get only the best immigrants from Europe to settle in their state and consequently wanted a man to pick them over before they started.

“Conwell soon tired of this work in Sweden and resigned his commissionership and returned to America, where he set up a business of taking tourist parties abroad to visit historic places. He was familiar with all these places, and he held his parties of travelers spell-bound as he used his eloquence in describing the surroundings, whether it was in the ruins of the Roman Forum or in Westminster Abbey. On these travel-trips, he employed his leisure time by writing for the newspapers and many people who were unable to visit these foreign places read eagerly his descriptions. All this was helping get him ready for his next trade—author.

“He suddenly began writing books, and he went at it with such energy that he soon produced a number of good-selling books on travel, biography and the like. About here we may safely put in another trade, for our Jack began to be in large demand on the lecture platform. He devoted much of his time to the temperance cause

and lectured on this topic all over the country. He was an especial admirer of the greatest of all temperance lecturers, John B. Gough (pronounced Goff), and frequently met him on his travels. Yet his first attempt at lecturing was a failure according to his ideas. It was away back at the close of the Civil War, and he had gone to Mt. Holyoke Women's College to lecture on the subject, 'Benefits to Humanity Occurring from Previous Wars.' Not a very fetching title and the lecturer thought he did not do well; but he kept at it as he usually did until he became a successful lecturer."

One of the children, rather doubtingly, here interrupted. "But how could a man go on always succeeding in everything? It does not seem possible, Uncle John."

"I am glad you asked that because he did not succeed whenever he tried to do something for himself and not for others. The only thing I can think of in which he failed was in trying to make some money for himself in buying and selling real estate around Boston, where he now lived. In 1874 came the great panic or money shortage. Conwell could not sell the large amount of property on his hands and failed for \$50,000. He eventually paid off all this debt, but it taught him a lesson that he must work for others. After that experience he accustomed himself to take out of his lecture earnings enough to support himself and his family in a frugal manner and to devote all the rest to the good of others. That's why some people called his big church 'The House of Acres of Diamonds.' Also he began to keep his law

office open at night with the thought of giving free advice to persons unable to hire a lawyer. He even advertised this free service in the newspapers. Some estimate that during his later life he earned and raised something like eleven million dollars, most of which went to others. His book sale, lectures—everything went the same way. It is estimated that he helped fully five thousand boys and girls through school."

"I think he did almost as much good as a preacher," interrupted the youngest child. "I wonder he didn't turn preacher with all the other things he did."

"Ted, you are a good guesser," said Uncle John. "His next trade was that of a preacher. You see, while he was practicing law in Boston and was acting as lawyer for the poor, he used to go down on Sundays to the docks and to the missions and give the men advice, both legal and religious. I don't believe he himself knows when he began to preach; it came so gradually, long before he was ordained—that is authorized officially to preach. While he lived in Minneapolis he joined a Baptist church and built up a very large Sunday school class of men in the church. Yet the fact that he was a lawyer led to his being an ordained preacher, and it came about in a curious manner. One of his trades always seemed to lead to another.

"One day a woman came in to see this Baptist lawyer to ascertain how a Baptist church to which she belonged could sell its church property and go out of business. It was located at Lexington, near Boston, where the first

battle of the Revolutionary War was fought. Conwell was shocked to think of a church going down in numbers until the building had to be sold. He persuaded the woman to go back to Lexington and get as many of the church members together as possible and he would come out and meet them in the old tumble-down church and see what could be done. At the meeting he tried hard to persuade them not to give up the church. They said they had no minister and no money to hire one.

“Colonel Conwell said afterward, ‘It flashed upon me, sitting there as a lawyer, that here was a mission for me. I told them to go ahead and announce services for next Sunday and I would find a preacher for them.’ He intended to be the preacher that Sunday. He decided instantly. The hand was stretched to him from out the darkness and he dared not refuse. Possibly he was of the soul-select.

“Sunday brought together about sixteen or seventeen people to hear the lawyer-preacher; but the story of his interesting sermon spread through the village. The next Sunday brought more hearers, and the third Sunday brought so many people that the steps to the old building gave way, though no one was injured. It was cool weather and someone built a fire in the old stove; but it smoked so badly that they had to throw water on the fire and put it out. Some said they really ought to have new windows to keep out the cold; but the new preacher was not accustomed to patching up things. He said that they needed a new church. None of the con-

gregation could see how it was to be done. Early next morning the teacher-soldier-lawyer-real estate dealer-lecturer-preacher came out to Lexington from Boston carrying some heavy carpenter tools which he had bought from the preceding day's collection. With a crowbar he began to tear down the old church building. Every passerby inquired what he was doing, and he said he intended to build a new church where he had been preaching only two Sundays.

"The news spread and soon every man in the village came to see this great husky man with a crowbar and an axe tearing down a church and without a dollar to build a new one. It made them ashamed, and so many offers of money came from those who passed that the preacher had to take their names and subscriptions in a book. Before the day was ended other men came to help him, and by the end of a week he had a force of workmen and more than half enough money promised to build the church. All summer the preacher-carpenter-painter-mason led his forces even to gilding the weather-vane on top of the steeple. The young folks in the church raised money to buy a bell and had the preacher's name cast on one side. Soon he was duly ordained as the minister of the Lexington Baptist Church and its successful career began. He raised \$18,000, which not only paid for the new church but did great good besides in other ways.

"For eighteen months Doctor Conwell preached and lectured in Lexington and gave free legal advice in Bos-

ton. Then one of the oldest Baptist churches in Philadelphia, which had established a mission in another part of the city, called this man who could do things to come over and build up the unfinished church in the poor neighborhood about the mission. The congregation which called him numbered only twenty-seven people and the salary would be less than he was earning at Lexington. It was not an attractive call and not an easy job; but his life had never trained him to look for easy work. During the nine years this mission was being built, it had been known as 'the Church of the Hopeless Debt'; but this preacher had been in debt so many times while getting through college and afterward that he had no fear of it. He could always manage to pay it off. So on Thanksgiving Day, 1882, he began his work in the mission at Philadelphia. He had just turned forty years of age and he had already done the work of a lifetime. But his great future lay all undiscovered before him.

"From the beginning his preaching attracted crowds of people, many of whom lived in other parts of the city. The unfinished church was scarcely completed before it became too small to hold the Sunday congregation. Before a year passed the thought of building a church large enough to hold the people and to accommodate all the Sunday school pupils took shape through a peculiar incident of which the preacher made good use. The Sunday school room was so crowded that often he had to turn away late comers. One Sunday he turned away a little girl named Hattie May Wiatt because there

was no place for her. She went home crying and sick at heart, but resolved to save her money and to build a new church so large that every child in Philadelphia who wanted to come could get in. She owned an old red pocketbook and she took it for a bank and put her pennies into it. Before the book had grown very heavy the preacher who had to turn her away from the church that Sunday was sent for in great haste. Little Hattie was ill and she soon died. Her mother gave the building fund in the red purse to Doctor Conwell as she had promised Hattie to do. In it they found fifty-seven cents which was to build a Temple so large that every child in Philadelphia who wanted to might come to Sunday school.

“The incident touched the warm-hearted preacher and his congregation as well. ‘A little child shall lead them’ was quoted throughout that part of the city. Dollars began to flow in to be added to Hattie’s beginning of the ‘Temple Building Fund.’ It took six years to raise the money and two more years to build the Temple. It was visited by nine thousand people on the day of its dedication. The preacher had worked twice as hard if such a thing could be possible. It was nine years after he came to Philadelphia when he and his congregation moved into the new Temple which was located near the old building. The huge structure was better fitted in every way for such a preacher, but many said that it was not likely to be crowded for some time. Its great audience room seated thirty-five hundred people in fixed chairs and there was room for extra seats to accommo-

date eleven hundred more. Would forty-six hundred people ever come to hear a man preach? Yes. Often and often Doctor Conwell has had that many in the Temple to hear him."

"But what about Hattie Wiatt's Sunday school room? Did they put a great big whopper of a room in the Temple for the children?" asked Tom.

"You see, my boy, the building was divided into the Upper Temple for the grown folks and the Lower Temple for the children. The latter is built under the former. The Sunday school room and the lecture room next to it will seat two thousand pupils, which is so much larger than most Sunday school rooms that I have never heard of a child being turned away. And just back of the Sunday school room is a dining-room in which five hundred people can eat at the church and Sunday school dinners which they frequently have. There is enough china and tableware kept in the church to accommodate five hundred people and the stoves are large enough to cook food for that many."

"You have not said anything about the music," said Mary. "Every church has music, and I am sure that a man who could play on the organ would want a fine one in his great auditorium. Surely the people would give him money to buy an organ."

"Precisely so, my dear. He had an organ built into the church just back of where he stands to preach. It took twenty thousand dollars to buy the 2,133 pipes and all the other parts of this great instrument, which is

thirty-five feet high. On Sundays a choir of two hundred and fifty people sit just in front of the organ and sing the old familiar hymns to the organ music."

"But if he could play on the cornet and violin, I should think he would want to have an orchestra in the church," said Tom. "I bet if I had been a soldier and knew how to drill, I'd get up a crack military company among the kids and I'd have a band and a drum corps, too, and I'd get every boy in the Sunday school and—"

"We'll have to name you Russell H. Conwell, Master Tom," said Uncle John. "You see the possibilities of things as he did. You are describing the Temple Guards and the Boys' Brigade, band and all. Now for the girls you must add the Tourists' Club and Camp Fire Girls and also needlework guilds. For the older men you must have debates in the Chatham Literary Union. Of course, since he was a debater in his young days, Conwell would not omit this feature from the organizations of the Temple. Next you must add a Woman's Congress of Household Science and Art, where the women could learn all about cooking, sewing, nursing, and also how to decorate their homes. I hope each of you will have a chance some day to visit the Temple and see these and all the other clubs which make up what the founder calls his 'institutional church.' "

"Why, it is just like making a Jack-of-all-trades out of a church, isn't it?" said Mary. "You might know a man who could do so many things well would not be satisfied to have just one thing done in a church."

“Wait a bit,” warned Uncle John. “I’ve not told you half about this Jack-of-all-churches and how many trades it has. One day just before the Temple was finished two young men came to Doctor Conwell in distress. They wanted to study for the ministry but they could not afford to go away to college. Would he not help them? Certainly. He was just so busy that he could always afford to do one more thing for somebody. He told the young men to get as many other young fellows together as wanted to learn something and to come to his study. When the night came he was overwhelmed to find forty young men assembled who wanted to study all sorts of things. But he had been through too many tight places to give up. He organized them into classes, had them meet in the various rooms of the church building, and hunted up teachers in his congregation. So rapidly did the idea grow that he soon had hundreds of students, teachers who were paid salaries, and was obliged to rent two residences near at hand for class rooms.

“You see what happened. Jack was compelled by force to add another trade to the many he already had. He would now have to become a college president and to build college buildings. It was not an easy task to raise money for Temple college. There was a big university already in Philadelphia, with many thousand students which was giving instruction to regular classes; there was an institute for irregular students; and scattered through the suburbs of the city were several old and well established colleges. But Doctor Conwell wanted a free col-

lege, open to everybody, with classes at night and on Saturdays, where working girls and boys could get an education. So he gave all his lecture money and got the help of men of wealth and behold! Temple University, as it was now called, after outgrowing the old church building and adjacent residences, moved into a beautiful new building near the Temple and soon numbered, among its thousands of students, day as well as night pupils, with a college paper, gymnasium, athletic field and all that a regular college has for its students.

“Next this untiring man of many parts raised the money and built hospitals for the sick and needy. He also established branches or missions of the Temple in various parts of the city and raised money to build them churches. He started feasts or church celebrations of holidays, like Christmas, New Year, Easter, and Thanksgiving. The church band at such times played on the balcony in front of the church and alternated with the organ and choir in giving to the people in the street the old church music which has cheered so many souls in the past and is likely to be forgotten in the present. At how much did the congregation value the life of their all-round man? Some basis of his financial value is shown by the fact that they insured his life at seventy-five thousand dollars. He was greatly comforted by the knowledge that the structure which he had built up would have that much of an endowment to keep it going when he had passed away.

“The celebration of his birthday became almost a city

affair in Philadelphia. Noted men of the nation came to pay tribute to him in their addresses. At nearly eighty years of age he continued to make winter journeys to Florida, lecturing every night in the week to raise money to help boys and girls through various colleges of the United States. He does not need to give much to students of Temple University, for he has an employment bureau in Temple congregation which finds work in Philadelphia for Temple students. To carry out all of his charity work, it is said that he has given 'Acres of Diamonds' four thousand times and that it has been heard by ten million people."

"What's it about?" asked one of the children.

"About a man who heard that somewhere in the world was a spot of ground which had diamonds scattered all over its surface. He set out and made a long journey lasting many years, but could never find the acre of diamonds. At last, in his regret, the old fellow drowned himself. But the man who had taken his farm when he left found a black pebble in the stream which proved to be a diamond and afterwards many others were found on the place. So the old man could have found right at home the acres of diamonds he went so far to search for."

"The lecture relates instances right here in America where men have gone on long journeys to find opportunities which could have been found right at home in the business world and other professions. It tries to get people contented to do what is before them instead of

running about and accomplishing nothing. It is a good lesson to those wandering people who always think that 'there is better fishing on the *other* side of the creek.' "

"Why, that's like the 'Great Stone Face' which Hawthorne wrote about," said the girl. "You hunt and hunt for a great man and here he is right among you and doing great things all the time. I think that is just like Pastor Conwell. He was hunting and hunting for his work in the world and after trying many things which would prove of service to him hereafter, he found right before him his work in one of the oldest professions—preaching. I suppose any of us could succeed at all trades or could find our proper trade if we sought earnestly, actively and conscientiously."

"Well said, Mary," exclaimed Uncle John as he rose to start out for his daily walk in which he let his eyes feast upon acres and acres of diamonds in the beauties of the landscape all around him.

Suggested Questions: What turned Conwell to an active religious life? What do you think was the greatest piece of work he did? What part of the story of Doctor Conwell's life do you like best? Why? Give in as few words as possible the story of "Acres of Diamonds." What does it teach?

Suggested Essay Topics: Describe Conwell's reception after returning from Europe. Make a list of the different trades he had and show how each one was of service in his Temple work. Tell the story of young Conwell and the eagle's nest. Tell the story of Hattie Wiatt.

THE SEA DOCTOR FROM THE FROZEN NORTH

Ugh! but it's cold! The night is clear almost beyond imagination, and it seems as if one could almost touch the bright stars. The snow gleams white and sparkling in every direction and bends down the branches of the evergreen trees. In front of us the snow is marked by trails of sled-runners and the feet of countless dogs. Mingled with these are the flat, shapeless footprints of men wearing fur socks.

The scene is in Labrador, north of Newfoundland; indeed, as far north as our Alaska. Eight months of winter have set in. A light gleams from a wooden house and directs the coming of a dog sledge, called by the native Eskimos "komatik," about eleven feet long and a foot from the ground. Its runners, an inch thick, are shod with iron or spring steel. The dogs' harness is made of strips of skin fastened with buttons to the long tow-line which draws the sled.

Lying on the sled is a man groaning with pain. He was leaning on his gun that day with his hand over the muzzle when the piece was accidentally fired, blowing his hand to fragments. To save him from bleeding to death his people had plunged the bleeding stump into flour, not knowing the danger of blood poisoning which had by



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

WILFRED THOMAS GRENFELL, 1856 —
With Mrs. Grenfell on board a vessel bound for Labrador.

night spread to his elbow. Leaving his wife and eight children he was carried by the faithful dogs ten miles to be treated at the hospital. Scarcely had he been treated before a boy arrived with a broken hip. To get splints with which to wrap the broken bone tightly so that it would knit firmly and in the right place, the hospital attendants had to thaw out a frozen board, saw it into strips and plane the strips down to the desired thickness.

Who is the courageous and hardy doctor who willingly consents to live among these poor fishing folk, some of them native Eskimos and others immigrants from the Old World? His name is Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell. But why should he be called an American when he is an English-born doctor? Because he found his life work on this side of the Atlantic; because he is supported in his noble work largely by Americans; and because he married an American wife who goes with him and shares many of his hardships along with their children.

Few physicians have as large a district to cover in their practice. He begins on the south at the Strait of Belle Isle through which the warm Gulf Stream flows and makes it possible to live in Labrador the year round. On the north he goes as far as Cape Chidley, the extreme point of Labrador, visiting the Moravian missions along the way. He makes small charges if any and expects no pay. He gets his reward in the gratitude of the people and the knowledge that he is doing good to them. Listen to one experience which he tells:

“On one occasion I came in the middle of the night to a poor man’s house. He was in bed and the lights out and it was bitter cold. He got out of bed in a trice and went down to his stage boat landing to feed my dogs, while his wife, after he had lit a fire in the freezing cold room, busied herself in making me some cocoa. Milk and sugar were provided and not till long afterward did I know that it was a special little hoard kept for visitors. Later I was sent to bed—quite unaware that the good folk had spent the first part of the night in it and were now themselves on the neighboring floor. . . . We who speak glibly of the need of love for our neighbors as being before that for ourselves, would we share a bed, a room, or give hospitality to strangers even in our kitchens after they had awakened us in the middle of the night by slinging snowballs at our bedroom windows?”

When he winters in the northern parts he has to dig down through six feet of snow to get a foundation on the ground for a hut of logs in which he is to live. His food consists largely of boiled dough in which are placed slices of fat pork. This food is varied occasionally by bird soup. His clothing must be light canvas, for if he wears heavy goods and perspired inside them the perspiration will freeze on his body. His cap covers his entire head, leaving only the part about his face open. He dare not have a collar for the heat to leak through, but must fasten this headpiece to the coat, or “kossak.” Likewise his wrists must be bound tight and the headpiece must have a bit of fur around the face to keep the

heat in. The Eskimos cut their hair in such a way as to fill around the hood. You will notice this in their pictures.

Not only does this medical missionary attend the sick and injured but he also builds hospitals for them, since their homes are too small to care for the sick and too cold in winter. In some places he has built "homes" for children of parents too poor to care for them. To aid the people in getting out lumber from the pine woods he brought in a sawmill, which was a great curiosity.

How does he get the money to do all these things? Occasionally he goes to the United States or to Europe and gives lectures for pay. This he says is the hardest work he has to do, but the money must be raised. The people of Europe and America have also given him money. At times they have supplied him with a stout boat propelled by steam. Even with this he is sometimes caught in the drifting ice for as many as ten days. Logs for his buildings are found in the nearby pine forests and brought out and hewed by his people. Since his hospitals and homes are all of wood, there is always danger of fire and loss of life. But he cannot afford safe houses on the amount of money he can raise.

In going up and down the thousand miles of the Labrador coast near which the people live, he has many funny adventures. The people are very superstitious. Once a man came to him suffering from the toothache. The doctor got out his forceps, but the man refused to have the tooth drawn. He wanted it "charmed." To please him Doctor Grenfell rubbed the gum and muttered

some nonsensical words. The man immediately declared that the pain had stopped and insisted upon paying twenty-five cents, which was the price of pulling out a tooth. A month later the doctor met the man accidentally and was assured that the tooth had not ached since. Another man said he never had sea-boils because he always cut his finger nails on Monday, and that kept the boils away. The natives believed that sore eyes could be cured by blowing sugar into them. For asthma they used a poultice made from finger nail parings.

A girl who had to be operated on to remove a tumor from her leg refused to take an anaesthetic, that is, something to deaden the pain, but insisted that five men sit on her body to keep her quiet for the doctor's knife. She thought it was sinful to take anything. The doctor tried to visit the seal-fishing fleet every year as long as the seals were hunted by large numbers of men, and here he found many patients. The most suffering was from "snow blindness," although there were fractures of the legs and arms from falls.

Often when he was trying to do the most good, Doctor Grenfell was hindered by the people whom he was trying to help. Once he went to see a starving native family on Eskimo Bay. Winter was coming on and they had only a thin canvas tent placed against the face of a rock in which to live. There were two small boys in addition to a baby, a large boy, and the father and mother. The two small boys were entirely naked, but fat and happy. They had only wild blueberries to eat and their bodies

were stained from the juice. The father was feeble-minded, ragged, dirty, and almost barefooted. He had no weapon with which to hunt except a boy's shotgun. He had killed nothing for the family that day except a skinny sea gull. They had prepared neither food nor shelter for the coming eight months of winter.

The father began to beg for "clodin," meaning clothing. Doctor Grenfell wanted to get the little boys away from the family and to put them into one of his children's homes. So he began to offer articles of clothing for "Jimmy" and finally the father agreed to the sale. The mate took possession of Jimmy while he was gnawing at the wing of a gull. Bargaining then began for "Willie," and after a number of articles had been thrown into the opposite scale, including an axe, Willie was the property of the home. The mate then took a naked, kicking boy under each arm and ran to the boat before the father would change his mind.

Where and how did this really great man get the idea which has urged him on to do such helpful work? He was born and reared along the sea coast of England just opposite the coast of Wales. At eight years of age he spent days in the marshes and sands, hunting ducks, curlews, and other sea birds. He learned to navigate a boat even in rough weather and strong tides. This knowledge of the sea gained in his boyhood was frequently of service to him in his later work.

But he also came from a learned family, all Oxford graduates. His father was master of a boys' school such

as are common in England. With his two brothers he played such tricks as boys are accustomed to play and grew up a normal boy. During vacations the boys rode on a pony which belonged to the three of them and on which they took many a scamper over the sands by the sea or the downs further inland. They also made a boat which, it was admitted, looked very like a coffin. To show that they felt its shape to be homely they painted it a bright red and gave to it the name "Reptile."

When the young Grenfell was eighteen his father gave up the school and removed to London, where the boy entered a medical school, having decided upon that profession rather than business. Few of his people had been in business and none in medicine. He was turned to that work largely by a visit to the family physician who showed him a pickled human brain in a large jar. Then he caught the idea that the body was a machine and the brain guided it and made a man. The idea attracted him as the automobile or camera attracts us.

In college he was an average student, always clean in his habits and speech, and for the sake of his health taking an active part in athletics. He was on the rowing teams, the champion football team, and won second place in throwing the hammer. One night he was out visiting a patient in the city and chanced into a meeting being held by Moody and Sankey, the American evangelists. He there determined that he would be such a physician as Christ would have him to be and later, at another meeting, he arose when all were asked to stand who in-

tended to follow the Master. Anxious to put his new resolutions into effect he taught in a Sunday school for Jewish boys. Next he went about the slums of London with another student holding services in the poorer boarding houses. They had a place where they served simple food to sailors who had spent or been robbed of their money. In the same place lodgings could be had by these unfortunate wanderers. Through mingling with such people the young man came to know what suffering meant and to sympathize with the needy.

The husky young doctor was glad he kept himself in good physical condition, for he had many a set-to with the rowdies whom he met in this work. He was always a good boxer and taught his Sunday school boys to box and to wrestle. The vacations of the hot summers in London he spent on an old fishing smack which he shared with his brother, who was then a student at Oxford University. When he came back from these long summer trips about the British Isles he amused his boys by telling them all that happened. One day it struck him that it was "rather shabby" in him to go off and enjoy these experiences while the boys could enjoy them only second hand. Thereupon he made a resolution to be unselfish in his pleasures.

The next summer he took with him thirteen of these poor boys and went camping at the sea coast. Summer after summer the number grew until he had a hundred little fellows in his camp who would probably never have gotten out of the city but for Doctor Grenfell. The boys

were urged to save their money during the year and to help pay their own expenses. Thus they were taught saving a whole twelve-month in order to be on a fortnight's outing without being considered objects of charity.

Having served in hospitals and learning further the sad story of unfortunate men, the boys' friend was duly licensed as a physician. But instead of choosing a practice in London or some other comfortable city, he became a medical missionary of the Deep Sea Fishermen fleet and ministered to these men while serving almost as a common sailor. He spent several years in this fishermen's mission, buying for it hospital boats and forming various organizations for the work. Eventually he was asked by the mission board to go to doctor the fishermen of Newfoundland and Labrador. He said he did not go through any feeling that it was his duty to go. "I have always believed," he said, "that the Good Samaritan went across the road to the wounded man because he wanted to. I do not believe that he felt any sacrifice or fear in the matter. If he did I know very well that I did not."

In the spring of 1882, when he was twenty-seven years old, he started for Labrador in a sailing vessel, much like those he had used in deep-sea fishing. He first began his practice of medicine among the fishermen in the harbor of Domino Run, on the southern coast of Labrador. These men could scarcely believe that he was a real doctor and had come to help them. Much of their suffer-

ing came from neglect. An ulcerated tooth, an in-growing toe nail, influenza, which was being treated by giving the patients sups of cold water—these little ailments so easily cured brought gratitude from the sufferers as if a miracle had been worked. But saddest of all he saw was the suffering of these poor people for lack of good houses; for want of sufficient warm clothing; for some place where the sick could be taken and treated; and for a home for orphan children and the families of those unable to care for and support them. These conditions made of the young mission doctor a noble man who has given his life to bettering the surroundings of these poor fisher folk.

He had two strong religious convictions or beliefs. The first is the determination of a man to live as Christ lived upon earth; the second is that the man who so lives is in constant communion with Him and can in this way follow his call if he listens to the silent Voice of Duty. He used up many Bibles by scribbling on the margins of the leaves the lessons he drew from certain passages of Scriptures as he read them. The Holy Book was his sole companion on many of his lonely trips by sea or over the snow.

The doctor in your neighborhood has a certain number of sick people whom he visits every day, or more frequently if any of them is seriously ill. He receives messages on the phone and rides in a carriage or in a motor car to make his daily calls. Doctor Grenfell leaves his home and family for a trip covering weeks and per-

haps months. He may never return. In the summer he uses the *Strathmore*, his little launch; in the winter he sets out in a dog sledge.

Stopping at village after village he inquires who is ill and visits them. Usually he does not have to ask. The relatives and friends of the sick one have been looking southward for weeks, straining their eyes to catch sight of the coming doctor. When you think how impatient we are if the doctor does not call in half an hour after we 'phone him, we realize what it must be to these folk to wait for weeks and weeks in anxiety and the sick or injured one in pain or agony.

Having read the story of this man, do you think he did wisely to choose his life work in Labrador instead of trying to make himself a great man in business or politics or literature? Greatness was the last thing he thought of and yet at present there are few greater or better known men in the world than the lonely doctor who braves the perils of the Frozen North.

Suggested Questions: How did Grenfell's early life influence his decision to go into missionary work? From a map trace Labrador and Newfoundland. Which of the stories here told about Grenfell do you like the best? Why? Describe a native komatik. What is a kossak?

Suggested Essay Topics: The experiences of Doctor Grenfell as a medical missionary in London. Imaginary trip of Doctor Grenfell to see a sick native of Labrador. Superstition among the natives of Labrador.

THE MESSENGER BOY AND THE MERCHANT PRINCE

Many of you no doubt have adopted mottoes at different times in your lives. Davy Crockett, of Tennessee, won fame by his saying, "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead." At one time in my life I adopted "True as steel" for my motto; but where I got it or what I meant by it I cannot now remember.

"THINKING, TRYING AND TRUSTING IN GOD"

When John Wanamaker adopted the watchword printed above in large type, I do not know; I suppose he built it up gradually. You will notice that the first two words fit into each other. One should always think before he tries; but to stop after you think without trying would mean to stand still and never produce anything. More often we try without stopping to think; then we are likely to make what we call a mistake.

Some persons would have enough conceit to have written the motto thus: "Thinking, doing," etc. Only a man who is naturally cautious and is not foolishly sure of himself would write it "trying." He is sure only that he will try to carry out what he has thought. The trust in a higher power to help you in both thinking and in trying out what you think is a thing which will come to you more forcibly as you grow older. This



JOHN WANAMAKER, 1838 —

trust is not only a sign of a good man but one who realizes his own weakness and his dependence upon a Creator.

The story of the early days of this Merchant Prince, as he is sometimes called, is not sensational like those of some other persons described in this book. It is the story only of a persistent, "stick-to-it" boy who had visions of big things in the business world; of trying to make the business keep up with the electric light, the railway, the automobile, the tall buildings and other signs of progress; of uniting things intended for the public good with business so as to help both the public good and business.

John Wanamaker was born in Philadelphia and is proud of the fact. In the southern part of the city, commonly called "the brick part of Philadelphia," because houses, walls and streets are so crowded together that you can see little except brick, lived a man named Wanamaker, the father of John. He was a brickmaker by trade and his early ancestor had brought the trade from Holland when he came over about the time of William Penn. John's mother was descended from those French Huguenots who fled to America to escape religious persecution. There were seven children in the Wanamaker family and the father was poor. As soon as each child was old enough he was set to work in the brickyard in the summer vacation, turning over the brick as they lay drying in the sun.

It was not easy work in the blazing hot sun, and it

was pretty hard on even a young back; but there were moments of leisure when one could watch the old horse going monotonously round and round in his circle, turning the machine at the center, whose knives were grinding clay into small bits. The father usually stood near the machine, taking out double handfuls of the moistened clay and slapping it down into a row of wooden boxes, each the exact size of a brick. Then a man would carry the boxes out in the sun and turn out the soft brick carefully upon a bit of level ground which had been sprinkled with sand to keep the brick from sticking to the earth. After the brick were dried hard in the sun, another man wheeled them a short distance where other workers, or perhaps the father himself, built them up into a kiln, which was something like a furnace. The brick were so arranged as to make flues for the heat from the wood fire below, and this heat crept among the brick and baked them hard and red for building purposes.

Sometimes the father would delay setting fire to a fresh kiln until the children could get home from school. In the public school, which they attended during the winter months, it was the custom to keep a lazy pupil after school until he could recite the lesson or solve the problem in which he failed; but the other pupils said that if it was a problem to solve, John Wanamaker was more likely to keep the teacher in because he would not leave until he had mastered whatever puzzled him. He was not naturally bright nor quick, but he held on like a bulldog, and was always extremely painstaking with his work.

John took his turn with the other children, both at school and at work in the brickyard, until he was fourteen years old, when it seemed best that he should find a job and earn some money to help support the family. He found a position as an errand boy in a publishing house in Philadelphia at \$1.25 a week. Just as he was getting started in this work his family decided to move to Indiana, and John went with them. But they soon returned to Philadelphia and John found a place as salesman in a retail clothing store at \$1.50 a week. Next he tried publishing a small paper and finally found work as a regular salesman in the largest clothing house in Philadelphia. It was called "The Tower Hall Clothing Store," and here John soon began to make friends among his customers by his courteous and obliging manners. Even the proprietor grew fond of him and took him out to luncheon, where John amused him by telling how he intended to be a great merchant some day and to build up a business largely by changing the methods of the merchants towards their customers. The proprietor never seemed to take John's ideas seriously, but simply to use him to while away a few minutes after lunch.

For one thing, it was the custom in those days when you had bought anything and were dissatisfied with it or it did not fit not to allow you to exchange it. Goods sold were goods sold, and could not be returned to the store. Also, if the store did not have what you wanted the clerks tried to sell you something else; no one seemed to think of telling the customer that the store would try

to get exactly what he wanted if it could be found anywhere. Also, the price was never fixed on any article, and consequently some people paid a good price and others bought at a much lower price by bargaining with the clerk. This was sure to cause dissatisfaction.

But above all, every business seemed to reach a certain point and there it stayed without growing or expanding. A merchant was satisfied to keep one line of goods and to fill up his stock from time to time as the articles were sold. Wanamaker himself later in life said: "In all work, as in all knowledge, there is unlimited room for expansion and advancement. The business pyramid will find no circumscribing dome above which it cannot lift its capstone." Also, he proposed to run his great store on the Golden Rule basis, both as to customers and clerks. He wanted to do something to help his fellows. Such was the talk of this ambitious clerk to the proprietor of the Tower Hall store.

Do you wish to know where this boy got these novel ideas? Simply from observation; from keeping his eyes open; from his own experiences. He was fond of telling one experience he had in a Philadelphia jewelry store when he was a boy in school. He had saved up a little money earned by doing odd jobs and he decided to use it in buying his mother a Christmas present. So he went into the jewelry store and selected a pin or some kind of trinket and told the clerk he would take it. After it was wrapped, he saw something else which he liked better and asked the clerk to let him make an exchange.

“No,” said the snappy clerk. “You’ve bought this other thing. I’ve wrapped it up for you and you must take it. We don’t exchange goods when once they have been bought.”

The helpless lad took the jewelry he did not want and said nothing; but he resolved some day he would own a store in which people would be served as they wished and be sent away satisfied. Thus he gained one of his novel ideas.

The Y. M. C. A., which is so well known and useful today in all parts of the world, was just coming into existence in Philadelphia and the young clerk, who wanted to do something for his fellows, took such an active part that he was made the secretary of the Philadelphia branch on a small salary. He was probably the first paid “Y” secretary in the world and thus he began an active interest in the organization which lasted for over seventy years. Soon afterwards he joined the Chambers Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia and began his Sunday school work which continued for an equally long time.

The year 1861 was full of excitement in the United States and business was most uncertain. Lincoln’s inauguration was followed by the firing on Fort Sumter and the declaration of war between the states. It was not a promising time to begin a new business; but the young clerk’s savings now amounted to nineteen hundred dollars and he was anxious to start his big store of which he had talked so much. He knew that he must begin in

a small way. With his brother-in-law he opened a store under the name of Wanamaker and Brown, just four days before the war began. Many people were sorry for the young men who would no doubt fail in the disturbing times of the war.

The day the store was opened the sales amounted to \$24.67. Caution would have suggested placing the money in a bank; but this firm was out to sell goods and must let the people know what it had. So the owners spent \$24.00 of the money on advertising their store and put the sixty-seven cents in the money drawer for making change the next day. The partners themselves did most of the work, even to delivering goods in a wheelbarrow. When Lincoln issued the call for troops young Wanamaker applied but was rejected because of weak lungs; but he felt that he must do something for his country, so he helped organize the Christian Commission, which aided the sick and wounded of both North and South throughout the war.

At the same time Wanamaker did not neglect his business during the four years of the war. The store must be kept open from six in the morning until ten at night. He simply worked twice as hard and managed to attend to his public and private affairs at the same time. Nor did he forget his early ideas about certain new ways of conducting a retail store. He instituted many of these new ideas, but he did it gradually so as to persuade the people that the new way was the better way. He began his "one price" plan by taking the cost price of every

article in the store, adding to the cost whatever profit he thought he ought to make, and also adding the cost of selling the article and the possibility of loss by changing styles or decay. In this way he fixed on a selling price for it. This price he marked in plain figures on a paste-board tag attached to the article where the customer could see it as easily as the clerk. This allowed the customer to decide whether he wanted to pay the price and assured him that no one was getting the article at a less price by bargaining with the clerk. It left the clerk entirely free to "wait on," that is, to help the customer. No snappy jewelry clerk methods were tolerated here.

He changed the popular advertising system by omitting all sensational and big-type displays and made his advertisements into a sort of schedule or announcement where one could see the kind and quality of all standard articles and a description of all novelties. He especially wanted his advertisements to tell the truth and not to deceive the people. In time these announcements became a kind of directory of the store and its contents, as well as an informal talk between Mr. Wanamaker and his customers. He continued to write a little greeting every day on something he had observed or heard, and these daily messages were looked forward to in the morning and evening papers by thousands of persons. When these notes reached the office of the advertising manager they were often written on bits of paper and backs of envelopes which had been carried in the pocket of the writer. But however they came, they were welcomed

as a little chat of the merchant manager with his own people. In due time he added to his system a method of returning goods not satisfactory and getting credit for their value.

Then came the "order what you want" plan whereby the customer would in time be supplied with whatever he wanted if it existed. But it would be much better, he knew, if he had a store large enough to hold all the things people might wish to buy instead of having to send for them. Think of the many articles which people buy, and think that there must be several different grades and prices of many articles, and you will see what a size the store must be. In those days people said it was folly to think of such a thing. The contentment of the average merchant to run along in the same old groove was a thing the young clerk had especially criticized and promised to change when he got into his big store.

The opportunity to have his store grow or expand, as he put it, came when he had been in business about fifteen years and had accumulated a little capital. The Pennsylvania Railroad owned an old freight station building which, with the tracks about it, covered nearly a whole square of ground on the western edge of Philadelphia. The city was growing in that direction, the land was becoming too valuable to keep for freight purposes, and the railroad decided to sell it with the large building on it. John Wanamaker was keen enough to realize that nearly every city in the United States has grown on its western side unless there was some natural obstacle in

the way. The city of Philadelphia would soon surround the freight station. So he bought the building and grounds and began to clear it all up and to make over the big frame building into a store.

Many thought he was committing business suicide to leave the safe business district and go away out to Thirteenth Street where there were few if any retail stores. But he had the power of thinking ahead. He had been helping raise money to hold a Centennial Exposition to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence and everybody said there was only one place to hold the exposition, and that was in Fairmount Park. This park was in the western part of the city and would draw people into that end of the city as a magnet draws bits of iron. It might be a fitting part of the celebration to open a new kind of store where anybody could get anything he wanted without waiting to have it ordered especially. The wisdom of the selection is seen today when the location of the old freight depot has become the heart of Philadelphia, and beautiful Broad Street with its skyscrapers, including the huge City Hall, is still farther west. The old freight station is replaced by the Wanamaker store, now a granite building thirteen stories high.

No occasion was lost by the shrewd merchant in calling attention to his new store while the Centennial crowds were in the city. Visitors came by the thousands to see the "Grand Depot," as he had renamed the freight depot. In the store he arranged places where people

could get free drinking water and could find a place to rest. These things are common in stores now, but were unusual in 1876. Not content to have a big store in what was then a city of the second size in America, he reached over to New York, the largest city, and in 1896 bought the famous old Stewart store, which he enlarged and transformed into the same kind of "department store" as the one in Philadelphia.

But his success in business was only a part of the dream of the young clerk who was also interested in the church and the Y. M. C. A. He established a new church which he named Bethany, and for years and years taught a Sunday school class in the church. It grew to be the largest class of its kind in the United States, and thousands of strangers in Philadelphia on Sundays went to visit and learn in this class. With his own money he built Y. M. C. A. buildings in China, Japan, and other foreign countries. He founded hospitals and organized all kinds of relief movements to aid the victims of fire, famine, flood, or fever.

He tried to carry out in his Christian life what he believed and professed. A prominent clergyman said that one day he was sitting with the merchant in his private office when a store detective brought in two girls whom he accused of stealing goods from a counter of the store. The girls at last acknowledged their guilt but stubbornly refused to tell who they were. At the suggestion of Mr. Wanamaker they all got down on their knees, while the clergyman asked God to forgive the girls

for what they had done. Under this kind and unexpected treatment the girls gave way and told their names, explaining that they were strangers in the city and could find no work. Instead of sending them to jail, Mr. Wanamaker got them lodging in a house and under the care of a good woman he knew and gave them work in his store.

Mr. Wanamaker has taken time out of his business to serve many years on the school board of Philadelphia. He omitted no duty that belongs to a good citizen to perform. At one time he thought of politics and even served a term as postmaster-general of the United States. He showed his business ability in founding the present free rural delivery service, in reducing letter postage to two cents, in establishing a sea postal service, and arranging for fast mails from foreign lands. He also got a law passed forbidding the use of the mails to aid lottery schemes. He did not hold many offices because he would not fall in line with the plans of party leaders for using city or state government for their private benefit or gain. He is a fighter for what he thinks is right rather than a "go-alonger."

Early in his career as an employer of men and women, John Wanamaker said that he had two purposes in life—the one to build up a business and the other to take proper care of the people who worked for him and also of his customers. In time he found that he had over fifteen thousand people in his employ in the store, besides his agents in many lands always on the lookout for

something new or something better to send over to the store for its customers. Many of the clerks and helpers had been obliged to leave school early in life to become wage-earners and to help support the family. To help these people he started classes in many subjects, which were held at night or on holidays. He also supplied the classroom and teachers and offered prizes for excellence in studies. These classes were gradually opened to boys and girls not employed in the Wanamaker store and became part of a great educational system. To teach obedience and respect among the boys and to train them to carry themselves erect and easily, he organized the John Wanamaker cadets. They have a full sized band and bugle corps, uniforms, and officers, and go into camp every summer, a certain number at a time. This battalion furnished many trained officers and privates to the government during the recent war. Wanamaker shortened the hours of keeping the store open, and gave many holidays to his employes. A profit-sharing system gave every employe extra pay and an old age pension fund provided for his later days.

Believing that everyone is better for singing or playing music or for having listened to good music, the merchant organized a chorus of five hundred people, mostly his own clerks. He also arranged choral societies, both for young and for older people. He put into his store an organ so large that it required thirteen railway cars to bring it to Philadelphia from the St. Louis Exposition where it was first used. This great instrument

is played every day for the entertainment of customers passing through the store. Often a leader standing away up in the gallery beside the organ will lead the people below in singing patriotic and popular songs. The store building has a music hall for free concerts by the chorus or band, and this hall seats fifteen hundred people. Wanamaker also believes in the good influence of art, and has valuable paintings hung all about his store for the customers to see as they pass.

A lot of comfort and satisfaction must come to him as he looks out over his great building in Philadelphia or New York, thronged with people who can see without charge fine specimens of art and can hear good music. The aisles are filled with contented customers who are being served by efficient clerks and managers, and each employe feels himself a part of the store. All this is a result of his own ideas and was accomplished in sixty years of hard labor. He thought carefully, he tried with all his might, and he trusted for his results.

Suggested Questions: What is an "exchange system"? How did young Wanamaker get that idea? To what qualities does Wanamaker owe most of his success? What were some of the things which Postmaster-General Wanamaker did for our postal service?

Suggested Essay Topics: The Centennial Exposition and how Philadelphia carried it out. An imaginary visit to the "Grand Depot" during the exposition. What you might see and hear when visiting the Wanamaker stores today. Improvements in business which young Wanamaker wanted to carry out.



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

JOHN MITCHELL, 1869-1919

A COAL MINER IS SUMMONED TO THE WHITE HOUSE

John Mitchell, son of a poor miner, and he also of the same trade, was officially summoned to the White House to consult with the great owners and operators of the hard coal mines of Pennsylvania on settling the strike of the miners which threatened to paralyze the nation in 1902. Thus began the practice, so common now, of government officials trying to settle strikes which are injurious to manufacture and trade. Who was this John Mitchell? What was the cause of the contest between the employers and the workers in the mines?

You have heard much and are likely to hear more about the long disputes between capital and labor; between employer and employe; that is, between the man who owns a works of some kind and the men who work for him. Capital wants to get cheap labor, especially where capital is producing something which can be produced by the use of what we call "common labor," done largely by the hands, to distinguish it from "skilled labor," done largely by machinery. The mining of coal is done largely by common labor. The miner picks or drills a hole in the coal vein, explodes a stick of dynamite in the hole, and then shovels up the broken coal into a little mine car, which takes it to the mouth of the mine and dumps it into a railway coal car or to the ele-

vator which lifts it to the surface of the ground and dumps it into a breaker to be crushed into various sizes.

Europe has been for years our source of cheap labor; in fact, ever since slavery was abandoned. These laborers are called "immigrants," and they come across in the steerage and are satisfied to live on very little compared with what the Americans have. They have heard in the Old World what a wonderful country this America is; how that everybody eats choice food; and as for gold, it can be scraped up off the ground anywhere. When they come and find out that people have to work here as well as elsewhere for what they get, that a man cannot do here exactly as he pleases but must obey the laws, that food cannot be gathered off the bushes but must be bought, many of them grow discontented and are easily led into rash acts by leaders who have wrong ideas or by others who wish to keep trouble stirred up so they can be paid to be leaders.

And the miners had some things about which they have a right to complain. Capital wants to keep expenses down and is slow to raise wages or to make improvements in the mines or mills which would increase expenses. The coal companies generally furnished the houses for the miners, and these houses were usually built in long rows on a bleak hillside and left unpainted, with no trees or lawns or sidewalks or paved streets. Occasionally a coal company would lay out a town, build attractive houses, plant trees and make the homes as nice as possible; but the foreign miners, who had never had

such nice places in the Old World, would not care for them or keep up the places and said that they had much rather have the money these things cost and then wages could be raised. Sometimes the mines were owned by people living in some distant city who cared little about the miners so long as the interest on their capital came in regularly. Few took much interest in trying to educate these "Hunkies" and "Dagoes," as they called the foreign workmen.

On the other hand, these workmen themselves were partly responsible for their troubles. They had never been taught how to save money before they came over to America, for there was truly nothing to save after paying rent and buying food. Money came in so rapidly in this new place, and having no idea of saving, they spent it as readily as it came. The saloons got their share, you may be sure. When the money was gone they demanded higher wages. But one thing must be said: many of these people were anxious to have their children go to school. In this particular John Mitchell was most unfortunate, for he had step-parents on both sides.

John Mitchell's parents came over from Scotland and Ireland, and the father worked in a coal mining town in Illinois, in what is called the "soft coal field." Eastern Pennsylvania lies in the "hard coal field." The towns look much alike in the two fields; unpainted rows of houses, huge waste or "culm" piles, some of them burning and giving off a sulphurous, suffocating smoke, with no shady streets or parks, and no lawns and few gardens.

In such an unlikely place was born this boy, who eventually reached, by his own efforts, a place among the well-known men of the world. There must have been something born in the boy that brought him out of such unlikely surroundings; something noble and just and manly that developed in him as he grew up through poverty and a sad childhood.

His father was not a cruel man as some of the miners were; but he had a hard time to earn food enough for the family. Trouble came also, for the mother died when John was only three years old. Remembering your mother's gentle touch and how she could always ease a pain by kissing the hurt place, you can appreciate what John missed. He never knew what a mother's touch felt like. The father must have someone to care for his house, and so married a second time. Soon a second child was born to the family and the stepmother seemed to turn against John. She was not responsible for bringing him into the world, and it was natural that she should love her own child more than a stepchild. If there had been plenty of food it would have been different; but John was one more to feed and was too young to earn anything.

I think John's father must have taken his part when he was at home. The boy's situation surely was bad enough now, but worse was to follow. When he was six years old and ready to begin school, the boy one day saw a great crowd of miners' families assembling at the mouth of a mine, heard the screams of the women, noted the sorrowing processions that began to form toward cer-

tain houses, and knew that one of the dreaded disasters had occurred in a mine. Sometimes these were caused by the carelessness and ignorance of the miners, and sometimes by the refusal of the owners to put in safety devices. Perhaps these scenes made the boy resolve that when he became a man he would strive to have safer conditions under which the miner could work underground. But in a few minutes he saw one group headed toward his home and someone told him that his own father was among the dead.

It was true, and poor little John had now no one on earth to whom to go; no one whom he felt loved him. He used to creep around behind an empty house to cry for his dead father. His stepmother had a hard time to find food for the family. She took in washing to do for other people. Although John was small, he had to help with the washing, fetching water and rubbing, while the boys who were going fishing or swimming looked through the fence and made fun of him. But he stood up to the work like a man. Later in life he said: "I have no recollections of a childhood free from care and full of play and laughter and pranks." Even when Sunday came and there was no washing, John was compelled to sit in the house and not break the Sabbath by play or noise.

The winters in Illinois are sometimes very cold. Some winter nights John and his little half-brother, who slept with him, had not enough bed clothing to keep them warm. At such times John would arise and take down

from a peg an old army overcoat which his father had brought back from the Civil War in which he fought. John would spread the old coat over himself and his little bedfellow. "Then," said John, in telling about it afterward, "when we were snug and warm under the coat I would feel so proud and happy that my father was an American soldier." All his life he was proud of the fact that his father had fought to save the Union, and he resolved also to love his country and to preserve the good name of his father, which was about all his father had been able to leave to him.

It now seemed that the little chap had about his share of "hard luck," as we call it, but more was to come. Four years after his father's death his mother married again, and he now had both a stepmother and a stepfather, and yet was only ten years old. He was too young to earn money but must be fed. His new stepfather proved to be very cruel and used to punish him severely. The little fellow's heart was nearly broken. He had no one to love him or care for him, and no home more than in name. The world looked big and forbidding one summer day as he packed all that he owned in a handkerchief and looked about the ugly house for the last time, as he said. He thought the world could not offer anything worse than his home; so he was resolved to run away, knowing that nobody at home cared whether he went or not.

Asking at every farmhouse along the road which he took, he finally found a farmer who agreed to give him

board and lodging and also one dollar a week if he would carry fresh water to the farm hands working in the fields. By fall he was earning ten dollars a month and doing almost the work of a farm hand. By Christmas he had saved what to him was a large sum and resolved to go back home and see how the family was getting along. I suspect that he had some little pride in showing them that he could get along nicely by himself. However, they got all his money away from him before he left a second time.

He was now twelve years old and got his first job in the Illinois mines as a braker boy. What does a braker boy have to do? When a car in the mines is full of coal it is hitched to others and is drawn by mules to the mouth of the mine. Often the track is up and down grade, and to keep the cars from running over the mules brake boys are stationed on the cars to pull hard on the brake-rod which holds back the car. At times John was a "door-boy" and had to open the doors to let a mine train pass and to close the doors afterward. It is necessary to have doors in the mines, sometimes for safety in case of an explosion or fire, and also to shut off channels of bad air. It was a lonesome job, but John did not find it so. He had been at school occasionally and had learned to read and to write and knew something about arithmetic. He carried his books into the mine, and between times studied by the light of the little miner's lamp, which he wore in his cap.

People had always looked to "the West" as a place

for trying their fortunes. The coal mines of Colorado were just being opened, and John heard wonderful stories about the money to be made out there. He was long accustomed to look out for himself, so it was rather easy to find his way to the Colorado mines. It took him a long time, but he was greatly disappointed because miners out there were even worse off than in Illinois. Low pay, long hours, frequent accidents and eternal poverty were the features of the miner's life in both places. There was not much outlook for the future. The seven years John spent in Colorado were valuable for his future career, but not profitable for the present. They gave him a chance to study the mining situation from every standpoint and to examine the advantages of "collective bargaining"; that is, all the workmen making agreements with all the employers at a fixed rate for a given time.

He was twenty years of age and an experienced miner when he returned to Illinois. But he had studied all points of the mining problem. He felt that the only way the laboring man could get his rights was through collective effort. One man quitting a job because he was dissatisfied would not be missed; but all the men quitting at the same time would simply shut up the concern for which they were working. But why not let the plant be closed until the men decide to come back? Because the cost of light, heat and other fixed charges would go on; interest on bonds on which the plant is supported must be paid and nothing is being made to sell; but most of all,

the market which the employers have built up will be lost unless they can continue to supply the goods. The goods cannot be supplied unless the men will work.

In carrying out this policy the workmen are organized into a "union," with regular officers and payment of membership dues. All members of the union must be bound by a decision of its majority after taking a vote. A workman who does not join the union or who continues to work when the others stop is called a "scab." This action of all quitting together is called a "strike." The process of bringing both parties together and trying to get a compromise is called "arbitration" or "mediation." Those who undertake this delicate task are known as "arbitrators" or "mediators." John Mitchell early joined a coal miners' union and became an officer. The first office to which this popular young fellow was elected in the union was doorkeeper. He had to see that no one not a member was allowed to enter and that no one loitered around the door to hear the proceedings. The union to which he belonged in Illinois was a model and very helpful. It held many debates on the rights of the workingman and was conducted in a sane manner.

In the union meetings Mitchell had learned to make speeches which everybody liked to hear, except the extreme leaders who wanted to destroy property and to get their rights by force. Mitchell would never agree to this, but thought the owners and employers would listen to reason if the cases were presented to them properly and kindly. Not only in his own union but in the

conventions of his state and finally in national meetings of the Knights of Labor of the United States this quiet, honest young fellow began to make himself felt. Presently the miners organized a United Mine Workers of America and Mitchell was made vice-president and then president. When he took hold there were 45,000 members, but he soon had the membership up to more than 200,000. All the unions were soon merged into one great organization, known as the American Federation of Labor, and Mitchell held many prominent offices in it.

In 1900 the miners demanded an increase of wages and were able to secure it because a presidential election was coming on and no one wanted labor trouble at such a time. But the difficulty is that with every increase a man gets he wants more. That is human nature until he comes to own the mine or mill. Then his mind will change. In 1902, notwithstanding the increase granted and contrary to the advice of John Mitchell, who was now president of the Mine Workers of America, the men insisted on striking for more pay. It is also to be said that many miners claimed the operators had promised them another increase two years after 1900.

For six months the strike went on but with little disorder. Mitchell was here, there and everywhere, begging the strikers to be peaceful. There was little if any disorder. Winter was coming on and factories were being closed for lack of fuel. Although criticized as a "meddler," President Roosevelt thought he ought to do something to bring the parties together to arbitrate. It was

in this connection that he insisted upon having the miners represented by their president, and the arbiters agreed. In the meetings Mitchell took the stand that Roosevelt was President of the United States, and that whatever he decided would be acceptable to the men. The operators were a little slow to go so far, but finally agreed to leave the terms to a commission of seven. So it was done and both sides accepted the decision. The miners claimed that they had won the strike and praised their leader.

After the most important meeting was over, Roosevelt confessed there had been quite an amount of ill-feeling and malice shown, and that some sharp words had been said. But he said: "There was only one man in the room who behaved like a gentleman, and that man was not I." Then he said it was the miner who was the gentleman. What a contrast to what might have been expected from a boy raised in a mining town of Illinois! Mitchell should have been overjoyed at his victory; but he was downcast and almost sorrowful. Said he: "I am almost afraid of this victory. I can never be what the people now expect of me."

Still further honors were on the way. In 1907 Democratic leaders were looking forward to the election in 1908 and came to John Mitchell with the thought of giving him the nomination for Vice-President of the United States. But he put aside the proposition. He said he had plenty of work to do along his line, and that was being a labor leader working for the best interests of

his men. But when he was called to be chairman of the New York State Workmen's Compensation Commission to settle on behalf of workmen injured in industry, much as we settle with soldiers injured in warfare, he felt that he could do something for his people and left the Federation work to accept it. Later he was made chairman of the New York Industrial Commission, and during the World War served on the Food Commission of the same state.

It is sometimes said that labor leaders will "sell out" and betray their men for money; will settle a strike for pay when they should have continued it. It is also said that certain representatives of capital will tempt these poor leaders by offers of such bribes. There may be truth in both statements. But no one ever accused John Mitchell of betraying the miners who trusted him; indeed, I do not know that he was even suspected of such dishonorable conduct. A story is told by a man that he once went to Mitchell with such a proposition and even carried money with him in a hand-bag. He spent the evening with the leader and was so impressed by the honesty and noble bearing of this man as he talked of his ideals for the happiness of the mass of workingmen that the briber at last found himself on the outside of the house with the money untouched in the bag. In fact, he did not have the heart to approach Mitchell on such a thought. Probably the labor leader never knew the true errand of the man whom he had made ashamed to try to bribe him.

It is a difficult task to please the thousands who belong

to a great organization like the miners whom John Mitchell served. There are always members who suspect that they are betrayed if their leader has any intimate connections with the employer class. But to the credit of the miners it should be said that there was no widespread criticism of their leader when he accepted appointments during the World War which naturally brought him into contact with the wealthier class.

In truth, he could serve his people best by accepting these appointments where their interests could be looked after. First he was asked to serve as president of the New York state food commission and next as president of the state court of farm and market. He was also appointed by President Wilson as chairman of the National Food Bureau of New York and a member of the National Milk Commission for the eastern cities. In all these positions he performed valued service. He associated with rich men and with influential men on these commissions. I think he must have sometimes been startled to think of his early home in the Illinois mining town and how far he had climbed up the rope of success.

The word "gentleman" originally meant "to be born of a good family." In days when there were lords and ladies of the Old World society it had that meaning. Now it means not what social standing your parents had, but what indications of good breeding you show. To say that a man is "no gentleman" is an insult. Sometimes we misuse the term and use "gentleman" for man and "lady" for a woman. But when you think of the

word as showing good breeding and noble bearing, you will sometimes find a gentleman coming from a poor family and another man who shows that he is no gentleman and yet comes from a good family.

But of one thing I am sure: when you think of John Mitchell's family and then think of him standing in the presence of the President of the United States and replying to the questions of his opponents, when you think of how he turned their questions back on themselves and always cool and calm and polite, then I think you will agree with Roosevelt's saying that Mitchell was the only man who showed himself to be the true gentleman. When you grow to manhood and are confronted by this continued war between capital and labor and have to decide for yourself which party is right, then I hope in all your relations with the other side you will think of this miner's boy who never upheld unfair methods of warfare, who was always courteous and fair-minded. If you think of where he started from, I believe you will never again be tempted to say that you have no chance in life.

Suggested Questions: Define "arbitration" and "arbitrator." What caused the dispute between President Roosevelt and the coal operators in 1902? How did it come out? Define "strike"; "scab"; "labor union." What made people trust John Mitchell? Name some important offices that Mitchell held.

Suggested Essay Topics: Describe the life of the boy John Mitchell. Write an imaginary description of scenes in a small mining town in Illinois or Pennsylvania. Write an essay on some of the causes of trouble between the employer and the employe, especially in coal mining. Tell why a settlement is usually better for both sides than a strike.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER DOES SOMETHING FOR OTHER PEOPLE

Some persons think or say: "If only I had been born in a different place or under different surroundings I might have done something worth while in this world." A little study of what the Angel of the City Slums accomplished without proper surroundings or training will convince you that it is not the place or the conditions which determine what one will do, but it is largely what one wants to do and how badly he wants to do it.

Have you ever been on an Illinois prairie? Away and away the land stretches on every side as far as you can see, until the earth meets the sky in what we call the horizon; no hills to break the view and no trees except along the river bottoms or where some farmer has planted a row to break the force of the cold winds of winter as they sweep across the miles and miles of space. These "breaks" shield his house and his live stock from the cruel blasts and catch many a snowflake which would else pile about the house and outbuildings.

Of course the prairies have changed greatly since the time of the Civil War. In those days there were only a few houses scattered here and there, and sometimes gathered into a village about a ford through a stream or where a stream could be dammed and its waters used to



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

JANE ADDAMS, 1860 —

turn the wheels of a saw mill or a flour mill. The farmers could raise corn and wheat and fell trees, but they must carry these things to a mill to get corn-meal and flour for bread or lumber for building their houses and barns.

The miller was an important man and knew many people among his customers. He heard all the news and the people who came to the mill depended upon getting their news from him because there were few newspapers in the neighborhood. A little girl playing about the mill was likely to hear a good many things if she listened.

One of these mills located in Northern Illinois was owned by a man named Addams, who had a little daughter named Jane. She was very fond of her father and used to spend much of her time about the mill. She liked to feel the rough fingers of the miller and thought if she held her fingers on the mill-stones she could make them rough like those of the man who did the heavy work for her father. She would take up handfuls of the wheat and let it run through her fingers and pretend it was rain falling upon the parched fields and making them ready to grow more wheat for the poor people to make more bread.

She was very young when she first began to think of the comfort or discomfort of other people. Why should she think of them? She lived in a large, comfortable house and her father could afford to give her good clothes, although he was too sensible to give her stylish clothes. He tried every way to make her think

she was no better than the other children she saw who came of poorer parents. She remembered how once she was given a new coat which she was to wear to Sunday school. Her mother had died when she was a baby, so she had no one but her father to whom she could go and show her fine coat. Before him she turned round and round for his approval. Instead of kissing her and telling her how beautiful she looked and how much prettier she was than the other girls would be, he simply said the coat was very pretty. Then he asked her whether she had thought how the other children in the class would feel who had no new coats, and whether she would make them feel happy or sad when they saw her finery. At once she ran and took off the fine new garment and put on her old coat, but she was greatly disappointed. At the time she wept bitterly but soon saw that her father was right.

Going with him to the mill she could not fail to see that all people did not live in as comfortable houses as she lived in; nor did other children have as many nice things to wear. Houses were crowded together in one place about the mill, with no yards or grass or trees or playgrounds. Although she was only seven years old, she remembers making herself a promise that when she was grown up she would build herself a great big house and have many rooms and big yards and everything beautiful so that she would be happy and not uncomfortable. She was accustomed to recall this thought distinctly, for it showed that at that age she had not yet

gained the idea of doing something for other people besides being sorry for them.

Soon after the coat incident she asked her father why some people were happier than others and what she could do to give every child in the Sunday school as nice a coat as he had given her. He explained to little Jane that the time would probably never come when all people would be equal in wealth and clothes and happiness. If all people had all they wanted there would be nothing to push them on to work or to teach them to save so they could get nice things. But he told her that all people were equal in their right to be good, to get an education and to try to make others good and happy. This was the only equality, besides being equal in the eyes of the law, that God intended people to have.

Jane's father belonged to the people who call themselves Friends, but whom other people call Quakers. They got their name because they said they quaked in the fear of the Lord. Now they believe in always doing good and not evil to another, and that no matter what your neighbor does to you, you must not do ill to him. They also believe in plain clothing and in abundant charity toward the poor and miserable. Jane was brought up in this belief, and it had much to do with her later career.

But although he was a plain Quaker, Jane's father loved a joke and used to be known for his jokes with the farmers who came to have their grain ground at his mill. He was a great admirer of Abraham Lincoln, who

lived in the same state and whom he knew quite well. He used often to show to Jane a letter which Jane was just as fond of seeing as he was of showing it. It was from Lincoln, and since Mr. Addams spelled his name with two d's instead of one, as most people of that name spelled it, Lincoln always addressed him in the letters as "My dear Mr. Double D'ed Addams." The father often told the little girl what Lincoln did for the poor black slaves in making them free men and women. This made her resolve to help free both white and black men and women from poverty, crime and misery. Little by little this child, as you see, was building up her own ideas of American democracy, or the equality of doing right and of persuading others to do right. At the time she as little knew what was being formed in her heart as you do at night know what influences have been making you during the day and whether they will be for good or for bad in the coming days.

So Jane Addams grew up not greatly different from other girls, except being a little more serious minded and always with an increased desire to do something for others not so fortunate as herself. At first she thought of medicine, although there were not many women doctors. Her teachers told her that she had a turn toward scientific studies, and this was especially true after she had entered a college for girls near her home and which was called Rockford College. She studied rocks and trees, but especially the wild flowers which the spring brings out on the prairies. These she collected and

pressed and mounted carefully on pasteboard in order to study them later. Each was properly labeled with its Latin as well as its common name. She was most interested in plants and flowers which people used for medicines.

But to be a physician she must study not only science but medicine as well. So she left Rockford College and entered the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia. She made a good start toward learning to be a physician to minister unto the poor and not for general practice. Her heart was in her studies and, of course, she loved them. But in the midst of all this hard work she was suddenly reminded that since childhood she had been subject to a spine trouble. Her father had been greatly worried about it many times, but she always recovered. Now she was taken to a hospital and for six months was unable to leave her bed. All her plans had to be abandoned; but those who believe there is a Higher Power who makes us do what He wants done will see in this change simply the abandoning of her profession in order that she might the sooner come into the one for which she was intended. In order to regain her health the doctors ordered her to go to Europe.

She tried to interest herself in the art and historic places of Europe, but had to confess that her pleasure in seeing so many things she had long read about was marred by the constant sight of poverty and wretchedness among the people of the Old World. She says she actually suffered from seeing their sufferings. They

lacked food and clothing, and especially pleasant homes in which to live. She could not understand how so many American women could go contentedly and see the sights and not be touched by the conditions of these poor people. If they did notice it they simply said that these people had brought this wretchedness upon themselves by having no ambition to be anything else, by their failure to save anything and by their drunkenness and bad habits. But Miss Addams looked back of present conditions and saw that no one had ever been interested in showing these people how to save and how to be clean or to teach them the evil results of drinking.

How had she developed so much sympathy? For one thing she observed what went on around her and suffering always aroused her sympathy. These poor people of Europe made her think of the animals she had seen dying from hunger and thirst on the prairies during periods of prolonged drouth and the farmers standing by unable to do anything for them. Water and food were not to be had. If she was sorry for these animals, how much sadder she was now to think of people in lack of food, clothing, comfortable houses and the many things that people enjoy. Some of them were ill and diseased, but they had no money with which to get a doctor.

After returning to America she was drawn back to Europe again by the thought of the poor. They distressed her and she could not forget them and the conditions under which they worked and the small wages they received. The girls who worked in a box factory in

London had "gone on a strike." That is, they were dissatisfied with their pay and with the conditions under which they worked. Here for the first time she learned the peculiar attitude of working girls toward those who employed them. There seemed to be a kind of enmity between the employer and those whom he employed. One of the latter alone could not do much to get what she thought her rights; but if all the workers combined in a "union" and refused to work, then they could bring the employer to make terms with them. These terms usually meant larger wages, shorter hours, and better conditions in the buildings in which they were employed.

Having seen some of the houses in which these girls lived in London, Miss Addams gradually changed her plan of what she would do for the working classes. She thought much of the unhappiness of the girls was caused by a lack of pleasant places in which to live. Consequently she planned a home for working girls of the great city of Chicago. In 1888, when she was twenty-eight years old, she secured possession of a residence in what was called "the slum district" of that great city as a place for starting her home. It had been built by a man named Hull and was named "Hull House," although it was given to her through the kindness of its present owner, Miss Helen Culver. She also was interested in improving the surroundings of working girls. The house stood between an undertaker's shop and a saloon. Hence the jokers, who made fun of the experiment, said the house was "between Death and Drink." Here Jane Addams

began her life work of putting into practice her theory of doing something for those who were not so fortunate as she was.

It would make too long a story to tell how Hull House grew from that single building to nearly twenty, necessarily built close together in that crowded part of the city. Nor can I tell how many hundreds of young girls, temporarily out of employment or in distress, found a home and sympathy and help there. Large dormitories were added in which working girls could live at a low cost. Even men were gradually admitted and Hull House has become a great place of refuge for the unfortunate and for those who wished to improve themselves or their conditions. To this end there are all kinds of clubs, dramatic performances, lectures, playing and dancing, with two gymnasiums and baths and everything necessary to make a great big comfortable home. For those who are ambitious, classes are provided in art, mechanics, bookkeeping, stenography, and nearly any kind of practical study. Hull House is situated in one of the poorest parts of the city and draws various races of people, among which are Russian Jews, Italians, Greeks, Poles, Serbians, and in fact people of nearly every race who have come to America to better their conditions.

Nor does Miss Addams with her associates confine her attention to the care of those who live in the house. In that part of the city she found many so-called "bad boys" who caused the police all sorts of trouble. Miss Addams began to study them and found that their bad-

ness was caused by two things—the natural tendency of boys to be mischievous and the lack of a standard of right and wrong among these bad boys. Our laws are made for the protection of persons who have property in order that it may not be taken by those who have no property.

The importance and value of these laws had never been explained to these “bad boys.” They had always taken what they wanted if they could get it and could escape being caught by the police, whom they called “cops” and “bulls.” When they were caught the boys lied to the judge because they had no standard of truth. Their only idea was to get out of a scrape by the easiest way possible. Many of them had run away from their homes, where a drunken father or mother was cruel to them and took away what few pennies they could earn by selling papers or polishing shoes. You can readily see how their idea of right was to get what they could and keep what they get.

Miss Addams studied many of these boys in the courts where they were being tried, and also when she could tempt them in some way to come to Hull House. She was helpful in getting a juvenile court established just like Judge Lindsey did in Denver. In those days no one thought of making a woman judge of a children’s court, although the mother has much more to do with raising a child than the father has.

Miss Addams won many of these boys over to her standard of right and turned them into the way of good

citizenship. She organized boys' clubs for them and held the meetings in the Hull House clubroom and in the gymnasium. They greatly enjoyed using the apparatus in the gymnasium, as you may imagine. At first they were extremely suspicious and imagined that she was trapping them there so they could be arrested and tried for something they had done. But the kindness and persistence of the founder of Hull House and the many helpers, who worked with her without receiving pay, finally won and in time these boys' clubs had over two thousand members in all.

In a large city where there are many factories and workmen employed in these factories, there are always disputes between the men and the owners, just like Miss Addams found conditions in London. As time passed and the number of factories and workmen increased, these disputes and strikes became more frequent. During such disturbance the men were out of work and their families often suffered from hunger. Also at times the lawless element among the strikers, being largely made up of loafers and tramps in the city, amused themselves by looting stores, by burning buildings, and by fighting with the policemen who tried to stop them.

The Hull House people considered it their duty to try to prevent strikes and avoid suffering of the strikers' families by getting each side to give up something it demanded and to compromise. This duty is called mediation, and those who do it are called "go-betweens," trying to get both parties into an agreement. There is no

doubt Hull House was able to lessen the number of strikes and to prevent suffering in the strikers' families. But since both parties cannot expect to be satisfied with any settlement of a strike, these mediations were not likely to make Hull House popular with either side. The capitalists accused Miss Addams of being a communist and the strikers thought her a tool of the rich employers. The judges were not always in sympathy with the Hull House idea of treating criminals.

Notwithstanding these criticisms, Hull House goes on with its work of trying to improve the conditions of working people and of attempting to teach the foreigners what America means to them and what they ought to do for America. Many other "social settlements," as Hull House is called, have sprung up in other parts of the city and do similar work. Visitors from other cities have become filled with the idea and have begun similar undertakings in their cities. Little did the girl playing about the mill in Illinois think what a mighty force for the good of others she was planning out in her mind to be realized in later years.

Suggested Questions: What were Miss Addams' feelings on her first trip to Europe? What is a "juvenile court"? What is a "social settlement"? How did Hull House get its name? What determined its location? Is there any place in your community like the Hull House? Should there be? Why?

Suggested Essays Topics: Describe Jane Addams' life in her home and how it influenced her work in life. Describe any other such relation of a father and child that you may know of. Write an imaginary story of a "bad boy" and Hull House.



HAMLIN GARLAND, 1860 —
And his favorite horse on a long trail in the West.

THE PLOWBOY AND THE POET

Of the various occupations of life, the one which few people deliberately choose and succeed in is that of writing books. We think of it as the most difficult of all trades—and so it is. Nearly every person at some time in his life tries to write poetry. But older people point out that although it has lines of regular length and makes a rhyme, yet it is “doggerel.” Poetry, they say, must have lofty style, inspiring thought and careful grouping of word sounds.

We often say that writers are born and not made; meaning that one must inherit certain qualities which will inspire him to write. Bryant never went into the woods but that he saw something which inspired him to write a poem. Few of us feel so called to put our thoughts into words when we see nature. Oliver Wendell Holmes was once asked when a person should write a poem, and he replied: “When he cannot help it.” By that he meant when one feels the impulse so strongly that it cannot be resisted and the words come faster than they can be written. Few of us feel that way about the themes and essays we have to write in school.

As a whole, authors do not seem to have had as hard a time in early life as men in other professions. True, Edgar Allan Poe was poor and suffered hardships, but

they were caused largely by his own actions. But this story is about Hamlin Garland, a poet and novelist, who was born near the foot of the ladder of success. In his childhood he heard ungrammatical language all about him. He lived on a lonely farm in Wisconsin and he had to do hard farm labor. He deserves even more credit than those who were born and reared in surroundings more favorable to literature and letters. Many plowboys have become great and good men; but the number who have become writers of fame is small. I am to tell of the plowboy who made himself a novelist.

There is a large book called "Who's Who," which tells about thousands of Americans who have done things worth while. Each man supplied the information on which the descriptions are based. England has a similar book about her great men, and she includes some Americans. Look in it under "Hamlin Garland" and you will find he puts down his occupation as "novelist, lecturer and farmer." One would suppose he would try to make a good showing in a foreign book, yet of his education he says: "Educated at Cross Roads School, Burr Oak, Iowa; at Cedar Falls Seminary and in the Boston Public Library." He never attended a high school or a college. How did he become a writer? Largely in the college of self-help and by keeping at it.

Away out in the new land of Western Wisconsin, just as the Civil War was breaking out, Hamlin Garland came into this world. His father had bought a small farm in one of the hollows, called *coulees*, which slope down

to the Mississippi River, and there the boy was born. Wisconsin at that time was a border state, or one that was being filled with people from the older states farther east, who were pushing their way across the vast continent, driving back the Indians, clearing the fields, and building their homes. Just as soon as the father could get the farm paid for, he enlisted and went to fight under Grant at Vicksburg.

During the two years that the father was away in the army, the mother had rather a hard time with three small children, one a baby. Nearly everything the family used in the house was made at home. The only store was far away and did not have as many things for sale as stores now do. The little boy could remember seeing his mother pouring melted tallow into the molds to make the candles they used in the house. Sometimes he helped her by holding the combs with crinkling teeth through which the wool was drawn to comb out the fibres so that it could be spun into yarn for knitting socks and mittens and mufflers for the children.

Hamlin's first recollection is of his father returning from the war. He was only three when his father left, and of course he could not remember him. His mother had often told him stories about his soldier-father. When the happy mother one day saw the weary soldier coming over a little hill in the road, she put the youngest child in a little cart, bade Harriet take Hamlin by the hand, and the three set out up the dusty country road to meet the returning veteran. He carried his long, heavy gun

over his shoulder and his knapsack on his back. It was a happy family which gathered about the footsore man as he finally lay resting on the floor of the house with a pillow under his head. To his wife he said that he had dreamed a thousand times about being in just this place, and now it had come true.

The father must have been a man of some natural ability, but with no education. He grew up in the woods of Maine and of Wisconsin and became a lumberman, felling trees and floating the logs in huge rafts down the rivers to the mills. He had rarely been in a theater, yet he could recite many parts of Shakespeare. He could make the children thrill by his imitations of the calls and the growls of the wild beasts of the woods. Neighbors would gather in to hear him tell about the campaigns and the battles of the war which he had been in. Young Hamlin was fond of imitating his father by pretending that he was a soldier and strutting about with his broomstick gun and his lath sword to the music of his dishpan drum.

The father was strict in his family discipline, and when the boy was seven years old he set certain tasks for him to do every day. He was to drive the cows to pasture every morning and bring them home in the evening. He had to keep the wood-box beside the kitchen stove full of stove wood brought from the wood yard near the house. He must shell corn daily to feed the chickens and had to pull the smaller ears of corn in the cornfield to feed the calves. In the summer time, when

extra men were brought in from the neighbors to help with the hay and wheat, the boy with his older sister carried out jug after jug filled with "switchel" for the men to drink. This was made of water, mixed with vinegar and sugar, and was considered to be more refreshing and more likely to stop thirst than plain water would be. The jugs were so heavy that the children carried them between them on a stick.

To the boys and girls of nowadays who do not live on a farm, this sounds like hard work; but where the grass had been cut the children enjoyed gathering the wild strawberries which had been concealed by the tall grass. They ate as many berries as they could hold, and often took some home for the good shortcake which their mother made for them. Also the presence of new men on the place was of interest because they rarely saw new faces in their remote home and lonely lives.

Perhaps it was this loneliness which bred in the boy the habit of imagining things and of thus developing the man who later created persons, and families, and even whole communities out of his own brain. These he put into his books. His imagination was still further fed by seeing the picturesque Indians who occasionally visited the house, sitting on the floor around the fireplace and eating the food given to them by the boy's mother. They were never invited and they never expressed any thanks for the entertainment. Their simple lives, unrestrained by society's laws, the novelist used in his novels later.

He had some adventures while hunting for the cows at night after they had strayed from the pasture, and this experience served him later as a writer. There were few books in the home, but these the boy read eagerly. His especial joy was the continued story in the weekly paper which was taken by his father. He first attended a school in a neighbor's house, but later went with his sister to the two-room schoolhouse in the little town of Onalaska. It was a long walk twice a day, over a sandy road which the children pretended was a desert and they were camels. Sometimes when they stepped on the prickly sandburs they were quickly brought back to earth and made to watch their steps. From the schoolhouse on the hill the boy could see the great Mississippi River and the countless millions of logs floating down to the mills, under the careful guidance of the "drivers" who pushed them with a pike pole. He wanted to go off with the drivers on some wild adventure into the wonderful unknown land that lay down the river.

He was to go adventuring sooner than he anticipated. His father was much like the father of Anna Shaw—always looking for a new place in which to make his fortune. Each should have heard Doctor Conwell's lecture on "Acres of Diamonds" as described in this book. As a result of the father's discontent the family found itself one cold winter day riding in a one-horse sleigh, called a "pung," bound for a new home in the still farther western state of Iowa, near the Minnesota line. The household goods were on a big bob-sled in front while

the cows were herded in between the two sleds. After many days of cold driving they reached their new home on a hilly land surrounded by woods. Farm lands were cleared on the slopes.

By this time the boy had read "Beauty and the Beast," as well as "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp." He lived in a world of romance which his imagination created. His outdoor world was enlarged by the flights of wild pigeons going north in the spring and south in the autumn. Flying in flocks numbering millions, they did great damage to the newly planted fields in which they lighted. The ground squirrels, commonly known as "gophers," also were a nuisance in the fields. The father armed the nine-year-old boy with a gun and he policed the fields, pretending various things as he shot at the pests to drive them away. In winter he studied at the country school, where many fights took place between the "Yankees," or native Americans, and the "Norskies," as the Norwegian children who had settled in Iowa and Minnesota were called.

Just as the family was getting settled in its new home the dissatisfied father decided to move again—this time away out on the edge of the Great Plains or prairies, which stretched from Western Minnesota to the Rocky Mountains. Not a tree or a hill could be seen from the little hut which was their new home. Immense droves of wild horses occasionally came in sight, roaming at will over the plains. Scattered about were hundreds of horns of deer which had been slain by hunters.

There was not much time to wander about, for the father must put the house in better condition to keep out the winter's cold. So the boy had to do the fall plowing. It was hard work to hold the plow because he was not as tall as the handles. Fortunately there were no stones to check the plow, but the weeds collected by the plow had to be removed every few minutes. Seventy acres of tough prairie land were overturned by the ten-year-old boy before the frozen ground made further plowing impossible and put school within sight.

The children were now taken to the little village of Osage and fitted out with boots, caps and books for the winter schooling. The schoolhouse, located about a mile away, was not much warmer than the cabin at home, and the children suffered intensely from the cold. Especially they dreaded the days when a blinding snow "blizzard" blew across the prairies and they could not venture even from the cabin.

Following the plow in summer and attending the little school in the winter, Hamlin grew up on the northern Iowa prairie. He was horrified by an approaching "prairie fire," which threatened to sweep away the little buildings which they called home. At other times he tried to eat the lunch which they had brought to school with them and which had frozen solid in the bucket as it hung in the entry to the schoolhouse. Sometimes he went to a religious revival service at night in the schoolhouse, and occasionally to preaching service held in the open air. He read everything he could find or borrow

in the neighborhood. At the drug store in the village of Osage his father could get almanacs free. Hamlin read over all the advertisements of patent medicines and puzzled over the weather observations and the "astronomical signs." About the time the boy was sixteen the father took charge of a large building in Osage in which grain was bought and loaded into the cars for shipment to the city. It was called a "grain elevator." The boy was employed in the elevator and the family moved into town. By chance he heard a sermon on art and things beautiful in this life. He was greatly impressed and resolved to search for beautiful things all about him.

In the village was a seminary or high school which charged for teaching boys and girls. Hamlin made up his mind he would enter that school. His father would not give him the money, so he quit his job in the elevator and hired out to help run a reaper in the harvest fields. His hands were sore and his back tired before he had cut the ten acres which had to be reaped every day; but he held on by thinking of getting an education. By October of that year he had money enough to buy himself a Sunday or "good" suit of clothes, a pair of boots and the necessary books. He also paid the school charges. He was now sixteen years old and had never owned a shirt other than those which his mother made him with collars attached. When he saw how the other boys in the seminary were dressed, he spent part of his little money supply by purchasing a store shirt, two paper collars, a necktie and some paper cuffs.

One winter in the seminary took all his savings, and the next summer he was back on his father's farm working as hard as ever. He had learned by heart a number of pieces from his school books, and these he recited aloud while plowing or reaping the crops. His father paid him wages, and in November he was back in the academy. He saved his money as much as possible by boarding himself during the next three years, in which he attended the seminary in the winter and worked on the farm in the summer. He and his roommate brought food with them from their homes and had to eat it according to the length of time it would keep. Therefore they had a fixed bill of fare. Monday and Tuesday they had cold chicken and pie. Wednesday and Thursday they finished the cake. Friday and until Saturday noon, when they went home, they had only bread. It cost them fifty cents a week to board in this manner.

Four years passed quickly by and the young man now owned a "store" suit and shirts, two boxes of paper collars and cuffs and two neckties. On week days he wore the black tie and on Sundays the white one. He was now ready to be graduated from the seminary. He confessed that at this time he looked upon authors as magicians and never hoped to become one. But he could at least read the authors and think about them and estimate their writings.

So now he began to criticize the writings of Mark Twain, Howells and others, approving one and disagreeing with another. He also began to write out his crit-

icisms, although with no expectation that anything he wrote would ever be printed. He was now satisfied that he had completed all the education he would ever have. His father would have been satisfied with much less for him. The best thing about the young man was that he knew he did not know enough.

His highest ambition was to "strike out for himself." So he borrowed thirty dollars from his father, who was willing to lend it to him when he found that Dakota was his goal. The father had got another of his wandering spells and had "staked out a claim" of government land in that territory, but had not yet taken his family out. Hamlin had never been on a railway train, although he was now grown to manhood. It was a novel sensation to him to see the village fade away as the train bore him toward Bismarck, North Dakota, which was his destination. When he reached there his money was spent and he became a kind of tramp, doing odd jobs such as sawing ice on the river to be put into icehouses or wheeling earth on a bank. Once he lived for four days on five cents' worth of bread. At last he tried carpentry and made good wages. Where should he go next, since he was disappointed with the outlook in Dakota?

All his life he had heard his father talk about New England, the place of his birth. Hamlin realized that most of the books he read were written by New Englanders. He had carefully saved his money, and sending for his brother to meet him in Chicago he started on his eastern wanderings. The two visited Boston and

tramped all summer through the New England states. They worked on farms and at carpentering. When they reached Mt. Washington, in New Hampshire, they had no money with which to ride up on the inclined railway, so they bravely set out to walk up, knowing nothing of how deceptive a mountain is. Night overtook them and they were very cold, but managed to find a haymow in which to sleep. Next day they reached the top and it looked like a long tramp back to the bottom. But Hamlin noticed that the rails of the railroad were very greasy from oil dropped by the locomotive, and also he knew that the train made only one trip a day. So he took a board and placed it across the rail, his brother took one end and he the other, and so they began to slide down the track, checking their speed with their feet about every third tie. It was slow but much easier than walking.

They visited many eastern cities, stopping at cheap boarding houses and working their way, and finally reached Washington. Then they left for the West and Hamlin became a school teacher in a country school in Illinois. Teaching for one year and saving all his money, he resolved to return to the prairies and to farm life. You see he had not found what he wanted to do. He reached his father's claim out on the Dakota prairie, where he found the family living in a little hut. According to the law, a man in order to get his land from the government must live on it for so many months and must visit it at least once a month during the rest of the year.

Hamlin was now twenty-three years old and decided

to "stake out a claim" for himself a few miles from his father's claim. He measured the distance by measuring the wagon wheel and counting the number of times it turned over. At last he reached a point where there were no "straddle bugs" and proceeded to plant his. You placed one of these straddle bugs at each corner of your claim by simply taking three boards, writing your name and address on each board and standing them upright with their ends together and fastening them in this fashion. Hamlin's claim was as level as a floor, with nothing on it except the bleaching bones of the thousands of bison or buffalo which had been slain in recent years. Having placed his signs, Hamlin returned to his father's shanty. That winter he helped his father and mother keep a kind of store and boarding house for travelers going to their claims. Garland made a poor business man, for he was always reading. He made charts of the world development and of world literature by chalking them on the sides of the store, where they were much admired by travelers. I suspect he also read the few papers which were taken by the neighbors, for the store was also the postoffice.

His parents returned to a nearby village when the cold began to come, and Hamlin was left alone in the pine cabin for the long, snowy winter. He cooked his own meals and managed to get through the long days, because the few customers gave him more time for reading. He suffered hardships in visiting his claim once a month. He represented his father on the family claim. But when

the spring at last came, young Garland was done with the prairie and with farming. He now knew that he wanted to do what many other men had done and were still doing, and that was to place his thoughts into words and see them printed in books. Mortgaging his claim for \$200, he started, as he says, "for the land of Emerson, Longfellow and Hawthorne." When he reached Boston he had only \$150 left on which to live while learning to be an author. His first breakfast cost him eight cents.

To describe the hardships Hamlin Garland endured while getting his education in the Boston Public Library, as he says in "Who's Who," would take too long. He has told at least a part of it in his book called "A Son of the Middle Border," which you can find in many libraries. He read in the Boston library from nine to seven every day, and at last, through the efforts of Edward Everett Hale, whose help he asked, he was permitted to take out books at night and thus was able to read fourteen hours a day. He slept in a wretched little attic infested with cockroaches, and the only heat came from a stovepipe which passed through his room. He read at night wearing his overcoat, and slept under it when he went to bed. Few persons have shown more power of sticking to an idea. He had his rewards by going up in the gallery of theaters to hear Shakespearean plays. Many times he heard Booth play, but every visit made his money diminish. He also heard all the best preachers and every good lecture that was free.

A man named Brown, who had a private school of public speaking in Boston, heard of the case and made Garland an assistant teacher, and another man gave him a free bed in the attic of his house. Later a woman arranged to have him give a course of lectures, which paid him \$90. All this time he had kept on writing, and one day, in 1885, an article which he had written appeared in a Boston paper. Magazines and periodicals now paid for his articles, and his rise as a writer had begun. From the money he received for one of his first pieces in a magazine, he bought and sent to his mother, away out on the Dakota prairie, enough silk to make her a dress. He often went to visit his parents, and once took them on a trip to California.

You would naturally suppose that the early life of Garland would give him an abiding love of nature, and that is true. His stories are usually out-of-doors tales. He knows horses and loves a good animal. He has ridden over many trails in the Rocky Mountains and has put much of the scenery into his "The Long Trail" and also his "Main Traveled Roads." He knows life in a small town by long experience.

In search of such "local color," as it is called, for his books, he even went with the gold-seekers up the Yukon and into the Alaskan gold fields. He endured many hardships on the trail, but he became so familiar with the region that he could easily describe it in his later books. His short stories have been most popular. A book of poems called "Prairie Songs" may be interesting to you

now that you have read how he came to know the prairies of Wisconsin and the Dakotas.

Hamlin Garland has written many poems and books, as well as magazine stories. He can now get a large price for his writings. But he has not forgotten his early struggles when he broke the sod behind the plow on the prairies of the Middle West. Don't you suppose he finds enough pleasure in having climbed to the place he wanted to reach and in being what he wanted to become that he can overlook the hard days of his early life and say that in our blessed America a boy or girl can be nearly anything he or she wants to be?

Suggested Questions: What is meant by "staking out a claim"? What became of Garland's claim? What does the "driver" on a log raft have to do? Why did young Garland want to be one? Would you like to live on a prairie as the Garland family did? Why or why not? How did Garland become a great man? In what way did his reading in the Boston library help him to realize his ambition? In what way did he show his love for his father? For his mother? What do you admire most about him? Why?

Suggested Essay Topics: Garland's war on wild pigeons and gophers. Describe the daily tasks which the father set for the boy. Write a story on the journey made by the two Garland boys to the top of Mt. Washington and back.

Suggested Questions for Debate: Resolved, That Judge Lindsey was right in refusing to pay the fine. Resolved, That Henry Ford has brought more happiness to mankind than Thomas A. Edison has.

HE NEVER EXPECTED TO BECOME A VICTORIOUS GENERAL

The career of a soldier is one of the most uncertain professions to select in advance. So much of success depends upon the chances of our having a war and of being in the right line for a promotion. General Grant had resigned from the army before the Civil War came and was managing a tannery. There never was an opportunity before that time to bring out the qualities which made his success possible. Washington had fought in the colonial wars, but had turned farmer before the Revolution and never expected to fight again. General Pershing, the hero of the American army in the World War, often contemplated leaving the army and engaging in some other work.

Pershing's early life was far removed from the glory of war. It was what we call "commonplace," that is, just an ordinary life of a boy and young man. Yet we shall see that he developed certain qualities which count for leadership, and war depends so much on leadership. His father was not a military man. He was born in Pennsylvania, but went to Missouri just as he reached manhood and became the boss of a gang of men engaged in building a railroad near St. Louis. While on this work he married the daughter of a farmer and began



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

JOHN JOSEPH PERSHING, 1860 —

Bidding farewell to Marshal Foch of France, who was Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies. Pershing is on the left.

housekeeping in a little frame house in Laclede, very near the city of St. Louis. When the railroad was completed the father became a section boss on the road.

In 1860, in the little frame house at Laclede, was born a boy, the first of nine children. The parents named him John Joseph Pershing. During the Civil War the father became an army sutler or storekeeper and made money. So John and his brother were sent to a private school when they were old enough. A little later they attended a public school. John was growing up to be a tall man. He had blue eyes, a dimple in each cheek and his hair was so light that his nickname was "tow-head."

The people who went to school with John say that he was just an ordinary boy. He was full of tricks as the rest of the boys. Once one of them brought to school some leaf tobacco cut from a neighboring warehouse and one boy dared John to chew it like men did. John would not back down; but out in the woods, where the boys went, he spent several hours repenting until his sickness wore off. At another time he was caught with others in a peach orchard taking ripe fruit; but they all owned up, and the man who owned the orchard told them to go in and take all they wanted if they would promise not to shake the trees.

But the most serious scrape he got in was on the last day of school. He and some other lads who did not intend to return next year decided to "lock the teacher out." So as soon as the pupils came these boys placed a ladder on the inside of the house against the door so

that the teacher when he came could not open it. John went down to the lower room and called the pupils to order and taught them, while the teacher went after the school board to get them to compel the boys to let him in. John was not in favor of giving up, but he believed in discipline and wanted the youngsters not to miss their recitations. Here the future soldier was showing.

At last the boys guarding the door yielded to the oldest minister in town and let him climb in a window and he opened the door. The members of the school board scolded the leaders, and the teacher left them out when he distributed the candy the last day of school as was the custom. This punishment stopped the practice of "locking out" the teacher, and cured John Pershing of attempting such foolish pranks. In this, as in other things, he "did things with all his might," as the people said of him.

When John was thirteen the father lost his fortune, except his farm, and John went to work willingly on the farm to help out his father. In the winter he taught the school for negro children in Laclede. The next winter he had a school about seven miles away and received \$40 a month for teaching. He was barely sixteen, yet one thing happened in this school which brought out another element of a soldier—the lack of fear. He had "kept in" after school a big girl who was troublesome, but she managed to slip a note to another girl to give to her father. Soon after John looked from the window and saw the father, a big man with fiery red whiskers, riding

furiously toward the schoolhouse carrying a gun in his hand. John picked up the poker from the stove and met the man at the door. The girl kept calling to her father to shoot the teacher, but John stood so firm that the father did not dare shoot. In the end the father went away without the girl, and John Pershing had won an early victory for discipline.

Having saved his money, he was able the next year to enter a normal school at Kirksville, Missouri, to prepare himself better for teaching. He was now nearly grown and had no idea of the army. He expected to be a teacher. He continued to teach part of the year and to attend the normal for three months each year. One day he saw a notice in a newspaper that there would be an examination in a neighboring city for appointment to a cadetship in the United States Military Academy at West Point. Saying nothing to his parents or brothers and sisters, he rode directly from his school and took the examination. There were seventeen taking the test and John would not have given much for his chance; but he passed first and was told to get ready to take the examinations at the academy, which he must pass to get in.

He was not what was called a "ready" student, but he did not easily forget what he had once learned. He went to a school where they prepared for the examinations and worked hard, and in due time took the examinations and was admitted as a "plebe," or fourth year man. It seemed a long way up to the first class. He was twenty-two years old and study came as hard as ever. But his

strong jaw was always in evidence, and he continued to do with all his might whatever he was doing. He was always dependable and what he promised or was told to do his instructors could depend would be done. Usually if a cadet is made an officer he is unpopular with his class, for he must report them for breaking any of the numerous rules the cadets must keep.

Within a few weeks after entering the academy, his class held an election and he was made president. He always confessed that it was a happy time when he was given this evidence of popularity by his classmates. But his severe sense of duty and his reliability attracted the attention of the officers in charge of the academy, and at the end of his first year, when he became a "yearling," they made him a ranking corporal, the highest office any of his class could get. Next year he was made top sergeant, and when he reached first class was appointed captain. This was another of his "proud moments." Nor did he lose popularity with his class when he became their captain, for they knew that "Jack," as they began to call him, was always "square" with them. In his studies he did not do so well but managed by hard work to finish thirteenth out of a class of seventy-seven. The class numbered 104 when they entered, so you see it was not so easy to stay in West Point Academy.

Spanish was Jack's hardest study, and mathematics did not come easy for him. No doubt he enjoyed the reference to teachers and studies as he sang one of the songs quite popular in his day:

Oh! the Quercus and the Oakus, bedad, they nearly choke us,
And the Kyan's method, too.

Oh! Ordnance and Gunnery, are nothing else but flummery,
And the liquid Spanish, too.

Once when his class held a dinner in New York, Pershing was in the Philippines and his request to come home for the banquet was refused in Washington. He wrote a long letter to the class which was read at the dinner, and must have brought back many memories of things now forgotten. I think you would like to read an extract from the letter, because it shows that the former school teacher knew how to write a vivid account of the past:

“This brings us up to a period of life whose vivid impressions will be the last to fade. Marching into camp, piling bedding, policing company streets of logs of wood carelessly dropped by upper classmen, pillow fights at tattoo with Marcus Miller, sabre drawn, marching up and down superintending the plebe class, policing up feathers from the general parade, light artillery drills, double timing around old Fort Clinton at morning squad drill, Wiley Bean and the sad fate of his seersucker coat, midnight dragging, and the whole summer full of events that can only be mentioned in passing. No one can ever forget his first guard tour with all its preparation and perspiration. I got along all right during the day, but at night on the color line my troubles began. Of course, I was scared beyond the point of properly applying any of my orders. A few minutes after taps, ghosts of all sorts began to appear from all directions. I selected a particularly bold one and challenged according to orders, ‘Halt! who comes there?’ At that the ghost stood still in his tracks. I then said, ‘Halt! who stands there?’ whereupon the ghost, who was carrying a chair, sat down, when I promptly said, ‘Halt! who sits there?’

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“West Point under Merritt, Michie and Hasbrouck was still the West Point of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Schofield, and Howard. The deep impression those men made on me during their visits to West Point in our day went far to inspire us with the soldier’s spirit of self-sacrifice, duty and honor.”

After graduation from the academy, Pershing was a second lieutenant and was given the customary ten weeks of liberty. He went back to Laclede most unsettled in his mind about his future career. There seemed to be no future in the army; no chance to work one’s way up to anything. . . During his academy days, Pershing and four of his classmates made a plan whereby one of the number was to resign and start a corporation for bringing water down from the mountains in the West and making the dry land fertile by irrigation. The others would remain in the army and supply the money. After the company was well under way, the others would resign and all go into the company work. Nothing came of the plan. Now at Laclede a friend says that the young lieutenant on his vacation would go with him out into the country, lie down in the grass and discuss the future. Pershing was gloomy about his future and threatened to resign and take up law. He thought there would be no war for the next hundred years in America. He would have to stay a second lieutenant until a first lieutenant died. “The world is going to be too peaceful in the future,” said he, “to make the army look promising as a career.” Perhaps he did not think of another nation menacing us and compelling us to protect ourselves.

The young officer was a poor prophet, for as soon as his leave was ended he had a chance to do some fighting, although not in a large war. He was assigned to a fort in New Mexico. At this time the Indians under the care of the government were placed on large tracts of land known as "reservations" and not allowed to leave it, because they were likely to quarrel with the whites if they roamed around. A chief named Geronimo with a band of his Apaches had broken bounds and had taken refuge in the broken lands and wild country of New Mexico. The chief surrendered just before Lieutenant Pershing reached the fort, but the company to which the lieutenant was assigned had some scouting campaigns in clearing up the stragglers. Several other outbreaks occurred during his years in the Southwest, and he had a valuable experience as an officer. He was of value also, for in the report of the commanding officer of that department, in 1888, he was mentioned twice, being one of nine officers mentioned out of thirty-three in the command. By regular practice he became a noted shot in the army.

Later he was transferred to South Dakota, where there was an Indian uprising in 1890, the last attempt of the red men to stop the westward flow of white men. This was the revolt in which Sitting Bull took the lead of the Indians. Pershing had the ill-luck to be in few of the skirmishes, but he was always at service in some part of the field of action. It is a story of hard riding to danger points, of snow blizzards when men had to

bestir themselves to keep from freezing, and of gentle handling of the Indians after they surrendered and were placed back on their reservation. Pershing had gotten the reputation of always looking after his men and of being a stickler for faithfulness when on duty. He was five years with this division, and when he left it the commander summed up his qualities in the following words: "Professional ability most excellent; capacity for command excellent. He is bright, active and energetic."

During the intervening years his father had moved to Nebraska. Through the efforts of his brother, Lieutenant Pershing was sent by the War Department to teach the students of the university the principles of military science. It was a valuable detail for Pershing, for it gave him his long desired opportunity of studying law. It was like him not to be satisfied with doing what he had to do, but always trying to find out what else he could do. He was graduated in the law class of 1893. He also taught mathematics in the university. During his four years as instructor of military tactics, the young officer put new life into the work. He was severe in his treatment of the students, yet he did it in such a way that he turned an unpopular class into a popular one. The students imitated the erect figure and military bearing of the lieutenant as he walked. One year a company went into a competitive drill at Omaha and captured a prize of \$1,500. The company was called "Pershing's Rifles," and membership was handed down from one college year to another.

Following his four successful years here came an opposite experience when he was sent to West Point as an instructor in military drill or tactics. Few if any teachers of that hated subject at West Point have been popular, and Pershing was no exception. The cadets wanted to put on him the worst word they could think of and called him "Nigger Jack," which was later changed to "Black Jack." That nick-name has clung to him, but is now applied with love and affection. Many people have wondered when he was so fair of complexion and had such light hair why he should be called "Black." You now know the reason.

To be relieved from this West Point duty would cause the young officer no tears. War with Spain threatened, and as he wrote to a friend he did not want to stay there and be "pigeon-holed," that is, to be put in a desk like an old paper. At last he was ordered to join his regiment and took an active part in the battle of Santiago. He was mentioned by Gen. Leonard Wood as being "on duty with his regiment during the Santiago campaign and has performed his duties with marked gallantry and efficiency." After the close of the war with Spain he took malarial fever and was sent home for several months and then to Washington to a "pigeon-hole" place at a desk. It was unlikely that a man with such ability and fine military way of doing things would remain long in Washington.

The war with Spain had brought under our charge the many islands commonly known as the Philippines.

Difficulty threatened with the natives. There was some fighting to do and Pershing managed to get sent to the seat of trouble, where he "cleaned up" the Moros. For this efficient work done with as little fighting as possible, Lieutenant Pershing became Captain Pershing. To him gradually fell the task of quieting the many fierce tribes of the islands. It was a large task for so young an officer, but he did it well and thoroughly. The natives became so friendly under his kind ways that he was initiated as a *dato*, that is, chief. But the three and a half years spent in the jungles and heat of the islands compelled Pershing to request relief. His reputation as a leader and as a fighting man was now established, although he had as yet only a captain's rank.

He was received by President Roosevelt and many honors paid to him. Among other bits of good fortune he soon married a daughter of Senator Warren, of Nebraska. She had just graduated from Wellesley College. Then President Roosevelt sent him and his bride to Japan as military escort to the American diplomatic staff. Next he was sent to the Philippines and back to Japan again, and then President Roosevelt, who cared little for custom where efficiency was in question, created a protest in military circles by promoting the captain to be a brigadier-general, omitting many grades usually taken in going up the military ladder. General Pershing, as we must now call him, was returned to the Philippines as military governor of the Moro province and finally succeeded in quieting those tribes. The

governor-general of the islands congratulated him for the manner in which he "had restored peace and disarmed the turbulent population, promoted civilization and education, and as rapidly as possible substituted civil for military control of the districts."

Returning to the United States, he was placed in charge of a large army post near San Francisco, called the Presidio. Almost immediately came orders to report to the Mexican border, where trouble was feared in the disturbed political condition of that country. After a while, since it seemed likely that his stay on the border would be prolonged, General Pershing decided to bring his wife and four children down from the Presidio. Arrangements were about completed when news arrived that the officer's little wooden house in which Mrs. Pershing lived at the Presidio had been destroyed by fire in the night and that she and three of the children had perished. Only six-year-old Warren was left.

It was at first feared that Pershing would lose his mind, but gradually the soldier recovered control of himself. The only consolation was work, and to that he applied himself. Fortunately for him, the next year a Mexican bandit named Villa made a raid across the boundary line and Pershing was ordered to pursue him into Mexico and capture him or scatter his band of five hundred Mexicans. He pursued them over five hundred miles into Mexico, although the Mexican general-in-chief protested that Americans were invading an independent country in a time of peace, and that if the American

forces were attacked he could not be held responsible. Pershing replied that he would use his own judgment as to where he would go, and that if the Mexicans attacked the Americans he would hold the Mexicans responsible. The American army, as is too often the case, was not well supplied and did not take Villa, but the expedition had a good effect on the Mexicans. Pershing came out of it with two stars on his shoulders. He was now a major-general.

For nearly four years the World War, undertaken by Germany and Austria to get their dominions extended to the sea and so get more world trade, had gone on and many thought we must get into it if we would save ourselves from the crazed Germans. Pershing said: "I would rather live now and participate in the big things that are happening in the world—to see the beginning of a new era of world-wide democracy—to have some part in carrying our flag against autocratic dictators and upholding the rights of neutral nations than to have lived at any other period of the world's history."

He had watched impatiently the German government break its promise not to make further war on American neutral vessels on the high seas. He could scarcely restrain his feelings when the *Lusitania* was sent down and nearly two thousand passengers perished. With other army officers he rejoiced when Congress, on April 6, 1917, at the request of President Wilson, declared war on Germany. Would he get the long-hoped-for chance? His record on the Mexican border showed his good qualities

as a military leader. Wild enthusiasm greeted his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the American Expedition to France.

A draft law was passed by Congress and ten million men between twenty-one and thirty-one were enrolled as possible soldiers. In September 600,000 of them were sent to the first training camps, and in May following nearly 600,000 more were sent. Meanwhile, in June, 1917, only two months after war was declared, the first American soldiers, composed of men enlisted in the "regular" army, reached France and America was "in the war." Their commander was Pershing, now promoted to "General Pershing." The title had been held previously by Washington, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan.

President Wilson had sent him to Europe to become the head of two and a half million American soldiers struggling against autocratic dictators who wanted everyone to act and to think as they did. "Black Jack" had come into his own. It was not to be teaching, it was not law; it was commanding men, always doing his best and always being square with those under him.

You all know the story of the American army in France during those 110 days of actual fighting. In truth, we got in only at the finish, but we hastened the finish. Pershing decided that Americans wanted action and could not stand being cooped up for months in the trenches. Therefore, in training the American army he always had in mind one-third training for remaining in the trenches, waiting to be attacked, and two-thirds going

out and attacking the enemy. He was given a warm welcome in France, whose people realized that they were pretty well exhausted and needed aid. A great celebration of Franco-American co-operation was planned near the tomb of Lafayette. After one of the officers named by General Pershing had spoken, the crowd kept calling for Pershing and he made a few modest remarks. Later the French government gave to him a tablet on which they inscribed: "Lafayette, we are here." This story reached America to the effect that Pershing leaned down to the actual tomb of Lafayette and whispered: "Lafayette, we are here." No one who knows the modest general could imagine him doing such a silly thing as that in public.

It is a most difficult thing for different nations to fight on the same side. Each general wants his own way and to work together is almost impossible. Pershing had as much pride in building up an American army of four million men as did any of the other generals; but he saw that if the enemy was to be beaten back from the gates of Paris there must be one commander. Therefore, at the suggestion of Woodrow Wilson, then President of the United States, General Pershing "surrendered the American army," as our enemies put it, to the French commander, Foch. By and by the other nations did the same thing and effective work, which closed the war, was the result. So much for having a broad-minded man in command in Europe and a broad-minded President and people back of him in America.

The honors received by this son of a railway section boss all over the world are recent and you know the story. I have been interested only in pointing out that the man who has never had a vision of what he wants to do can cultivate certain qualities like hard work, fairness, strength of will power and quickness of decision which will help him in even as uncertain a profession as the army or navy.

Suggested Questions: What soldierly qualities did Pershing develop before he became a soldier? Illustrate. Tell the true story of "Lafayette, we are here." Would you like to be a soldier? Why, or why not? Which story of Pershing told in this book did you like best? Give a sketch of it in a few words. How did Pershing come to be singled out for promotion in each case?

Suggested Essay Topics: A description of Pershing's campaigns against the Indians. How Pershing brought peace to the Philippine Islands. An imaginary day in the academy with Pershing. Write a story about some phase of Pershing's life not discussed in the above sketch. Write a story about Pershing's work on the Mexican border. Write as good a comparison as you can of the work done by General Pershing with the work done by General Wood.

Suggested Questions for Debate: Resolved, That the soldiers have done more to make America than the business men. Resolved, That Jane Addams did more for the poor than John Mitchell did. Resolved, That a world-peace, which will last, is possible. Resolved, That the contest between labor and capital can be settled without using force.



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

CLARA BARTON, 1821-1912

Standing in front, dressed in an old-fashioned costume.

THE NURSE OF THE NATIONS

People differ greatly in what they can do in this world. Some people take to a thing naturally, and we call such a born ability a "gift" from the Creator. One girl has a gift for cooking; another for dressmaking. A boy has a gift for machines; he can take one to pieces and put it together again. Some boys and girls love animals; dogs and cats will go to them even when they don't know them. Some say this is a gift. A horse-trainer must have such a talent.

Some people like to be in a sickroom and to take care of the sick. Some even have a gift for getting people well, as others have a gift for making plants and vegetables grow. Nursing means long days and nights of watching over the sick and lifting them about in the bed, being extremely careful in giving medicines, and making reports to the doctor, and doing many objectionable jobs. It is a profession requiring long training, and it is difficult to imagine anyone having a natural gift for it such as Clara Barton really had.

This girl, living in Massachusetts, never knew that she had such a gift until she was eleven years old. At that time her brother had a fall and for two years lay in bed almost helpless. The little girl quit school and gave all her time to nursing her brother, and at last saw

him restored to health. The family saw how skilful she was in handling the patient, except in lifting him, how tenderly and yet thoroughly she washed his face and hands, and how she smoothed his pillow and soothed his pain. Then they all agreed that Clara had a gift for nursing; that she was "a born nurse."

On the farm she was known to her parents and brothers and sisters as a girl who was not afraid of anything, except that she might be bad. She rode horses with or without a saddle, and especially she loved to ride young colts, which had not long been "broken" to the bridle. She made pets of the various animals on the place and could go out into the pasture and put a bridle on a horse which refused to allow any other person to catch him. She was accustomed to carry lumps of sugar in her pocket and many of the animals would follow her about begging for a lump. So, you see, she had a "gift" for handling animals as well as people.

When her services were no longer needed by her brother, she returned to school and proved herself to be a bright student. She did not remain in school until she had finished the course, because she felt she ought to do something to help the family, and she was anxious to get into some occupation where she could do something useful in the world. Therefore she withdrew from school and taught in various places in New Jersey. She satisfied her desire to do something for other people by helping to found a number of free public schools in the state of New Jersey, where the system was just introduced.

She proved to be a successful teacher, but the work did not appeal strongly to her. She therefore left the teaching profession and about 1854 became a clerk in the United States Pension Office at Washington, D. C. It seemed a strange thing for a girl of twenty-four to do. It was hard work and she liked it little better than teaching, although she remained there six years. All this time she seemed to be waiting for the call to her life work. She wanted to nurse the sick or to manage a hospital with nurses; but she could not find enough sick people to make their nursing pay her board and lodging. At last Divine Providence opened the way and showed that she was being saved for a special mission which would not only satisfy her particular ambition but would be patriotic as well. War was coming.

The years 1860 and 1861 make you think of the election of Abraham Lincoln as President, the attempted secession of certain of the southern states, the firing on Fort Sumter, and the beginning of the Civil War. Now, Clara Barton hated the idea of war as all Christian women do. War means suffering, disease, poverty, death, and orphans. It brings a vast debt on the government, which must be paid by the men who produce things; that is, the workingmen. Those who are responsible for war usually escape, while the women and children bear much of the suffering at home. Clara's father had often told her of his experiences in the Revolutionary War, where he fought under "Mad Anthony" Wayne. He described the difficulty they had in taking care of the

sick and wounded; their lack of hospitals; and how hard it was to train men to become nurses when everybody wanted to go out and fight. Men did not seem trained by nature to take care of the sick.

The first battle of the Civil War, known as Bull Run, was fought not many miles from Washington, and the wounded were brought back to the rear, which was near the city. The women of the city were called upon, and Clara Barton's opportunity came. She had studied and read everything she could find about Florence Nightingale, that heroic woman of England, who went with the British army into the war of the Crimea, a peninsula of Russia, which extended down into the Black Sea. There she started a hospital service on a scale large enough for an army. She turned the crude shelters where the sick and wounded were treated into homelike places where they could have the tender and sympathetic care of a woman. Little wonder that the grateful British soldiers gave to her the title of "Angel of the Camps."

Miss Barton's first experience in the camps of the Union troops would have discouraged a less brave woman. The United States was not a military country accustomed to war and prepared in all the needs of warfare. There was no hospital system and the federal authorities were so busy fighting and sending men and arms and ammunition into the states where fighting was going on that they had no time for other things and seemed to care little about the sick and the wounded. Then there was necessarily a large amount of what is

called "red tape" before she could get the government to do anything. For her great work she could get very little money from Congress, because it took so long to get action, so she used her own money and what she could borrow from others. Her hospital experiences were discouraging and complicated. They make too long a story to be told here. The most important thing was that she had set an example which could not be forgotten hereafter. In future wars an efficient hospital service would be sure to be provided for in advance.

The world was growing and the world was rapidly coming to realize that men were not to be wounded and left to die like reptiles on the ground where they had fallen; but that humanity required that they should be properly cared for and restored to active life if at all possible. Further, the world was convinced that where large numbers of men are brought together in camps and often in a strange country, sickness is bound to occur. Full preparations should be made in advance for treating illness. In the midst of the Civil War, a convention of public spirited men from forty European countries met at Geneva, Switzerland. They drew up an agreement or treaty which attempted to bring together two things which had always heretofore been opposites. One of these is the cruelty of war and the other is the kindness of charity.

This Geneva treaty of 1864 provided that in case of war each party should bind itself to permit volunteer nurses to work with the soldiers, provided these nurses

did not in any way meddle in the operations of the war. In order to be sure that they were not interfered with, these volunteer nurses should wear a distinctive uniform and should always be protected. Out of compliment to Switzerland, where the convention was held, and which country had sent many of the most prominent members, the society took for its badge to be used for protection of its members on the battlefield a bright red cross on a white field. The Swiss ensign has a white cross on a red field.

At the time this treaty was signed, the United States was in the midst of the Civil War, and no one knew that the Union could be saved. Consequently the United States failed to send representatives to the Red Cross conference. Six years later the system was given a trial when the German states declared war against France. By this time both parties had signed the treaty and the Red Cross was given its first trial. Many army officers did not believe in having women about a camp of soldiers and predicted its failure. Let us see what happened.

Among those who enlisted for volunteer nursing service in this European war was Clara Barton, whose experience in the camps in the American Civil War made her a valuable helper in the cause in which she was engaged. She chanced to be traveling in Europe for her health when the war broke out. So far as her health permitted, she performed valuable service in the camps during the two years of the brief war. She saw how much

better the soldiers were cared for than they were a few years before in the Civil War. "Why," she said, "that is all the result of the organization of the Red Cross. If I live to return to my country, I will try to make my people understand the Red Cross and the importance of joining in the treaty."

When the war closed, the Red Cross had tons of provisions and medicines piled up in both Berlin and Paris ready to be carried to the camps on each side. Having personally experienced how suffering had been banished and deaths avoided by prompt and careful treatment on the battlefields and in the hospitals, Clara Barton returned full of enthusiasm in 1872 and resolved not to stop until the United States had come into the Red Cross agreement. Unfortunately the scenes she had been through affected her and she fell into an illness which made her helpless for so long a time that she says she "even forgot how to walk."

Meanwhile the Red Cross leaders of Europe, unable to understand why the United States did not come into the agreement, prepared a general appeal to the hearts of the American people and sent it over to Miss Barton to be presented by her to President Hayes. The latter handed it to his proper cabinet officer, the Secretary of State. Secretary Blaine replied to Miss Barton and the General Society of Red Cross that this matter concerned a treaty, and the Senate and not the President had the power of making treaties. Clearly this was simply delaying or dodging the matter. The truth was that delay

was due to the old fear of getting mixed up in European matters; the same fear that caused the recent refusal of the United States to enter the League of Nations as formed by Woodrow Wilson and the leaders of the Old World. We want to get the benefit but don't want to take up our share of the responsibility nor to get involved in the numerous and frequent European problems.

Here the matter rested until the inauguration of Garfield, who was a man of broad vision and desired to advance every agency for good in the world. Clara Barton had made up her mind that the United States must have the advantages of the Red Cross agreement before we got into another war. And there was no telling when that would be. There is not one of our wars which could have been foreseen very long in advance. She was now recovered from her illness, and for the sake of the cause she went to Washington and became what she called a "lobbyist" to get the agreement adopted by Congress. Now a lobbyist is a person, usually hired, who goes to Washington to get some bill passed by Congress. The trade is so called because the work has to be done out in the lobby or ante-room of the congressional halls. A man lobbyist is bad enough, but a woman lobbyist is considered to be worse. It has many unpleasant connections. Nevertheless, Miss Barton, a woman of refined taste, was willing to undertake to see the congressmen and try to persuade them of the necessity of action on the Red Cross. She interviewed men, she made speeches, she wrote letters and printed pamphlets, a copy of which

was placed on the desk of every man in the House and Senate. As she says: "I wrote, talked and did whatever I could to spread the idea among the people."

Garfield took up the matter and summoned Miss Barton to the President's office for a talk. After hearing her he was so impressed that he sent a special message to Congress calling attention to the Geneva agreement. His death soon after by the hand of a crazy assassin left the matter to his successor. President Arthur renewed the discussion with Congress, and in 1882 the United States became the thirty-first state to enter into this merciful agreement. It had cost Clara Barton twenty years of effort. But she felt the end was worth it.

But did not Congress give her any recognition after her long effort for the sick and wounded soldiers? Yes, Congress, in 1866, voted her \$15,000, enough money to make up for what she had spent and borrowed during the Civil War. A large part of this money she spent in sending home the trinkets which the dying men gave to her to send home for them. Still other money went to the needy families of sick soldiers. Some went to pay the carfare of a sick man who got a furlough, or vacation, from the army to visit his home. What a joy such a sum would be to a homesick boy in the army!

We have never given pensions or medals or bestowed crosses of honor like the European governments. If we had I am sure this persistent and courageous woman would have had some public reward for her work. Many foreign monarchs have given her medals and crosses.

But her greatest honor, as she says, is to belong to the noble band of American womanhood. That her services were appreciated is shown in the war between the United States and Spain in 1898, when she was given full control of the hospital service. A similar office was given to her in the Boer War in South Africa the next year.

This persistent woman, who secured the entrance of her country into the agreement of the nations to ease the hardships of the wounded, the sick and the afflicted, passed away before the World War came upon us. She died but her work remained behind her. More than forty nations are now entered into the agreement to allow the Red Cross people to care for the wounded and sick during a time of war.

In the World War, the sign of the red cross on a white field was almost universally respected, whether it stood out above hospitals, on ambulances or on the sleeves of nurses. The people of America donated more than \$222,000,000 to carry on the work among the soldiers and the suffering people of Europe. Also women and children united in making hospital supplies and garments of various kinds to the value of \$44,000,000. The present membership of the Red Cross in America is about 20,000,000 adults and 8,000,000 children. How wonderful that so many good ideas live after the person responsible for them has passed away!

But aside from the praiseworthy and liberal service of the Red Cross in the World War, of which you have all heard, it has been of service in giving aid to people

during forest fires in various states, floods in the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, famine in Texas, cyclones in various places, Charleston and San Francisco earthquakes, Florida yellow fever, Johnstown flood, and hurricanes in South Carolina islands. For such relief it has spent millions of dollars. The persistence of this little girl nurse is the lesson of her life. A poet, watching drops of water falling into a hole which they were wearing in a rock, wrote: "I know no rock so hard but that a little wave may beat admission in a thousand years." I wonder whether my readers will grow up to be "quitters" or, like Clara Barton, a "clinger."

Suggested Questions: Why is it called the "Red Cross"? Where did it get its sign? What do we mean by saying that a person has a "natural gift" for anything? Where did Miss Barton get her first experience of nursing a large number of men? Describe it. Why did the United States hesitate so long about signing the treaty? Why do you consider the work of Clara Barton worth while? Cite as many examples as you can.

Suggested Essay Topics: Write out the story of how Miss Barton got the United States to sign the Geneva treaty. Write an essay about Miss Barton and the animals on the farm. Write anything you know about the Red Cross in the recent World War.

Suggested Questions for Debate: Resolved, that Clara Barton did more good for mankind than Doctor Grenfell did. Resolved, That Miss Barton overcome more difficulties than Doctor Conwell did. Resolved, That the work of John Joseph Pershing is greater than that of Clara Barton.



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

HERBERT HOOVER, 1874 —

AN IOWA QUAKER BOY FEEDS THE WORLD

In the early morning, a man dressed in the plain clothes of a Quaker, tip-toed out of his little house near his blacksmith shop and gazed around on the rolling Iowa landscape. Then he went to a neighboring cottage, where his sister lived, and tapped on her window. She answered his tap in a low tone.

“Sister,” he said, in a kind of joking tone, “there’s another General Grant over at the house. Huldah would like thee to see.”

The sister came over at once to the little house in which a baby boy had been born during the night. She saw the little fellow whom its father had jokingly called General Grant, because the general was now President of the United States and a very popular man. Then the sister went to a drawer in which lay the tiny garments, all made by hand by the mother for the baby before its birth. She afterward said that “Herbert was a sweet baby that first day, round and plump, and looked about very cordial at everybody.”

So came into the world a man who was one day to meet kings and presidents and generals, and who was to be known around the big world for what he did without pay. From his Quaker ancestors he must have inherited his low voice and quiet manner. He never became ex-

cited. But he had a strong will power. Even the people who knew little about his ancestors seemed to want to humor the Quaker style and never called him the "Hon. H. C. Hoover" or even "Mr. H. C. Hoover," but always knew him as "Herbert Hoover," as the Quakers addressed him. His ancestors came from France to Holland and from there to America, settling in Maryland. The next generation moved to Ohio and the next to Iowa. He was of the fifth generation in this country. His mother's people were also Quakers and the community in Iowa where he lived had been settled almost wholly by members of that strict church.

His early recollections were chiefly of being told what not to do, for he was inclined to be a lively lad for a Quaker family rules. Sundays were his especial bugbear, for he had to be washed thoroughly, brush his clothes and go "dressed up" all day. He must not be noisy, nor play, nor run, nor shout. All playthings must be carefully put away on Saturday night and not touched on the Sabbath, which the Friends called the First Day. Even pocket knives must not be taken out. The Sabbath day was to be kept holy like the Commandments required.

At church he sat on one side of the house with his father, while the girls sat on the other side with their mother. A low partition between the two kept them from seeing each other. But often Herbert could hear his mother's voice as she spoke when she was moved by the Spirit to speak. They had no preacher nor music, but sat very quiet until some felt moved to speak. When

no one was speaking, the house was as quiet as the tomb, and always it seemed that this was the time the little fellow's legs began to twitch and in spite of all he could do his foot would occasionally strike the seat and make a noise. His father would look at him reprovingly and the boy would be quiet for a bit and then begin twisting again. It seemed ages until the people by a kind of common consent knew that no one would be moved again, and then they all went out into the churchyard where a little fellow could stretch, if he was not allowed to do anything else. Children could talk in the yard, but it must be done very quietly. It seems very strict, but the Quaker way of bringing up children has made many good men and women later.

While he was yet a small boy, there came troublous times in the little Quaker church. One day at a meeting a tall man with sunken cheeks and deep, piercing eyes arose to give testimony, because he was so moved. He told the people that they were grown worldly and were doomed to destruction. Everybody talked about the new ideas which the man presented in the church day after day during his visit. The people began to divide, some following the new idea and others being satisfied with the old. The new ones tore down the partition in the church and put in an organ. The people of the older ideas withdrew and built a new church.

The new people also hired a regular preacher, called First Day "Sunday," and said "you" in the place of "thee." Many began to wear fancy clothes. The boys

and girls took kindly to the new things because it made them more like the young folks of other churches who occasionally came into the Quaker neighborhood. But the older people generally clung to the older "thee."

"Bertie," as he was called by his people, was always trying to find out "why," but sometimes with disastrous results. His father's big warehouse, in which the agricultural machinery was sold, was always a source of interest to the lad. One day he was out in the yard watching the tar bubbling in a kettle over a fire. The tar was to be placed on wire fencing to keep the wire from rusting. The little fellow wondered what tar was like and whether it would put out fire like water would. He could not pour tar from the big kettle on the fire, but he could take a lighted stick from the fire and put it in the tar and see if the blaze would be put out.

This was what he did do and the flames and volumes of black smoke poured up from the burning tar. The warehouse caught fire and came near being destroyed with neighboring buildings. Bertie was speechless with fear at what he had done. His mother came and took him home, but no one asked him how the building caught fire and came so nearly being destroyed. He would have told the truth, but it was supposed that the tar boiled over on the fire. He was so pleased to have found all by himself how the tar acted, but he resolved never again to fool with melting tar.

Another time he was at his grandfather's shop where tools were made to sell. His grandfather gave him a

hatchet which he had made for him in his shop. Bertie soon found that the hatchet would cut wood and thought he would try an experiment. So he laid his finger on a block and chopped off part of the finger. His uncle sewed on the part, bound it all up in rags and gave him money to buy some candy. He told him never to experiment with sharp tools again. Bertie was much interested in a pump which his grandfather rigged up with a platform on which the cow learned to step when she wanted a drink. The weight of the cow caused the platform to sink and forced the water up from the well. When the cow had finished drinking, she stepped off, the platform rose and was ready for the next cow to pump a drink for herself.

Soon after he learned how large the world was, because his uncle, who lived in Oklahoma Territory, came to Iowa to visit and asked that Bertie should be allowed to return with him to that far-off country. His first year at school had just ended and he set off with his uncle, at first on trains and then on a stagecoach, and at last reached the place where his uncle lived.

His cousins thought they would play a joke on him one day. They all went around the house and there under an oak tree stood a tall Indian with a red blanket wrapped about him and long feathers standing up on his head and running in a tail down his back. The cousins pretended to be frightened and began yelling; but Bertie walked up to the Indian and asked politely, "How do you do?" The Indian grunted and then the boy asked what kind

of bird he got the long feathers from. The Indian walked away, but before he left he gave a strip of soft leather as a keepsake to the boy who was not afraid of an Indian. "Bertie" soon grew accustomed to seeing Indians all about that country.

At last the summer was over and he was ready to return. Here he showed a tendency toward his life work. All about his uncle's house were most wonderful stones. Nothing like them were to be seen in Iowa. Some were curly and others sparkled, and with one you could write as if it were chalk. After his aunt had packed his clothes in his box, he took out the clothes and filled the box with stones to take back. When his aunt insisted that he take his clothes and leave the stones he was heartbroken. Perhaps the mining engineer, which he would be some day, was calling to him now.

The next winter, when he was not yet seven years old, his father died. The mother decided to save every penny for the education of Bertie and his brother Ned. The boys worked in the summer vacation picking strawberries at two and a half cents a quart. Bertie earned over five dollars that summer and gave it to his mother to save for his education. The boys had the rest of the summer for play, and there was never another like it. Two Indian boys had come to live with their uncle and the four boys played together.

Bertie became the leader of the four, and the Indian boys supplied such information as they possessed. Very stealthily the boys crept from tree to tree, taking long

strips from the outside of hickory trees, gathering dead branches and cutting saplings. From these they built two huts which they called "wickiups," for so the southwestern Indians called their temporary summer huts to distinguish them from the skin "wigwams" in which they lived in winter. The boys located the huts in a dense hazel thicket on the farm and in them they took oaths with most terrible penalties for revealing any secrets. They had a system of bird-calls to warn each other of danger. In the huts they hid their stores of nuts and apples for their meals, although they still went to their regular meals three times a day and consented to sleep at home for fear of someone coming after them and finding their concealed council place.

But Bertie's special treasure consisted of a store of peculiar stones which they had collected from the nearby railroad. The boys spent much time in collecting and trying to polish the stones so that they would look like those in a collection which a dentist in the village possessed. From the dentist the boy geologist learned that the stones in the collection were mostly "petrified wood" and had become stone while the wood lay under a great sea which had once covered the land. This set him to thinking more about the problems underlying mining.

The mother was concerned about the influence of the Indian boys on her sons. "Does thee like the Indians? Do they teach thee to swear or lie?" "They never do either, mother," answered Bertie. This summer with the redskins taught him that while people may be of

different color and of different races, they are all brothers underneath and have human feelings of right and wrong. They all suffer or rejoice alike. This may account for the interest he took in various foreign peoples later.

A visit the next summer to relatives in a distant part of the state prevented his resuming his Indian play, but in this new land he found many strange rocks which he and his mother gathered. He was anxious to find out their names. But where did they know all that?

"As soon as thee is old enough," his mother one day said to this ambitious nine-year-old student, "if thee works well in school, thee shall go to a university."

But when he was less than ten, his beloved mother died from a cold taken while she was away speaking in a neighboring Friends church. Fortunately there were a number of relatives, and the children were divided up among them. Herbert went to live with an uncle, who had a son about the boy's age. Another uncle gave him a little blank book as a final gift and asked him to put down in the book all money that he earned and also how he spent it. That book with its advice became one of his most important possessions in life. It taught him to be systematic and also to be careful with his money. He was always ashamed to put down what he had spent for foolish things. One could wish that every lad had as thoughtful an uncle in choosing gifts. If the book was as faithfully kept as Bertie always kept his, there might be fewer needy people when they reached old age than we now see about us.

On the farm he did hard work, riding on a mowing machine seat, following a cultivator in plowing corn and helping with the harvest. In the winter months he went to the country school with his cousin. The hard work made him decide not to be a farmer. He wanted things of his own and spent some little time in making a mowing machine out of some old wheels and a saw. To it he harnessed a calf, and with the machine he started for the meadow to cut the grass. But the lines broke, the calf ran away and the machine was wrecked against an apple tree. He did not cry or get mad. He simply said, as he did many times in later life when he got the worst of anything, "Well, that's ended." One must learn in life to be a good loser. All in all, the year spent with this uncle was very pleasant.

When he was eleven an offer came from another uncle to take the boy. This uncle had left Iowa to become a missionary among the Indians away out on the Pacific coast, and was now head of a new academy in the far-off state of Oregon. While Bertie was sorry to leave the relatives he now loved, the change would mean a chance at a better education in the academy than the country school. Perhaps the map in your geography will show Davenport, Iowa. The village of West Branch, near which he was now living, was about forty miles northwest of that city. Also you can find Portland, Oregon. His new home would be about the same distance southwest of that city and near the Willamette River. By thinking of the distance between the two places you will see what

a train journey the boy had to take. He went with a neighbor who happened to be going to the same place. They were days and days crossing the broad Great Plains and Rocky Mountains. They slept in the day coaches and ate from a box of food they carried with them. At last they reached Portland and then took a boat up the Willamette River to a landing, from which they rode in an open wagon behind Uncle John's fast horses to Newburg, a village of a few log houses gathered about the new academy. There the neighbor left him.

Bertie could not remember having seen Uncle John before he left Iowa. He found him to be rather a stern but kind man and Aunt Laura a busy woman, looking after the hundred students who boarded and lodged at the academy. He soon found that Uncle John believed in everybody earning his way in the world, but Bert, as he began to be called, was glad to think himself a man now that he was earning his board by taking care of the horses. He did not care for horses and refused to learn to ride, much to the disgust of Uncle John, who was very fond of them. To the students he was a round faced, rather stocky boy, who had little to say and did lots of thinking.

When he was thirteen, Uncle John decided to leave the academy to others and go to Salem to engage in business. Bert did not know what to do. He looked at his little account book, but he had not enough money to stay in school. Uncle John offered him a job in the city office and Bert had to take it, although the two did not

agree any more. As a final task to take down his high spirit, Uncle John made the boy drive the horse and cow all the way to Salem when they moved. The work in the office in the city was hard for a boy of thirteen. He had to cut wood and do chores for the house and then hurry to the office, where he swept the floor and sidewalk, dusted the furniture and opened the mail. In a week he was put in charge of the advertising work and soon was a general "handy-man" about the office. He always knew where anything was. Also, he made suggestions to the land company which were valuable. He was constantly studying at night, getting prepared to enter some college.

All this time he had been learning as much practical mining engineering as he could get from the Oregon miners whom he met. He still collected peculiar and unknown rocks. When he was seventeen his book showed that he had eight hundred dollars saved up. He chose to enter the new Leland Stanford, Jr., University just being opened in central California. A good course in mining was offered here. He lacked certain studies for entrance and made them up before the college opened. On his way to college he slept, for the first time, in a Pullman car and ate in a dining-car. He was the first student to sleep in the unfinished college dormitories at Stanford.

Three years he spent in the university studying geology and as little else as he could, breaking rocks, exploring all the adjacent mountains and foothills for new specimens, and trying to get student matters on a good basis. He devoted himself so closely to his special

study that he failed in some others. He secured work in the summer vacations on the geological survey of the minerals of the state and also had a laundry agency. He first repaid the money which had been loaned to him by a good friend when he had lost his mother and his home. He took no part in the university athletics, which were just beginning to be developed; but he was treasurer and he watched carefully how the money was spent. To pay for a ticket to the graduation dance he had to borrow money, but he was to take a freshman girl who was interested in geology and in whom he was to be greatly interested later in life.

A few weeks after graduation and he was away up in the mountains riding a pony, occasionally dismounting to knock off a corner of rock with a hammer and to put the specimen in a leather pouch over his shoulder. It was an autumn of hard work, sleeping in dirty hotels and doing without the pleasures and sometimes even the necessities of life. But he was earning his own way, and as a geologist. By and by he turned to mining at various mines, where conditions were even harder than those of the life of a geologist. He preferred the geology, but there was more money in mining. At last came an offer to go to Australia to look after some mining properties at a salary of five thousand dollars a year. He had not supposed in his early days that there was that amount of money in the world. Also it meant travel and seeing the capitals of Europe on the way. His expenses would be paid; he would receive four hundred dollars

a month salary for which he had no use. He made arrangements with the college treasurer to pay this sum to four students as an aid to their education. It meant a hundred a month for each of them. They could pay it back at any convenient time later.

Eventually after much sightseeing he reached his new home in Australia, twenty miles from the western sea coast. He was only twenty-three and looked young, notwithstanding the drooping mustache on his upper lip. Everybody watched him eagerly as he began the almost hopeless task of untangling the mining company affairs and getting expenses down to a reasonable basis. He sent for some of his school friends to come out and help him and their presence cheered him up. He made money aside from his salary. Opportunity came and he left the company, and traveling three thousand miles of water and as much of land he was again in California.

He was on his way to a new job in China, but he stopped over ten days at the college, which was long enough to marry the freshman whom he had taken to the commencement dance. Then they were off to China, where he became chief engineer to the Chinese imperial bureau. A little more than a year of trying to straighten out the mining industries of China, as they had been scratched over, and of trying to introduce up-to-date methods and machinery, then came the Boxer rebellion of 1900, in which both Hoover and his wife saw some exciting times.

In the reorganization which followed later in China,

the native leaders soon saw that the best way to develop the natural resources of their country was to grant "concessions," or permits, to foreigners to come in and work the mines and give the country a proper share of the profits. Hoover saw the opportunity of being in among the foremost and sailed away to England, interviewed the members of the firm for which he worked in Australia, became a member of the firm and then proceeded to develop the mining interests in China for which he held concession. He was happy in returning to China with American and English machinery and men. He was working for himself and in an enterprise of which he was the organizer. Money for the venture was raised in Belgium. But through some complications with the Chinese government, the thing failed and Hoover left, declaring that he would never return to the Celestial Empire, as it is usually called. He was most sorry for the Belgians who had put their money into the venture. He blamed the loss upon the double-dealing of the Chinese.

At twenty-seven years of age this man, who had graduated only a few years before in the first class that ever came through Stanford University, was the highest paid mining engineer in the world. He was looking forward to the time when he would be worth half a million dollars and could leave the firm and do something for other people and for the good of the world. But in the midst of these bright dreams of doing what he had always wanted to do, the firm suddenly became bankrupt. One

of the members ran away with all the money. Twenty-eight years old and worse than penniless, because he felt obliged to pay the debts which the bankrupt firm owed. He was a partner. While in college he had often said that he would succeed, but in an honest way. He must now prove it.

Bravely he set out to rebuild the reputation and credit of the firm, for he was the only member at that time in London. Four years of ceaseless toil, traveling everywhere, and the old firm, or rather the new one built on the ruins of the old, was becoming favorably known around the world. Two children had been born to the Hoovers, the one named after himself and the other after that Uncle Allan who had taken the little Bertie into his home in Iowa after the mother's death. The family went with the busy mining engineer in all his wanderings. The oldest child had been twice around the world before he was a year old. At last the old firm was on its feet, the debts paid, and Hoover was ready to leave it and start a company of his own. He took a fine place in London known as "Red House" and settled down to entertaining all Americans who came that way. But he could not get over his old idea of doing something for the world rather than making money or settling down to enjoy it.

In 1914 he was in San Francisco and found the managers of the coming Pacific-Panama Exposition in despair. They were proposing to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal by a great display of the products

of the world and they could not get the European nations interested because of the chances of war in Europe. Hoover was the man for the task, and he agreed to hurry back and work up an interest among the European nations. But by the time he reached London the World War had begun. London was like a madhouse, full of Americans trying to reach home. The first week at home Hoover loaned fifty thousand dollars to get people across the Atlantic. The banks would no longer take their checks or drafts. There was no organized effort in this work. He set himself the task of organizing and managing a relief society for these foreigners who were stranded in Europe. He raised two hundred thousand dollars, the United States sent over a quarter of a million, headquarters were opened on an entire floor rented in one of the most fashionable hotels in London, and before the winter was far gone over a hundred thousand Americans had sailed for their homes.

The big, soft voiced, hard eyed mining engineer, who spoke softly but always carried a big stick inside to enforce his authority, who had been trained in a world-wide experience to think of things in large proportion, and who was accustomed to handling large numbers of men, had at last found a chance to do something for others. His own fortune was going to smash with others in England, but nothing could be done until the war was over. Just across the narrow English Channel waters lay a land in which he had become interested in connection with the Chinese concessions company. Belgium

was invaded through no fault of her own, her women and children were starving, and the big heart of Herbert Hoover could not resist the appeal. In little Belgium were seven million people who in peace times brought in more than half their food, and who were now under a blockade of war and were allowed to bring in only a little. Germany would agree to having food brought into the part of Belgium she held only on condition that the food be brought in by Americans, who were not in the war. Hoover was the man to do it.

For two days he considered the matter, then said in his business way, "Well, I guess my fortune must go to blazes. I'm going into the world's biggest grocery job where every sale is charged off to charity." In two months a stream of food was pouring into Belgium, and also soon into northern France because there were a half million more mouths to feed there in the territory seized by the Germans. Twelve million dollars a month were spent and no bond or anything required to be sure it was not used wrongly except the word of honest Herbert Hoover. While he at times boiled inwardly with wrath at the manner in which his authority was disputed by German officers and his supplies put aside to rot in warehouses, he was always calm and quiet on the outside. It was hard to get mad at him because he never got mad at you. A hundred trips he made across the Channel in a darkened torpedo boat, always in danger from shot or mines; but the hardest thing he found to do was to escape the thankful people of Belgium and France.

However far he traveled, he was always an American. Now his country had come into the World War and needed him. Matters had settled down in Belgium and France and the relief was not so urgently needed. Business matters in America were in a chaos. We had grown so accustomed to making money that we did not know when to stop and were unwilling to cut our expenses down so as to meet the fearful expenses of the war into which we were plunged. We wasted enough food to supply a good sized army. President Wilson needed someone to look out for the food of the people while we were in war. The army as well as the people must be fed, and many men would be taken away from farm labor to serve in the army.

Congress passed a law in August, 1917, giving Wilson the power, and Hoover came over and assumed control of all the food supply of a hundred million Americans. The English food control sent word that unless he sent over seventy-five million bushels of wheat in addition to that already sent over, there would not be enough food in Europe to win the war. By July Hoover had sent over eighty-five million instead of the seventy-five asked for.

What caused the shortage of food? The withdrawal of millions of farmers and farm-workers to become soldiers, the destruction for four years of all crops in the fighting districts, and the loss of grain by the submarine warfare on grain vessels crossing the ocean were the chief causes. The situation was serious when Hoover took control, be-

cause we had always had food and no control of it by government. How would the people take this interference?

Hoover put out millions of posters telling how grave was the food situation and begging everyone to save and to plant gardens. Food committees were organized everywhere. Patriotic feeling ran high. The arrests were few. The people began to save and the food was sent to Europe and aided the soldiers in winning the war. Even after the war was ended, Europe was threatened with a famine and Hoover became the head of a commission to feed that famished land. What a worker he was! But he always saved Sundays for his family.

On Sunday after church the family climbed into the motor car and were whirled away into the country near Washington, usually choosing a shady spot beside a brook. While the mother spread out the picnic luncheon, the boys and the father built a wonderful dam in the stream with locks and canals and power houses and high power lines on poles to carry the electricity to the cities where it was to be used. It was mostly imaginary, but the boys learned some principles of engineering. And it was great fun to see this father, whom they rarely met during the week, with his shoes and stockings off and trousers and shirt sleeves rolled up, plastering mud about the stones of the engineering works. This sport they varied by running tunnels into the bank and pretending they were the Sons of Gwalia mines or Aroya or those at Coolgardie or Cueor or elsewhere in west Australia where their big father had worked.

Why not leave this big man, who looks so much like a big boy, at play with his boys in the little brook somewhere around the capital city of the government? Why tell how he afterward became a member of the cabinet of a President of the United States or how many people wanted to make him the President? So we look backward through the woods to see the father after dinner lying with his head in Mrs. Hoover's lap, sound asleep and forgetful of the countless problems he must face the next day. The boys, ever mindful of their playfellow, have gone farther down the stream to play so that they will not waken him. Cannot you see more in this picture? It is of a man who leaves money-making to give his service to his people of the world; a modest American of whom one often hears but whom few see; and a man whose name is spoken in the broken tongues of many nations but always with gratitude.

Suggested Questions: What qualities in Hoover have served him best? Tell briefly the facts about his marriage. Why should a boy or girl yield to the promptings of his or her likes or dislikes in life's work? What taste did Hoover show in boyhood?

Suggested Essay Topics: Life in an Iowa Quaker settlement. Playing Indian in a wickiup. The best thing that Herbert Hoover has done.

Suggested Question for Debate: Resolved, That Hoover, as a geologist, might have done more good to the world than Hoover, the food regulator.

THE SICKLY BOY AND THE POPULAR PRESIDENT

“Some day you may be President of the United States” is what many boys have had said to them, yet few can ever do it. To become President a man must have courage, must stick to it and must have ability. There is a large amount of so-called “luck” in being just the right man at the right moment, but there is a larger degree of worth and honesty. One thing is always necessary, and that is personality or a winning manner of making friends.

Some boys would have to overcome tremendous handicaps, but many have done it. Unknown parents and poverty are no barriers to a boy becoming President. Andrew Jackson was a poor boy “bound out” to service; Abraham Lincoln split rails on a farm to pay his board; James A. Garfield drove horses to draw a boat on a canal; and Ulysses Grant worked in a tanyard. Indeed, wealth and family are likely to prove obstacles to political success; they are associated with aristocracy. Yet one President, one of the most popular, was born in the great city of New York of moderately wealthy parents. He was weak and sickly in his youth; he had a stammering speech; he had very weak eyes; yet he overcame all these handicaps and, as “Teddy” Roosevelt, came as near being the idol of the people as any President we have had.



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, 1858-1919

Waiting for the crowd to quiet. Such crowds were quite familiar to him.

Theodore, which was his real name, was troubled as a boy with a disease affecting the throat and nose. It was called "asthma." Sitting in his high chair and breathing with difficulty, it seemed most unlikely that he would ever reach manhood; but fortunately his father was able to do everything possible for him, and the boy early showed a determination to overcome the disease. The father built him a private gymnasium at the back of the house in which they lived in New York City, and there the boy exercised by the hour, developing his muscles and strengthening his lungs and throat. No doubt other boys came around to try this wonderful play place, but "Teedie," as his parents lovingly nicknamed him, was often lonesome, because a boy in a great city can have no such playmates as one can in a small town. He had teachers to aid him and was especially fond of boxing. Possibly a boy would come in occasionally to box, but he soon found his boxing inferior to the skill of this boy who had to take off his glasses to box and would be supposed to be an easy mark. In later life, Roosevelt said that the usual result when he boxed with a really first-class man was that he "got thoroughly pounded." It's a fine thing to take a licking and keep one's temper. That's what boxing does for a boy.

What fun he missed in not living in the country, you say. But his father had a summer home out on Long Island overlooking Buzzards Bay, and there the family went every summer to avoid the heat of the city. It was a delight to have the day come when the family

moved out in the country, where this city boy could pursue the study of birds, animals, and insects which he had begun while still an invalid in the city. Once when he was only seven years old he was reading about the habits of different kinds of frogs. The author, in writing of one kind, said: "The foregoing frog has peculiar habits." Little "Teedie" misunderstood the word "foregoing" and wrote an essay on this kind of frog which he thought could travel fast because he was "four-going." The family was careful not to laugh at the little chap, because it might discourage him in his studying and learning to write essays. In later life he became almost an authority on animal life.

Notwithstanding his love for scientific studies, he faithfully studied Greek and Latin under his tutors and masters. His motto always was: "Studies first." He developed a systematic way of doing all his tasks, realizing how much time we waste in not doing things orderly and keeping things in their right places. All this time he kept up his exercise, because he was determined to grow up a strong man from a puny boy.

So well did he do in his studies that the roll of Harvard College, in 1877, showed the name of Theodore Roosevelt as a student. In college he was never at the head of the class because he had to devote so much time to building up his body. He took an active part in boxing, wrestling and running contests, although, as he says, he knew that he could never win because he was not strong enough. But he was entered in a higher contest—to get

strong for whatever work awaited him in life. He kept up his play, although he never made a team or won a medal or was given a prize. How many of us would have the will power to keep on and be made fun of under such conditions?

By the time he was half through college he knew that he had won his first victory over his physical handicap—he was getting strong and the asthma was gone. His eyes would always be weak, although he could remedy his poor sight by wearing thick nose glasses. As the time for him to graduate from college drew near, he had to decide what he intended to do in life, what profession to follow. With the money which he would inherit in time, he would be a man not very rich, but with means enough to spend his life in ease and pleasure, if he wished, in the great city of New York and on Long Island. Law and the medicine seemed to have no attraction for him. While he was trying to decide what to do, his vacations spent with strong men on the ranches of the West seemed to decide for him.

“The West” had always been attractive to courageous spirits ever since the days when Daniel Boone crossed the Alleghanies from Virginia to explore the woods of Kentucky, and Henry Clay later moved across into the same state to practice law. Thousands of people moved West and created new states, until by the time Roosevelt graduated from Harvard, civilization had covered all the land with states as far west as Kansas and Nebraska. People were filling up the territory of the Dakotas,

now known as North and South Dakota. It was the land of cowboys, vast cattle ranges, Indians and round-ups such as you now see only in the moving pictures. The climate was dry and the outdoor life, so Roosevelt hoped, would complete the building up of his body.

Many summers he spent on the western ranches, learning to ride all kinds of horses and to hunt all kinds of game. His weak eyes troubled him in seeing game at a distance and in aiming his rifle. These defects he could partly overcome by using his thick eye-glasses. He made hundreds of friends among the cowboys because he dressed as they did, acted as they did, and lived their life. You could never have told that he was a well-to-do young New Yorker. When later, during the Spanish-American War, he raised a regiment of his own and served with it in the United States army, many of his former comrades from the ranches joined him, bringing others of the same kind, so that the regiment became known as "Roosevelt's Rough Riders." When off duty they spoke to him as "the Colonel," and he responded, "Hello, Bill," or "Buddy," or "Red," as their names or nicknames might be.

On the Plains he grew fond of horseback riding and found it excellent for his health. He loved horses as few men do and appreciated their good qualities. That was the reason why he taught everyone of his children to ride and to take fences and ditches on the jump. He always rewarded his own horse when it did an unusual jump by giving it a lump of sugar. In one of his letters to a son

in school, he describes how the horse would turn its head around to get the sugar when it had jumped especially well, or at least thought it had.

While in college he had frequently said that he would never go into politics; but mixing with the common men of the border, where worth counted more than birth, and getting a glimpse of what America in all its vastness meant, he was elected to the New York state legislature only one year after he was graduated from Harvard and when he was only twenty-three years old. He soon saw so many things that needed to be set right in our American public life, and the lack of men who had the money to go into politics for the good they could do the people and not for what they could get out of it, that he resolved to undertake the battle for the rights of the people, a battle in which he was a leader of his party for the next forty years.

One early contest was brought about by his effort to impeach and remove a judge, who he thought was using his office to protect a wealthy stock gambler. He failed, but showed the results of his boxing training by accepting the defeat good naturedly and getting after the next thing that came along which should be righted. It was to get a law passed forbidding the manufacture of cigars in private houses where often there might be contagious diseases. In this he also failed, but later it was passed.

He never gave up to defeat or became discouraged. He remembered how once on the upper Missouri River he was floating down several hundred miles, shooting ducks

and camping out at night. One day some thieves stole his boat and all his provisions. He immediately got a deputy sheriff, and, with more provisions, they chased the rascals over three hundred miles down the river and captured and arrested three of them and sent them to court to be punished.

How through his own efforts this poor, sickly boy rose in politics from one office to another, member of the Civil Service Commission of the United States, Police Commissioner for the city of New York, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Governor of New York, Vice-President of the United States, and finally President of the United States, you can read in some other book. Always he used his office for the public good and not for his private gain. America is fortunate in having even a few men of wealth who will go into politics and who cannot be tempted by a roll of bills. They give freely of their time to standing guard over the people's rights.

One of the greatest things President Roosevelt did for America may be traced directly to the experience of his life on the ranches. There he realized what a great wealth the Lord has given to our country in her forests, her streams, her fish, and her waterfalls. He loved these natural resources and was angry with any man who would waste or destroy them. He saw the forests being gradually destroyed both by cutting and by forest fires, and that we must soon begin buying common lumber from other countries. This would mean higher prices for material to make our houses, agricultural implements,

barns, fences and the countless other things for which lumber is used. That would be a burden for all the people to bear.

The fish were being killed by thousands through factories and mines fouling the streams by discharging their waste into the waters. Even the streams were slowly drying up because the millions of tiny reservoirs about the tree roots were destroyed when the trees were cut from the hill and mountain sides. This left the water and melted snow to rush down the barren sides and do serious damage to the towns along the rivers below in an annual "flood."

In the water power to be developed from the falls and rapids in the various rivers and streams, Roosevelt saw the benefits to be derived by the people when coal and wood, the present chief sources of steam power, should be exhausted. We must have power to run our trolley cars, keep the machinery in our mills going and to make light for our houses and streets. Large corporations or bodies of men with money thought that the falls and rapids should be given over to them to harness and then to sell the power to the people. Roosevelt wanted the government to do this and so keep down the price of light and power.

His whole plans of keeping or conserving these gifts of the Creator for the benefit of the people became known as our "national conservation system." It included keeping those wonderful creations in the West, such as Yellowstone Park, as playgrounds for the people. He

was able to arouse public interest in these matters and to accomplish much, but not nearly all of what he wished. But the work is still going on.

He taught himself to write books and to make speeches, although, as I have said before, he had no natural talent for either. He was fond of thinking out expressive sentences and phrases, many of which were added permanently to American speech. When he wished to say that it should be our national policy to be gentle but at the same time to be prepared for any danger that might suddenly come upon us, he made this sentence: "Speak softly, but carry a big stick." When a man asked him one fine day how he felt, he said: "Just like a bull moose," referring to the antlered monarchs of the North woods. The term stuck in the mind of the public, and when later a rebellious faction, headed by Roosevelt, broke off from his political party, it called itself the "Bull Moose party." When Roosevelt felt unusually good he said he felt "bully." When he was introduced to a stranger, he would usually bow, offer his hand, smile and exclaim, "Dee-light-ed."

Many of his sayings will long remain in the American mind. For instance, can you put a well-known truth more strongly than this? "Unless this country can be made a good place for *all* of us to live in, it won't be a good place for *any* of us to live in." To emphasize the fact that although he was a party man, he put country above men, he said: "You ask what man I am for. I'm not for *any* man; I'm for the United States of America!"

He had a power of saying severe things, but was never vulgar. He despised those foreigners who did not become full-fledged "Americans" on coming here to stay, but called themselves "German-Americans" or "British-Americans." The hyphen in these names made them, as they said, citizens of both countries; but Roosevelt called them "hyphenated Americans," and the term stuck to them. He wanted us all to be Americans and clean Americans. When a man hunted up some scandal to tell about an opponent, Roosevelt called such man a "muck-raker." When he wanted justice done, he called for "a square deal." When a man told a falsehood, Roosevelt put him in "the Ananias club." A lie he called "that short, ugly word."

Small wonder, when a man struck so near to the ideas and ideals of the American people, that a crowd would go nearly wild with delight when "Teddy," as they called him, would swing his old felt hat about his head, show all his teeth in a grin and make each person feel that he was particularly glad to see him. That is what we know little about but call "personal magnetism." As a city boy he had it probably only to a limited degree, but he cultivated it by mingling with scholarly New Yorkers one week and with cowboys on the ranch the next.

Serious minded as he was in public matters, he could always see the funny side of things. He laughed over a letter from one of his former comrades in the Rough Riders who still lived the rather rough life of the West.

"Dear Colonel," he wrote, "I'm in trouble. I shot a lady in the eye but I did not intend to hit the lady. I was only shooting at my wife." Roosevelt had very prominent front teeth, but was not sensitive about them. He laughed over a story told in one of Mr. Dooley's writings. Mr. Dunn, the author, said that Roosevelt went once to a theater to speak, but could not get in for the crowd. "Well," said Dooley, "what did he do? Nawthun' but simply bite his way through that crowd." He despised shams and false pretense, and had not much love for the title of kings. Once when he was in England the king of that country called upon him. He should have been highly flattered, but he chanced to be writing an essay and, being interrupted, said in anger: "Confound these kings! Will they never let me alone?" Especially was he pleased with a story of the anger of an Austrian general traveling in a private car because the prince of a small Balkan state attached his private car to the train back of the private car of the general. But the latter got even with the prince a few hours later when the dining-car was put into the train near the locomotive. He would not let the prince go through his car to get dinner. Silly ideas of rank, Roosevelt said.

Roosevelt had several children, and he was especially fond of them. He was a child with them, but very firm for truth and for kind treatment of their horses and animals. To aid in teaching them to swim in the bay near the Long Island home, he had a floating raft made from which they could dive. Some of the little ones

showed fear of being made to plunge in the water from the raft, so he organized a game of "crack the whip" on the raft. It must happen that those near the end would be hurled violently into the water. "I was always careful," he said, "to be sure that the number of heads that came up corresponded with the number of children who had gone down under the water."

Perhaps your library has a copy of a book which contains many letters written by Roosevelt to his different children, chiefly when they were away at school. He drew comic pictures of the things he was writing to them about and scattered the pictures through the writing. Perhaps you would be interested in reading one of these letters describing a Christmas celebration at the White House while he was President. I think the Roosevelt family had a Christmas worth remembering.

"Yesterday morning at a quarter of seven," he writes, "all the children were up and dressed and began to hammer at the door of their mother's and my room, in which their six stockings, all bulging out with queer angles and protuberances, were hanging from the fireplace. So their mother and I got up, shut the windows, lit the fire, taking down the stockings, of course, put on our wrappers and prepared to admit the children. But first there was a surprise for me; also one for the good mother; for Archie had a little tree of his own which he had rigged up with the help of one of the carpenters in a big closet, and we all had to look at the tree and each of us got a present off of it. There was also one present

each for Jack the dog, Tom Quartz the kitten, and Algonquin the pony, whom Archie would no more think of neglecting than I would neglect his brothers and sisters.

“Then all the children came in to our bed and there opened their stockings. Afterwards we got dressed and took breakfast, and then all went into the library where each child had a table set for the bigger presents. Quentin had a perfectly delightful electric road, which had been rigged up for him by one of his friends, a White House electrician, who has been very good to all the children.”

Roosevelt was always natural wherever he was. He hated trying to put on airs. Sometimes Mrs. Roosevelt must have been a little shocked at one of her stylish garden parties in the White House grounds when President Roosevelt would hurry in, dressed in riding clothes from a horseback ride out in the country. The stylish clothes of the rest made no difference to him as he greeted the guests. When people called to see him at his White House office, they were likely to find him in tennis flannels, wet with perspiration, because he had just come in from a game with some of his close associates.

Once a party waited a few minutes for him to finish a game, but instead of taking a bath and changing his flannels for a proper business suit or “presidential togs,” as he called them, he hurried in as he was and no doubt shocked them by discussing an important matter while he sat on his desk and whirled his tennis racket and swung his feet. The cabinet had been served with tea in the

office, and every little bit, Roosevelt would jump down from the desk and pick up a cracker or empty a teacup if there were any tea left in it, until he had cleared the table. And all the time he discussed the matter to which the visitors had called his attention.

Such is a brief history of the life of the most striking and picturesque President we ever had, unless, perhaps, it was Jackson or Lincoln. I have not time to tell you of the many things he accomplished as President, nor the many battles he fought, sometimes winning and sometimes losing, but always standing for what he thought was the right. The point I am anxious for you to remember is that he overcame the obstacle of inherited wealth and gave himself up to the service of the people; that he overcame the obstacle of a sickly childhood and turned it into a vigorous manhood; that he overcame the obstacle of a stammering tongue and made himself a forceful and ready speaker; and that he trained himself by his own efforts to write and left over twenty worth-while books and hundreds of editorials, pamphlets and articles for future generations to read. Also, I would have you remember that he sacrificed his personal pleasure and time for the sake of his country and the happiness of its people; that he was always for the United States of America.

Suggested Questions: What qualities should a President have? What do we mean by "conservation of our national resources"? How did Roosevelt get the idea? What qualities in Roosevelt do you admire? What difficulties did he overcome?

Suggested Essay Topics: Tell about Roosevelt and his children. Imagine a day with Roosevelt on the ranch in North Dakota.



WOODROW WILSON, 1856 —

Reading a Paper to the Peace Conference in the Hall of Mirrors, Versailles, France.

A SCHOOLMASTER TEACHES THE WORLD

Martin Luther was a preacher; Napoleon was a soldier; Gladstone was a statesman; Lincoln was a lawyer; and so the list goes on with rarely a teacher included. It remained for the twentieth century, in which we live, to bring out a schoolmaster who was a leader of men not only in his own country but in the new councils of the world. He spoke words of wisdom that drew all people together in the most unselfish vision for peace and happiness of the world that the brain of man has ever thought out. That it still lives but failed in the United States, because the Senate leaders of our own country would not join in, does not take away his credit as leader nor does it lessen his high ideals for the good of the world.

Where did Woodrow Wilson first get his ideas of leadership? How did he become a teacher? Did the fact that he had been a teacher help him when he assumed the presidency of the United States?

You will probably be weary with so much of "heredity" and "environment" in the outlines of the lives of people who have made themselves what they are and who have done what they set out to do or what they thought God wanted them to do. But these two important words cover nearly all the laws which learned men

say have decidedly influenced children as they grow into manhood or into womanhood. Heredity covers the traits that one inherits from his ancestors, not alone his father and mother, but grandfather and grandmother, great-grandfather and great-grandmother, away back through generation after generation.

Environment is the influence of surroundings on children while they are forming their life habits. The nursery-man makes use of this law when he is careful not to plant a pumpkin vine near a muskmelon vine for fear the former will injure the taste of the latter. Parents use this law when they take their children to hear good music and to keep them away from evil influences. Even in the schoolroom and school hallways we place good pictures to cultivate a taste for art and for the beautiful.

Woodrow Wilson was peculiarly the product of these two laws, and he himself believed in this power for good and for evil in every life. He came from Scotch and Scotch-Irish stock, perhaps the most vigorous physically, the most alert mentally, and the most robust morally of all those that have mingled in the shaping of American character. He was born in Staunton, Virginia, but when the boy was two years old his father moved to Augusta, Georgia. Here he had the influence of the warm-hearted, impulsive people of the South; also of a strong intellectual father who was almost constantly with him and gave him the benefit of his experience and wisdom.

The father was a Presbyterian preacher and teacher.

These two professions were often joined in those days. A man taught during the first five days of the week and preached on Sunday. Or he taught a few years and then preached a few years, as his wish or opportunity might determine. The father thus had an interest in educating all boys and girls; but naturally he took more interest in the education of his own child and gave more time to the boy than most children receive from their fathers. The two were accustomed to take long walks together daily, while the father tried to arouse the boy to the wonders of nature. He pointed out the spider's equally divided web as it hung between the branches of small trees, picked out by the sun shining on the dew on every little thread; he called attention to the different colors in the soil as showing fitness for different kinds of crops; he explained the magic which changed the green leaves of trees to red in the October sunshine; and he told why the water crept up his handkerchief when one corner was held in the brook. Thus the little fellow learned easily what he would have had difficulty in gaining alone.

When the father and son chose to rest in the shade of a tree and the boy began to read from some worthwhile book which they had brought with them, there was no difficulty in holding his attention. Perhaps it was Irving's Sketch Book and the boy plunged with delight into the quaint legends of the early Dutch settlers living along the Hudson River. Or it might be a history of the ancient governments; of Babylon, of Greece, of Rome; how they arose and why they perished. Many

discussions between the two turned the boy's mind toward the problems of directing governments, of considering their forms and organizations, and which kind was best for the people—not for the rulers. Perhaps here the boy got that intense love for the rule of the people in all things. It was not a foolish fancy that whatever a people do is right, but a sane idea that all government is founded of the people, by the people and for the people. The people may make mistakes sometimes, but if they do it is usually because they are misled.

The father helped the boy to understand all forms of government which the mind of man had devised, from the old family government of the Bible down to modern government of the people in a "democracy." The Greeks gave us this word, which is made up of two Greek words, "*demos*," or people, and "*krateo*," to rule. In English, therefore it is "the rule of the people."

Little did this preacher-teacher father or little "Tommy," as he was called, suppose that the boy would one day he called "the Savior of the World's Democracy." I called him Tommy because the full name his parents gave him was Thomas Woodrow Wilson. Woodrow was his mother's name before she married his father, and the boy was proud to bear his mother's name; but anybody could be named Thomas. This he did not like, so he resolved suddenly to drop the "Thomas" part of his name and to be known as "Woodrow Wilson." This matter he decided for himself before going to college.

Under such favorable conditions for gaining a sound education, the boy advanced rapidly in his studies in a private school in Augusta kept by a man named Professor Derry. They had no public schools at that time with fine buildings. The Augusta school was held in a room over the postoffice. Yet it was good enough for such a scholar as young Wilson, because he wanted to study. Being busy, he usually escaped the long, slender cane which the master kept for boys of tricks or for those who were lazy. However, some of their number found that they could go out into the cotton field and gather cotton and line their clothing in such a way as to dull the effect of the whistling cane and the muscles of the teacher's right arm.

As a boy Wilson was fond of swimming and taking tramps, but he did not engage in sports as much as the average boy does because he had rather spend his time in reading. Yet he was among the crowd of boys who watched a curious thing in Augusta. A company had men engaged in building a railroad right through the middle of the principal streets. Of course they could not run locomotives through the street because of frightening the horses, but it was said that they would have the cars pulled by horses. At last the rails were laid in the streets and the little cars appeared, each drawn by a mule, and having bright colored lamps on the front and back ends of the cars. The larger boys twisted up a pinch of gunpowder in a bit of paper and put it on the tracks, where it exploded with some noise. This made

the mule jump and caused the boys great fun when the wheels passed over it. The smaller boys placed two crossed pins on the track which the wheels mashed into what they called "scissors." After a while these "street" cars became too common to be interesting, but no doubt young Wilson and his companions found other forms of amusement.

Back of this was another time which the boy remembered, although not so happily. When he was five years old, Georgia and other southern states made their disastrous attempt to withdraw from the Union, and he was ten when the war closed with their defeat. The city of Augusta in which he lived was not in the region of the fighting, but it had one scare, and that was near the close of hostilities when General Sherman made his famous destructive march from Atlanta to the sea. It was said that he was coming through Augusta and the few men that remained in town, mostly old men, brought out what arms they had and marched out to the edge of the city and camped there all night, waiting for the Union troops to appear. They could have done little against a larger force, but they were anxious to defend their town. Later in the morning they learned that Sherman had taken another direction. The eight-year-old Wilson boy had put in an anxious night.

He spent much of his time alone and invented what might be called "plays of imagination." That is, he would imagine himself some person and would do precisely as he thought that person would do. It required

no little work. Once for a long time he played that he had been appointed as an admiral in the United States navy and had been especially sent to the south Pacific Ocean to break up a pirate band which had an unknown home in that region. Vessels passing through that part of the seas would disappear and the only explanation was that they had been captured by this piratical band.

The admiral wrote out a daily report of the doings of his fleet, which he was supposed to transmit officially to the United States Secretary of the Navy. He spent much time in writing these daily reports, just as if they were real. At last, in one report, he told how the fleet had sighted a low, rakish vessel which fled when hailed. The fleet took after her, but when she approached a rocky island she suddenly disappeared. The fleet sailed around the island, but there seemed to be no break in the lofty cliffs bounding the island on all sides. At last a cutter found a small opening in the rocks, and passing through it the commander was surprised to find himself in a snug harbor where were lying many pirate vessels and the dismantled hulks of many other merchant ships they had captured. Of course the "blue jackets" disposed of the pirates in short order. Whether the Secretary of the Navy decorated the brave admiral or not, one cannot say. There is no record of it in Washington. I wonder, in such games, whether little Tommy Wilson ever played that he was the President of these United States.

The admiral game lasted many weeks, if not months, and it must have been a splendid practice for the boy in

composition. It was most exactly done, and he was as careful as if it had been a school composition for which he would get school credit. In later life even his political enemies had to acknowledge that his executive papers and public speeches were clear, and that he could always make people understand what he was trying to tell them. Who shall say that in putting such play into his mind Providence was not preparing the admiral of the imaginary fleet to be some day Commander-in-Chief of the United States army and navy during a border warfare with Mexico and a World War, the greatest ever seen by man? So careful was the boy of his composition and so much did he write during his younger days that he taught himself to use shorthand and became quite proficient.

Probably he had in mind his early games when he said as President: "I always try to keep my imagination ahead of the facts." He meant that it is a wise thing to be able to imagine what will happen next and to prepare yourself to face the situation. He many, many times found himself in that position and was obliged to depend solely upon his imagination and his reasoning to tell him what was best to be done. About all any of us can do is to go ahead and trust that what we are doing will prepare us for what is to be done by us in life. That is the one great lesson to be drawn from this man's life.

At last Woodrow, as we must now learn to call him, was ready to enter a college. His parents were Presbyterians and quite naturally wished him to enter a college of that denomination. Most of the colleges at that time

were connected in some way with a particular church. So they chose a small southern college, but Woodrow did not especially like the place. Perhaps he was secretly pleased and it was surely fortunate for his future career when he was taken sick and came home. When he was well again they consented to send him away up into the state of New Jersey to an old and well established college known as Princeton. Here he fell in with a much larger number of boys, and they seemed to bring him out. He played ball and went into debates, but always remembered that the first duty of a boy in school is to get his lessons. He learned to mingle with all sorts of boys from all sorts of homes. He made his best marks in composition and in the study of government. His school-mates concur in describing young Wilson as a fellow of dignity, yet perfectly democratic—a youth of unusual mental and moral maturity, a gentlemanly, well poised fellow, yet always full of life and interested in everything that was going on. He was popular—of that there can be no doubt. The young man had a certain charm of manner and sweetness of soul that forbade anybody's disliking him, although he was generally felt to be "a little above the crowd." He never belonged to a clique. He was a normal college boy, not a prig nor a "dig" nor a "grind," but a healthy, hearty, all-around chap, interested in everything that was going on, mingling with everybody and forming friendships that have endured. He had honors at graduation and was respected by even the loafers because of his keen mind and faithfulness.

Study with him was a pastime and the law was his chosen profession. Therefore he entered the University of Virginia law school and was graduated in 1881 when he was twenty-five years old. He chose to locate his law office in Atlanta, the capital of his state, but within two years gave up the practice of law and left Atlanta. Some say that he could not make a living at it; others that he became disgusted with the little men and their mean ways who were using the law not for justice between man and man, but to make money, that he resolved to make a living in some other way. Still another story is that he saw how law and politics were so closely connected that to be successful in the one you must go into both. He was disgusted with politics in Atlanta, although, perhaps, they were no worse than in the average American city, and he could not think of himself as taking part. In any event, he turned scholar again and entered what was at that time probably the place of highest education in America—Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore. There he made a special study of kinds of government and how government should be conducted as to its money matters, labor and all laws for the best interests of the people. One of his books, "The State," is still widely used in colleges. Had he known that he would one day be asked to conduct the affairs of the United States, he could not have chosen a better education for his work. He made a brilliant record as a student and was given, in 1885, the highest degree given by any American university—Doctor of Philosophy.

What next? Colleges offered him no further study; whatever he did further must be by private research and thought. Teaching offered such advantages with the demand upon the teacher that he must study to keep ahead of his classes. College teaching supplied always a library for his researches. Fortunately, just at this time, Bryn Mawr, a college for women near Philadelphia, needed a teacher of the economies of government and also history, which includes the science of government. He was recommended by Johns Hopkins University and began what was to be twenty-five years in the classroom with leisure to study; first at Bryn Mawr, then at Wesleyan in Connecticut, and finally at his alma mater—Princeton.

Some students are likened to a sponge—taking in everything and not giving anything out unless squeezed by the demands of the classroom. Professor Wilson was not that kind of a teacher. He was the first favorite, alike with his colleagues of the faculty and with the undergrads. They had at Princeton a way of voting at the end of each year for all possible sorts of “popular personages.” For a number of years Professor Wilson was voted the most popular professor. He was able, he was genial, he was active; a member of the faculty committee on outdoor sports, and of the faculty committee on discipline. In faculty meetings Mr. Wilson soon became one of those most attentively listened to. Though meetings were generally informal, occasionally there was a debate in which his quite remarkable powers showed at their best. While he was a student in Princeton and

only twenty-three years old, he had written a serious article for a leading magazine on one phase of the government of the United States. This article he now rewrote and enlarged into "Congressional Government." In view of his later experience with Congress, it would seem that here again he was preparing for his work in life.

Suddenly the people of the state of New Jersey, in which Princeton is located, decided that this quiet man who had made such an intensive study of government should be trusted to direct the government of their state. He had been for eight years president of Princeton University, and had shown backbone in opposing the influence of money in the government of a college. In the midst of the difference at Princeton his pen was busy, and he published another book called "Constitutional Government of the United States," and a little sermon addressed to the graduating class of 1908 on "The Free Life."

His fight as governor was for the masses against the bosses, or political leaders, who had long controlled the state. He won victory after victory and attracted the attention of the nation. In June, 1912, he was nominated for the presidency. The republican party was hopelessly split because it had two candidates nominated, Taft for the old guard and Roosevelt for the progressives, or independents. Woodrow Wilson was victorious and was placed in the position of a national leader. He was inaugurated President in 1913 and was re-elected and

inaugurated again in 1917. How he, a man of peace and a hater of war, was for nearly eight years confronted by danger of a war with Mexico, with China or with Japan, and was finally driven into the World War is too long a story to be told here.

As a man of peace he hoped to prevent future wars by forming all the peoples of the world into a League of Nations, which would prevent any one of them from beginning war on another. Immediately some of the Senate leaders cried out that this was a wild dream; war could never be stopped; and that to go into such a scheme with the nations of Europe would involve us in the endless succession of European wars. Thirty-seven United States senators even signed a paper called a "Round Robin" against the League of Nations before they knew what it was going to be. Nevertheless, President Wilson proceeded according to his conscience and went to Paris and helped make such a league. But he had to have the consent of Congress to make such laws as would enforce the league. His party had by this time lost control of the Senate which concurs in treaties, and the majority of the United States Senate refused to accept the league, while forty other nations joined it. Wilson resolved to go out and appeal to the people to support the league, but on the way was stricken suddenly by disease and for months lay in the White House under the care of physicians while the League of Nations, the crowning work of his life, was defeated for this country by the majority in the Senate.

As the years roll by and the last traces of party feeling and personal prejudice disappear, and men forget the small things and have memory only of the great ones that really matter, the country will correctly judge Mr. Wilson. A great and high place will undoubtedly be his among American statesmen.

“To falter at the supreme moment, to desert a cause through timidity or for selfish advantage—that is a blunder that has blighted many a high career. While Mr. Wilson never condemned individuals, he was lion hearted in defending and forwarding his great purposes. He found new courage as foes multiplied, fresh reserves of strength as their assaults grew fiercer, until at last he fell, grievously stricken, upon the very field of battle, giving the last hours of his manhood’s full strength and vitality to the American people in his effort to make them understand what his noble aspirations meant for them. It was a dark hour for the world’s millions when he faltered and fell. He might not have been able to accomplish all that he desired, yet we cannot but feel that, had he been spared to continue the struggle, his powers of appeal and his resources of leadership would have compelled quicker action and less suffering.”

Suggested Questions: Explain briefly the laws of heredity and environment. What is meant by the word “democracy”? Explain its derivation. Name some books that Woodrow Wilson wrote. For what did Woodrow Wilson stand?

Suggested Essay Topics: A day in the Georgia woods with young Woodrow and his father. Putting down the first street railway track in Augusta, Georgia. Qualities that fitted Woodrow Wilson for the presidency. What you have heard about the advantages and the objections to the League of Nations. Write your account of the great sea battle between the imagined admiral and the sea pirates.

THE KNOTTED ROPE

In the gymnasium you may have noticed a thick rope hanging idly from the roof to the floor, with knots tied in it at regular intervals from top to bottom. If you look at it seriously you will find that every knot in the rope is a challenge.

"I dare you," it says, "to climb me by using your hands only; by pulling yourself up foot by foot, using my knots to keep your hands from slipping down; drawing up the heavy weight of your body by your thin arms, and knowing all the time that you dare not let go your hold on the rope after you are up a little way. I dare you to try it. Come on, cowardly; I dare you."

Did you ever think that life is just like this rope? In front of you and of me and of everyone a long rope hangs down. The lower end hangs near the ground where we can reach it while we are yet young, and the other end goes away up among the beams and roof of life in what we call eternity. That is the knotted rope of effort in life.

Many people never see it, and we say they have no ambition; that they are just like the animals, content to eat and sleep and, at last, to roll over and die. Many people see the rope hanging down and hear the challenge, but they think climbing is too hard and we say they are

lazy and will never amount to anything in life. A few see the rope and have ambition and even energy to climb, but instead of depending upon their own effort they try to climb by using the shoulders of others; by attempting to tie more knots in the rope to make the ascent easier; or by putting the glue of trickery on their hands to get a tighter hold than the others. These we call tricksters, dishonest climbers, and "get-rich-quick" men and women.

If you have read all the stories in this book, you must be convinced that the people described drew themselves up the knotted rope of life to fame simply by using their own hands and their own efforts. There is not a dishonest climber or a trickster among them; if so, it is doubtful that they could have climbed so far, for dishonest climbing is usually found out in the long run. And you know that they began at the lowest knot of the rope. Can you think of anyone born under more unfavorable conditions in life than Hoover, or Garland, or Anna Shaw? Can you think of any person having worse "luck" than did Edison in slipping down the rope of life when he was kicked out of his baggage car laboratory and made deaf in his later life? What about Ford with his car invented and running and yet without capital enough to build one for sale? If I mention a case with which you are not familiar, I do hope that you will at once turn back in the book and read the sketch again. Then you will have climbed over two knots—a poor memory and carelessness in memory habit.

Sometimes you hear it said that many people let go

their hold and slip down the rope and past the knots without any fault of their own and because they have "bad luck." When Burbank was living in a chicken house, when Peary had neither ship nor money to go north, when John Mitchell crept around behind the miner's hut to weep for his dead father and mother, they had as much "hard luck" as one can imagine. If they had stopped to complain that the rope above them was too long to climb, that their arms ached or that they had no chance with those born of wealthy or influential parents, would they have become the plant-wizard, the explorer or the labor leader? They learned that it is much better to keep your eyes on the rope immediately in front of you and to bend every effort to getting over the next knot rather than to strain the eyes looking up at the long stretch above. Looking never makes progress; climbing does it.

Some near-sighted people say that no one has a chance in America unless he has money or influential friends. The next time you hear that foolish statement, ask the speaker about Conwell when he tackled the worn-out church at Concord and had to work with his own hands at hammer and sledge; or what friends and wealth Wanamaker had when he started his store on such peculiar ideas; or what friends and wealth could possibly have done for Roosevelt when he started out to make a strong man out of a puny boy by his own efforts. Neither money nor influence could have done what each one did with his own hands in climbing to success. After think-

ing over these cases, no boy or girl can fail to be convinced that there never was a time when hard-working, ambitious boys and girls were in as much demand or had such a chance as now. Surely there never was a time when persistence, hard work, courage and honest ambition were as greatly needed.

Whether you live in an American city or in the country, you must have noticed in comparing your case with that of these people who have lived worth-while lives that with the exception of Roosevelt, who was born in New York City, and Wanamaker, who was born in Philadelphia, all came from the country or from small towns. Perhaps you will try to think out a reason why this is true. No one need hesitate to cut out a career for himself or herself because of surroundings. Pershing was never about an army post until he became a man; Miss Willard was brought up far from where she could see the condition of drunkards or their families; and Miss Addams was never in a city slum until she became a woman. The thought of doing something for others or of making something out of yourself seems to come regardless of what you actually see. Thousands do see these things, and yet they never become "worth while." They lack certain qualities of courage and hard work and stick-to-it ability which made the few famous.

I suspect that few of these people I have told you about ever expected to climb so high on the rope of human life. No president has gone so directly from the school-room to the presidency as did Wilson; but many have

climbed up from the lawyer's office. When Wilson of his own free will left the law to become a teacher, he seemed to be slipping down the rope; but he was in reality passing another knot on the way up. When Clara Barton left teaching to enter upon those long years of drudgery in a Washington government office, she seemed to be headed away from her ambition to become a professional nurse. She could not see that just ahead was the Civil War which would bring her the chance. When Grenfell left his home by the sea to study medicine and to take up that profession in London, he seemed to have abandoned his thought of doing something worth while for the poor seamen and their families. When Miss Keller faced the world of eyes, ears and speech, she could not know that some day she would address thousands of people and make them understand her. All of these people thoroughly did the work in the daily life they lived and success came unexpectedly while they labored.

Somewhere I have read about some boys playing on the edge of a field over which lay an unbroken cover of white snow which had fallen in the night. After making circles and squares in the snow with their footprints, one boy suggested that they see who could walk the straightest line across the field. Thereupon each chose a position near the edge of the field and each was to walk in a straight line across to the other side. One boy held himself rigidly as he walked, his shoulders straightened up and his eyes on the snow before him. Another kept looking back over his shoulders to see how straight he

had come and to correct himself if he wandered. A third kept looking straight ahead and he was the winner. The others asked him how he did it.

“Well,” said he, “before I started I chose this tree nearly opposite as the place I wanted to reach, and I never for an instant took my eyes off the tree. I guess that is what did it. I kept my eyes on the place.”

I wonder whether our worth-while people did not have goals on which they kept their eyes? Judge Lindsey never lost sight of the juvenile court; Jane Addams constantly saw a community settlement house in the Chicago slums; and John Wanamaker kept his eye on an ideal store run as nearly by his customers as possible. No one need fear that he will fail if he chooses an ideal goal and never takes his eyes from it while crossing the clear white snow of youthful life.

As these lines are written to you, boys and girls of my America—you upon whom the future safety and honesty of our America depend—I wonder whether you will accept the challenge of the knotted rope of life and take firm hold upon it. Next I wonder whether you will determine by your own honest efforts to climb up and to make our beloved country better, cleaner and safer; whether you will get the vision of doing something for others. I wonder whether you will suddenly get this vision or whether it will come to you gradually as you are doing your bit in life's daily tasks. If it comes will you recognize it and listen to it and hunt for the next knot above to grasp it and pull yourself up the rope of life?

"A live biography is a well-marked highway leading direct to the town of good literature and cultivating a desire to reach it."

The Worth-While Series

BY

EDWIN ERLE SPARKS, PH.D., LL.D.

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WORTH-WHILE AMERICANS has already been adopted by the State of WEST VIRGINIA, ALTOONA, CONNELLVILLE, DUNMORE, EASTON, KEARNEY, LATROBE, LEWISTOWN, NORRISTOWN, POTTSTOWN, SCRANTON, SHAMOKIN, STEELTON, TYRONE, WILLIAMSPORT, and by many other School Districts.

PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL JOURNAL

Worth-While Americans is a book for the grades intended to show that America is the land of opportunity, provided one has the will power to achieve a high ideal. The biographies include preacher, president, scientist, inventor, jurist, physician, social settlement worker, explorer, nurse, labor leader, merchant, engineer, blind girl, soldier, philanthropist, author,—a wide range. Because youth is more interested in hearing about those of similar age the author has stressed the days of hardship and character-forming rather than the period of fruition and triumph. The material and incidents selected make the sketches interesting and inspiring to the reader whether young or old.

A. B. WIGHT, *Superintendent Schools, Chicago, Illinois*

I have carefully examined Doctor Sparks' Worth-While Americans. It is brilliantly written and should be put into the hands of every child.

GEORGE M. FORD, *State Superintendent, Charleston, West Virginia*

I want to assure you that I have read Worth-While Americans with about the keenest pleasure that I have ever experienced in reading a book of similar type.

E. U. GRAFF, *Superintendent Schools, Indianapolis, Indiana.*

I read Dr. Sparks' book, Worth-While Americans, with great interest. It is interesting and stimulating and full of inspiration for young Americans. Biography is always interesting and the subjects treated in this volume are especially timely. It is a thoroughly delightful volume.

G. W. GERWIG, *Secretary Board of Education, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*

Worth-While Americans is one of the best books of the kind that I have ever read and it will be of infinite help in the work of Americanization.

L. W. BURNS, *Member State Board of Education, Superintendent Schools, Grafton, West Virginia*

Once in a while a rare book comes under our observation. Such a book is *Worth-While Americans* by Edwin Erle Sparks.

When some one asked Dr. Sparks why we could not have the biographies of some great Americans of recent times, it was very fortunate for the children, and in fact, for all of us who are interested in knowing more about the men and women of whom some one speaks to us nearly every day, that Dr. Sparks acted upon the suggestion and wrote the book mentioned above.

Certainly it is as important to know about these people as it would be to know the biographies of Confucius, Socrates, or Henry the Eighth. Our children prefer to study about such men and women as Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Herbert Hoover, Frances Willard, Clara Barton, Anna Howard Shaw, and those so brilliantly sketched.

Worth-While Americans brings out what we want our young Americans both in the country and city—whom we hope will some time be *worth-while Americans* themselves—to know.

As soon as the city superintendents of West Virginia saw this book they began to buy it and the West Virginia State Board of Education has recently adopted the book for use in the schools of the state. We hope it will be read by thousands of children as well as adults in our state.

J. GEORGE BECHT, *Deputy State Superintendent of Pennsylvania*

It was a happy thought to write such a book. You have done it in a most attractive way. The matter is interesting and your method of presentation grips one's attention. *Worth-While Americans* is mighty good food for old as well as young. It should be widely used in the schools.

NORMAN W. CAMERON, *Principal Teachers' Training School, Baltimore, Md.*

I have read with great interest the stories of the lives of great men and women as told in *Worth-While Americans*. This is just the type of story that the modern boy and girl wants to read. Dr. Sparks has made a valuable contribution to the reading material for the 6th grade. Every boy and girl who reads these stories will not only be delighted with them, but will receive an immeasurable benefit from them.

RANDALL J. CONDON, *Superintendent Schools, Cincinnati, Ohio*

Worth-While Americans is a superior book. It contains a brief, well-written, biographical sketch of nineteen supremely Worth-While Americans. No boy can read these sketches, or any one of them, without becoming a more Worth-While American himself; nor can a girl. It is a pleasure to commend this work in strong terms.

W. J. BICKETT, *Superintendent Schools, Trenton, New Jersey*

The author of Worth-While Americans puts across certain ideals and succeeds without becoming preachy. In the chapter about John Mitchell, he has presented both sides of the capital and labor troubles in a very fair way. The book is written in an interesting style and the general purpose is admirable.

EDWARD F. WEBB, *Superintendent Schools, Cumberland, Maryland*

We think very highly of Worth-While Americans.

EDGAR F. SMITH, *Ex-Provost University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Congratulations on Worth-While Americans. This little book is really worth-while.

E. B. BRYAN, *President Ohio University, Athens, Ohio*

You have rendered an important and unique service in getting out such a volume.

C. E. GITHENS, *Superintendent Schools, Wheeling, West Virginia*

Worth-While Americans will certainly prove a great incentive to our youth beginning their life careers.

SAMUEL HAMILTON, *Ex-Superintendent Allegheny County Schools, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

I read Worth-While Americans and found it fascinating in the extreme. The personal element in history is always its charming part to me and I believe is also to most young people. I am sure your book will find a most cordial welcome on the part of the school children who have the opportunity of reading it.

Wed Jan 7th 1933

